ORATORY OF THE SOUTH

EDWIN DUBOIS SHURTER

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ORATORY OF THE SOUTH

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From the Civil War to the Present Time

By

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INTRODUCTION

As a teacher of public speaking in a Southern university the editor has found that Southern oratory, especially in modern times, has been little exploited. While in books of oratorical selections we find represented noted Southern orators of the past,—such as Henry, Randolph, Prentiss, Clay, Calhoun, Lamar, Benjamin, Toombs, Wigfall, Davis, Yancey, Breckenridge, and others,—since the Civil War, with the exception of Grady, public speakers of the South have received scant recognition. This is certainly not due to lack of material, for the new problems of liberty, education, and government that have arisen in the South since the Civil War have brought forth their expounders and champions who in public speech have proven themselves worthy successors of those statesmen of the elder period who earned for the South its title of the "Home of Oratory."

The present work is an attempt to give the latter-day speakers representation. The period covered extends from the fall of the Confederacy to the present time. Though this period comprises less than a half century, it nevertheless has been crowded, especially in the South, with events and problems that have called forth many noteworthy oratorical efforts. Indeed, the speeches of the South's public men since 1865 will reveal the logic of events in the South in recent history—our people's point of view, their spirit, and their ideals—as perhaps nothing else could. Within this time may be noted three oratorical periods:

(1) The period of Reconstruction, from 1865 to 1876. The oratory of this period, fettered by a re-

striction of civil freedom, was largely confined to Congress, and, when the carpetbag régime permitted, to legislative assemblies. The picture of this period, as portrayed by Senator Stone, of Missouri, in his speech contained in this volume, will convey some idea of the conditions which necessarily restricted the freedom of public speech.

(2) The period of Readjustment and Reconciliation, from 1876 to 1898. Now began the real work of readjustment regarding the governmental and race problems which the War created and which the Reconstruction period had only made more difficult. In the work of reconciliation between the sections, to which the Spanish-American War gave a mighty impulse, Grady stands as the representative orator.

(3) The period of what may be termed Nationality, extending from 1898 to the present time. Not that the spirit of nationality was non-existent in the South prior to the Spanish-American War, but the war gave a great impetus to this spirit, and furnished an occasion for its manifestation. Generally speaking, however, prior to 1898 the attention of the South's public men was in large measure absorbed by affairs at home; the primary task was to grapple with the problems resulting from the Civil War. These problems, it is true, are as yet by no means settled, but with the reëstablishment of the principle of local self-government, and with a more just and catholic attitude on the part of the nation as a whole, the South has, in turn, especially during the last decade, developed anew a national patriotism; and nowhere is this more manifest—since popular oratory is always an index of public opinion—than in the speeches of our present-day orators.

Webster once said that for real oratory three things are necessary: the subject, the occasion, and the man. The preceding brief historical sketch of

Southern oratory since the fall of the Confederacy certainly shows an abundance of subjects and occasions; and it is one purpose of this volume to show that there has been no dearth of speakers. It would be impossible, of course, to include in a single volume, or in several volumes, speeches from all the prominent Southern orators of the day, but it is believed that the speeches herein contained are fairly representative. At any rate, that has been the aim in making the selection from a mass of available material. The selection aims to be representative, also, of subject-matter and style. To that end, the editor has not in all cases selected those speeches which he considered the best available, but he has aimed to give representation to various subjects and styles—from the political speech to the scholarly address, from the highly wrought, emotional, "fire-eating" style to the calm, judicial treatment and purely intellectual appeal.

While popular oratory in the Southern States may have relatively more of the emotional element, yet, contrary to an idea that is more or less prevalent, representative public speaking in the South differs little from that in the North. True, the point of view on political and racial questions may be different, but even a cursory reading of the selections in this volume will demonstrate, it is believed, what is so often the theme of present-day oratory—that we Americans are essentially one people, and, as a corollary, that no section has a monopoly either of ideas or of their expression.

In order to have as full a representation as possible, extracts only are not infrequently given. However, the editor has endeavored in all cases to avoid the scrappy, disjointed, and incomplete extracts that are sometimes found in books of oratorical selections. In each case the selection is given sufficiently in full

to fairly exhaust a particular topic, and a careful effort has been made not to violate the law of unity.

In most instances the selections are short enough for use as declamations in the schools and colleges; and in those cases where they are too long for such use, the teacher or student, by omitting one or more paragraphs, and supplying, it may be, a connecting sentence or two, may readily reduce any selection to the desired length.

The thanks of the editor are due to many teachers and public men in the South for helpful suggestions, and especially to the hundreds of public speakers who so kindly responded to requests for copies of their speeches. In most cases, indeed, the material for the selections in this work was furnished by the speakers themselves.

E. D. S.

The University of Texas,
June, 1908.

ORATORY NOT A LOST ART

DON P. HALSEY

Of the Lynchburg (Va.) Bar; formerly a member of the Virginia State Senate

[Extracts from a lecture on the "Art of Oratory," first delivered before the literary societies at Hamden-Sidney College, Virginia, in 1896, and thereafter on various occasions.]

We frequently hear it said that the age of great orators is past, and that while oratory may have been the best vehicle for the diffusion of thought and knowledge when printing did not exist, it has been superseded and rendered useless by the development of the wonderful power of the press. Far be from me to disparage the press. It is a great and useful institution, without which it would be hard for us to get along. It is the mighty engine of progress which drags the train of modern thought through every village and hamlet and county and city, carrying inspiration to the people to think higher thoughts and to do nobler deeds, and telling them of the seasons when to "take occasion by the hand and make the bonds of freedom wider yet." It is one of the bulwarks of liberty, and I do not consider it necessary for me to disparage it in order to earnestly combat the fallacious proposition that oratory is declining. Oratory and the press have similar missions, but functions and methods essentially different, and they are mutually helpful rather than hurtful. I am a believer in the truth stated by Webster that true eloquence is found only when it exists in "the man, the subject, and the occasion," and the subject and the occasion are just as important as the man. Oratory is an

abiding faculty in mankind, and the supply never greatly exceeds or falls short of the demand. It may just now be at its ebb, but it has been so a hundred times before. It has also been at the flood again as often, and so surely as prosperity always follows adversity, so truly will a temporary decadence be followed by a revival in oratory. History shows us that the great orators have appeared, and the great orations have been delivered, in the Revolutionary periods. Great orators have always accompanied great epochs, and whenever there have been wrongs to right, whenever there has been truth to spread, whenever there has been the vital spark of independence to kindle into flames of mountain height, then there have been heard the voices of orators, clearing the way and blazing the path for the onward march of right and justice.

Those who argue that oratory is decadent forget the unchanging character of human nature. The historian Bancroft has beautifully said: "The material world does not change in its masses or in its powers. The stars shine with no more luster than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gem the fields and forests before America was discovered now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer shines on us in unchanging luster; the bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated; no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis, and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons without increase or advancement."

If this be true of nature, it is truer still of man. It is only in one sense that it is true of nature at all. We know that nature is subject to change, and that the very stars themselves shall grow old and die out of the sky. But with human nature it is different.

Humanity may grow; it may progress; but the same influences which acted upon it in the time of Demosthenes act upon it still, and oratory is as potent a force in the world to-day as it was in the palmiest days of Greece or Rome.

As a matter of fact the men who exercise the most influence in the world to-day are not the millionaires, of whom we hear so much; not the Rockefellers and Goulds and Morgans who dominate the realm of finance; not the mere money-grubbers who inhabit the streets called Lombard and Wall. They have a large part in the world's affairs, it is true, but above and beyond them in influence and in power are the statesmen, the preachers, the thinkers, the philosophers, whose eloquence is molding public opinion—that great silent force which is under the world, and which is more powerful to move and uplift it than the lever of Archimedes. These are the men who are shaping the world's future history, and no greater instrumentality is at their command than the queenly art of oratory.

No, my friends, there is no such thing as "decadence of oratory." There are as great orators living to-day as have ever existed at any period of the world's history. They may not be known, having never had the opportunity or the occasion to show their powers; but they live, and the world will know it, if the occasion arises. The art of oratory is not in decadence. It survives and will survive as long as time shall endure. Humanity does not change, and the influences which have acted upon it from the beginning will continue to act upon it to the end. This is not the first time that men have claimed oratory to be a thing of the past. As far back as the days of old Rome Tacitus lamented that the great orators were all gone and that oratory had declined, and yet we have ever seen that, when occasion called it forth,

it followed in as pure and strong a stream as in the days of Cicero himself. Thus it will ever be. As our needs, so shall be our strength; and if ever the time shall come when oppression shall find a place in our land,—when the rights of the people shall be trodden down, when patriotism shall need to be awakened to destroy tyrants, when our social fabric shall become rotten and need renewal, or when the necessity shall arise to scare "Church-harpies from the Master's feast,"—then no one need ever fear that there will not arise great men who, by the power of oratory, greater, perhaps, than the world has ever known before, will arouse the people to a sense of their dangers, and lead the van in the upward march of civilization, enlightenment, and Christianity. Thus may it be. Through all the changes that are to come as "the great world goes spinning down the ringing grooves of change," may the time never come when the voices of orators shall be silenced in the councils of our people, or cease to mingle with the chime of the Sabbath bells when men are gathered together to worship God; but on, on to the time when the shining fabric of our universe shall crumble into unmeaning chaos and take itself where "oblivion broods and memory forgets"; on, on, until the darkness shall come down over all like "the pall of a past world," the stars wander darkling in eternal space, rayless and pathless, and the icy earth like a "lump of death," a "chaos of hard clay," swings "blind and blackening in the moonless air," may the power of oratory survive and wield its mighty influence, consecrated to the cause of liberty and truth, and pointing the way to where the Angel of Progress, leaning over the far horizon of the infinite future, beckons mankind forward and upward and onward forever.

LITERATURE AND A LOST CAUSE

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

Professor of the English Language and Dean of the Graduate Department in the University of North Carolina

[The concluding part of an address on "Southern Literature," first delivered before the Legislature of Louisiana, June 12, 1902.]

It is the merest truism to say that the War meant far more to the South than to the North. To the North it meant the preservation of the Union, the abolition of slavery, and the well-nigh unbroken ascendancy of a political party. To the South it meant decimated families, smoking homesteads, and the passing forever of a civilization unique in recorded history. But literature loves a lost cause, provided honor be not lost.

Hector, the leader of the defeated Trojans, Hector, the warrior slain in defense of his own fireside, is the most princely figure that the Greek Homer has portrayed. The Roman Virgil is proud to trace the lineage of his people, not back to the victorious Greeks, but on to the defeated Trojans. England's greatest poet-laureate finds his amplest inspiration, not in the victories of his Saxon ancestors over King Arthur, but in King Arthur himself and his peerless Knights of the Round Table, vanquished though they were in battle. And so it has always been: the brave but unfortunate reap always the richest measure of literary immortality.

Do you remember that tender scene in "King Lear," where Cordelia stands in the presence of her father, despised, disinherited, forsaken? As her cowardly suitor slinks from the room because Cordelia's inheritance has been lost, the king of France steps forward and on bended knee says:

"Fairest Cordelia, that are most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away."

And so when brave men have fought for the right as God gave them to see the right, but fought in vain; when the bugles call no more, when the banners are tattered and trailing, when the shouts of victory are forever hushed, and the miserere of defeat is chanted over the graves of a buried army, when all, all, is lost save honor,—it is then that the muses of poetry and song stoop from their celestial heights and lift the dear old lost cause up, up, into the unchanging realm of literature.

More than two thousand years ago Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans dared to confront the countless hordes of Xerxes. Defeated? Annihilated! But on the pages of the world's literature and wherever heroic hearts respond to heroic deeds, Leonidas and his three hundred still stand outlined against that Grecian sky, an incentive to valor. More than fifty years ago Lord Cardigan and his six hundred made the immortal charge at Balaklava. Defeated? Annihilated! But on the pages of the world's literature and wherever heroic hearts respond to heroic deeds, Lord Cardigan and his dauntless six hundred are riding yet. More than forty years ago Pickett and his devoted followers made their heroic charge at Gettysburg. Defeated? Annihilated! But the time is coming—it is nearly here—when on the pages of the world's literature and wherever heroic hearts shall respond to heroic deeds, Pickett and his peerless band shall charge and charge forever.

Thus if history means anything, it means that, as the years go by, our national literature is to be more and more permeated by Southern history and South-

ern traditions. Then, and not till then, will be taken away our reproach—that of having a history, but an unwritten and an unknown history: for Southern history will then have been written in the living letters of a nation's song and story.

PURITAN AND CAVALIER

WILLIAM GORDON M'CABE

Virginia orator and educator

[Extracts from a speech delivered at the banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 22, 1899. Of this speech the reporter for the New York *Sun* said: "Everybody who attended the New England dinner came away from the banquet hall commenting on the speech of Professor William Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, which was the hit of the evening."]

Gentlemen of the New England Society:

Your President, in introducing me, has, with cruel facetiousness, spoken of me as one of the "heroes of the war." It is true that down in my own country you may hear people (utterly void of imagination, and envious, perhaps, of my "re-cord") shamelessly declare that the only people I've ever slain were some of my oldest friends, whom I've talked to death with stories that belong to the Pliocene period of anecdotal development, or which, at the very latest, may have "cheered the Aryan hordes on their weary westward march from the tablelands of Asia," and that the only weapon of which I possess an easy and a *natural* mastery is that *osseous* one which Samson wielded with such deadly effect against the Philistines.

Never but once before, I confess, have I ever been remotely alluded to by my ungrateful countrymen as "a hero of the war." And that was years and years ago, when some of us here to-night looked at each

other only along the deadly barrels of burnished steel, and when my wildest dreams never pictured a time when I should gaze, as I am gazing to-night, full into New England eyes, brimming over with such kindliness and gracious welcome as make even an unrepentant rebel feel thoroughly at home.

Thank God, old "comrades of the other side," the only "bead" drawn here to-night is not the bead of wary marksmen along gleaming steel, but comes bubbling up in sparkling beauty from these foaming beakers, wherein we pledge—not only lip, but heart—the prosperity and honor of our common country, greeting each other with the glad hail which stirs our hearts as deeply here to-night as when, well-nigh two thousand years ago, falling from the lips of quiring angels, it stirred the hearts of startled shepherds watching their flocks on the dim Judean hills under the shimmering stars—"Peace on earth, good will towards men."

Every one of your distinguished orators has insisted (directly or by implication) that the Pilgrims really founded and shaped the destinies of our nation, and that but for New England patriotism and Puritan devotion to duty and to principle that little revolt of '76 would have proved somewhat of a fiasco.

God forbid that, here or elsewhere, I should seek to abate one jot or one tittle of the debt that the nation owes to stubborn New England grit and sagacious New England statecraft. But as in matrimony, the point of view of May and the point of view of December are not always easily reconcilable, and sometimes end in the divorce courts, so may it be in post-prandial oratory. In your December oratory, as here to-night, you naturally have unfolded to you the New England point of view. But come down to Virginia and clink glasses with me in May, when we meet to celebrate (in far more Puritanical fashion

than this) the anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America, yonder at Jamestown, where, more than a year before the landing of the *Mayflower*, was convened the first legislative assembly in the New World, and you will hear *our* after-dinner orators unblushingly declare that, when the dun war-cloud lowered in the East, and the foolish policy of Lord North had denied the chartered liberties of our "Old Dominion" and her sister colonies of New England—that it was a Virginian, George Mason, who drew the immortal Bill of Rights; that it was a Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, who first moved in the Continental Congress that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States"; that it was a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the Declaration of Independence, and that it was that glorious "rebel" and great Virginian, George Washington, who made it good by his sword.

Come to us with your memories of Lexington, where that shot was fired that went echoing round the world; come to us with the story of Bunker Hill, where the old Puritan spirit blazed high and defeat wore the mantle of glory, and we will stand uncovered before yonder noble monument in Richmond, from which looks down upon us in imperishable bronze "the counterfeit presentment" of the nation's greatest son, seated in easy majesty on his mettled steed, serene and resolute, such as he may have seemed to his ragged New England soldiery and his own "Virginian Riflemen," clad in deerskin leggings and fringed hunting-shirt, as he rode slowly down his lines, under the Cambridge elms, on that summer's morning more than a century ago—while grouped beneath him stand the heroic figures of those great Virginians who shared with him and with your fathers the peril and the glory of guiding the new

nation out of the dark and narrow bondage of a royal tyranny into the broad sunlight of republican freedom.

I can but think, sir, that a blending of the two points of view gives us the truer perspective as to our national development. What you call the Puritan spirit, of which you are justly proud, has never, I think, been confined to New England alone; nor do I believe that Virginia can claim exclusive heritage in the gracious and generous qualities of the Cavalier. Isn't it, after all, the *American spirit,* differentiated by environment?

Environment is, as we all know, a potent factor in national development, and I have often speculated as to what would have been the result had the *Mayflower,* owing to her lost "reckoning," "fetched" as far south as she did north of her original destination, and had that cargo of "godly kickers" landed at Jamestown instead of at Plymouth.

In the light of alleged events in 1814, I can't help fancying what a tremendous lot of "Secessionists" all of you would have been in '61, with a wealth of historic argument as to "strict construction" that no Yankee cavalier could ever have met successfully except with the heavier artillery. Grant and Sherman would inevitably have been "rebels"; Wendell Phillips would have threatened some "Bob" Toombs of Massachusetts that he would yet call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, and Jefferson Davis of "Brookline" would have sauntered across Boston Common, humming a stave about hanging John Andrew "on a sour apple tree."

Even as things were, the "typical Puritan" of our time never saw Plymouth Rock, and no drop of Pilgrim blood coursed in his veins,—he who "stood like a stone wall" in the shock of battle,—the perfect type of that glorious Scotch-Irish stock from which he sprung; that dauntless race, in whose heart beat so

strong the fear of God that there was left no room for fear of any other thing; while our ideal Southern cavalier, "from spur to plume the very star of chivalry," Albert Sydney Johnston, the idol of his Southern soldiery, was of purest New England strain on both sides of his house.

But however apparently irreconcilable are the points of view of May and of December, I think I can safely say that their differences will never again be aired in the divorce court. The Great Judge of all, sitting as the God of Battles, has decreed that they must go back to their billing and cooing again, and Winter—the hoary old reprobate—I may blushingly remark, will still be found "lingering in the lap of May."

Of course, they will go on saying hard things to each other from time to time, but every man happily married knows that *that* is a mere safety valve to what the old parsons used to call "a true union blessed of God."

I have always heard that one of the greatest charms of this New England Dinner is that a man may speak his mind here with utmost frankness and need feel no fear of giving offense, so long as he utters his honest convictions in courteous and temperate fashion. Well, honest confession being good for the soul, I will say that I was not one of those "jingoes" who clamored for war with Spain. But as old Billy Stovins, of Culpeper County, in my State said, when his fourth wife died (a strapping young country girl) and the boys (with whom old Billy played "short cards") came over to condole with him: "Boys," sobbed old Billy, burying his hickory-nut face in a bandanna as big as the maintopsail of an old-fashioned man-of-war, "boys, I'm not only grieved, *but I'm mortified.*" And then catching sight of his wife's twin sister, a buxom beauty, as she

flitted through the room, he added, "But, boys, I'm getting sorter reconciled."

Well, *I'm* "getting sorter reconciled."

Not all the glories of Manila Bay or of Santiago would have wrought this reconciliation, but I now believe, and I think you believe with me, that this Spanish War has definitively brought about two results which have gone far to justify in my eyes all the blood and all the treasure expended by the nation to secure them; one—and that the paramount one—the thorough confidence now reposed by the whole North and West in the deep-seated patriotism of the South; the other, the tightening of the blood-tie between our young Western Giant and that grand old motherland beyond the seas, home nest of Puritan and Cavalier alike.

VISIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

NATHANIEL E. HARRIS

Of the Macon (Ga.) Bar

[Extract from an address delivered before the Confederate Veterans in reunion, at Louisville, Ky., June 15, 1905.]

Do you sometimes, comrades, in your waking hours behold as in a dream the armies of the South come back to life again, just as they appeared some forty-odd years ago, when they stood up all over this land in battle line to resist the invasion of their homes? How many times have you seen, as in a vision of the night, those magnificent armies marching along the dusty highways of Virginia, over the dun fields of Mississippi or Tennessee, or where the white cotton blooms hide the old red hills of Georgia, or the Texas prairies stretch away to the horizon, all officered and

ready and proud and victorious, as in the days forever gone? I can close my eyes and see again the iron squadrons of the Army of Northern Virginia as I once saw them rising up to take their places in the battle line. I can hear the bugle call of Stuart, of Lomax, and of Fitzhugh Lee, and I can see the plumed lines of cavalry ride forward to feel the foe and ascertain his strength. The old infantry columns are there, too, bronzed and powder-stained veterans of a hundred battles, for the boys are all in line, and at their head ride the generals, each in his appointed place as of yore. There is Jackson on the flank, and Longstreet and Hill in the center, while Ewell and Early and Gordon are riding to the front just like they used to do when you and I were there together.

I can see the old battle flags, worn and bullet-scarred, and hear the drums' call to arms, the long roll beat, as the lines advance, and the pale faces of the men, set and stern, look out toward the wavering ranks of blue in the distance. Now I can see the march and the counter-march, the charge and the counter-charge, and the red line of fire on the battle front. Anon, the whirl of platoons and battalions, the shrill crack of the rifle, the hoarse roar of the cannon as the great guns are unlimbered, and the bronzed artillerymen dash into place for the awful death grapple. They dress their lines, these old generals, and salute their tattered veterans once again.

Jackson, on the old sorrel, rides down the line, with the battle light on his face—and hear how the boys cheer as they catch sight of his rusty uniform and his old slouch cap! There is A. P. Hill come to life again from the ditches of Petersburg, and D. H. Hill, and Pickett, and Pendleton, and Rhodes, and Anderson, and Ramseur, and Bartow, and Thomas, and Cobb, and Evans, and Benning, and Doles, and Walker, ordering the phantom legions into battle,

while the red cross waves at the head of the column and the shouts of the dauntless heroes break again the long silence of the grave. And lo! out from their midst, as at the Wilderness, or Chancellorsville, or Spottsylvania, comes the great commander, God's vice-gerent in Fame's grand Legion of Honor, with his sword newly drawn, and the fire of his mighty soul shining in his face, to lead his ranks to victory against the foe!

I can always see this army in the sky, this phantom host of dead heroes; they are my comrades, mine to love and remember. Earth's hate and deadliest opposition can never take them from me. God bless their heroic memories to-day!

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

It was my fortune once to be present at the burning of a great city. The chances of war had brought our opposing armies together in its midst, and the dread implements with which men destroy each other were busied for a long time in the terrible work of carnage. Shot and shell aimed with deadly precision crossed in mid-heavens, while the lurid flashes from the blackened mouths of the monster guns lit up the scene, and, mingling with the roar of battle, the yells of the combatants, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, added a terrible grandeur to the scene which no pen can ever portray. In the midst of the fight the cry rang out that the city was on fire. The flames had already gained such headway before their discovery as to defy all effort to stay them. Instinctively, therefore, the two armies ceased fighting and retired to the neighboring hills to await the result of the conflagration. Here the sight which met the eye

was thrilling beyond description. Huge lines of smoke rolled upward, broke and deployed in mid-heaven and dashed the darkened sunshine from a thousand jagged edges into the face of the beholders. Tongues of flame lapped the air, and flakes of fire and cinder, like foam flecks, leaped far out of sight into the heavens. Lances of light sprang from the burning pile and stabbed the shrouding canopy of smoke, while, red and glaring and serpent-like, the long arms of the conflagration stretched away into the sea of sky. Blacker and blacker grew the canopy, louder and louder the roar of the conflagration, redder and redder the arms of flame that essayed the blue empyrean. Now bursting the pall of smoke, the ragged flame licked the skies, then reeling and tottering like a drunken man, it bent far down toward the earth, while the pent thunders of its wrathful sweep broke in awe-inspiring grandeur on the ear. It reminded one of the burning of a sin-doomed earth, when, as in the Apocalyptic vision, the Archangel bearing the trump shall tear loose the planet from the hinges of the universe and hurl it into the smoking furnace of its last conflagration.

But awful as was the scene, it was destined to a yet more fearful culmination. Mark the operation of one of nature's mighty laws: While the mountains of smoke and the giant heads of flame were swaying up the steeps of heaven, the distant horizon became overcast. The clouds that hung on the crest of the western mountain came scudding across the waste toward the doomed city. A dull and sullen roar, precursor of the tempest rushing to restore the disturbed equilibrium, broke on the ears of the armies. In an almost inconceivable space of time the tempest rushed down upon the city. And now was added a war of the elements to the battle of the flames. Flashes of lightning leaped from the smoky caverns

of the skies, while the roar and crash of the thunder, peal on peal, hushed for a moment the din of the conflagration and fell on the ears of the awe-stricken armies like the trump of heaven's embattled legions sounding the doom of the earth. Down in weird sheets the waters poured, torrent after torrent, and deluge after deluge, as if old ocean breaking his bounds had hurled his massive billows upon the track of the burning city. Men's faces looked pale as the light from above met the light of the burning piles beneath and played in fantastic wreaths on the swaying masses of smoke and ashes rising on the tempest's wing. Now, indeed, was a war of fire and water, and the tempest's piping voice urged on the combatants, while the lightnings, in trailing sheets of flame, hung out their banners to the struggling elements. Down came the rushing torrents, up poured the beleaguered flames, and blackened walls and charred columns and swaying domes marked the scene of the deadly struggle. Heaven's artillery boomed and earth replied with falling towers and roaring flames. On each side the serried columns sallied forth to grapple in the contest. In mid-air they met, and hurtling wings and fiery balls scurried over the battle plains,—now right, now left, now back, now forth, like leaping fiends, the earth-born warriors grappled with the arms of heaven. Nor was the battle long in doubt. Soon heaven's resistless force swept the fields in triumph. The massive clouds from out their arsenals poured down their torrents of flood and flame, and soon the scarred and blackened bastions that fortressed the earth-born foe lay quenched in silence and in ruins. Heaven's watery armies had fought to save men's homes.

A rainbow, signal of the victor storm, hung its wavy painted pinions on the cloud's ascending ramparts, and the armies fought no more that day.

So too, within our homes, within our nation: the storm must meet the storm, and often out of the fierceness of the tempest's wrath, and the fury of the downpouring elements, will come the safety of our earthly hopes, and the rainbow of advancing peace will girdle the tempest's retreating ranks!

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

BENJAMIN F. JONAS

Formerly United States Senator from Louisiana

[Extracts from an address at the laying of the corner stone of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead, at Baton Rouge, La., February 22, 1886.]

The scars left by civil war soon heal and fade away, as does the memory of the privations and sufferings which it entailed. The angry controversies which precede and the bitterness which follows pass away with the generation whose quarrels necessitated the stern arbitrament of war. New generations of people of the same blood come together as companions in the same walks of life, and join together in the same aims, aspirations, and ambitions, forgetful or regardless of the quarrel which divided their fathers, the causes for which have passed into history.

In our own country the time has arrived when the hateful memories of the war can no longer be evoked to excite political prejudice or passion. The survivors, old soldiers on either side, fraternize together on all occasions and "fight their battles o'er again" with mutual pride in the valor of their countrymen. They lend assistance to deck the graves of their departed antagonists, and aid each other in honoring the memory of their dead. In the meanwhile a new generation has grown to manhood, who

believe that these events belong to history and have no part to play in the active business or politics of the present hour.

I am not here to enter into a discussion of the causes of the war, or upon a vindication of those whose statesmanship or want of statesmanship brought it about. The Confederate soldiers had little to do with the causes of the war, and few of them shared in the political controversies which preceded it.

An angry and excited presidential election, in which a great number of them were not voters; the triumph of a sectional candidate, who carried all of the Northern States and who did not have an electoral ticket or receive a vote in the South; a profound alarm and feeling of apprehension for the future of the country, which prevailed throughout the South, and was shared by the most conservative and Union-loving men of that section; while those of the more extreme views, perhaps a majority, considered that the only safety for the South, its liberties and institutions, could be found in immediate separation from the Union; a short, hurried and impassioned canvass before the people, the issue being narrowed down to immediate secession or co-operation; the election of conventions; the adoption of ordinances of secession; the solemn withdrawal of Senators and Representatives from Congress, following the action of their States; the seizure of the forts and arsenals of the national government; the formation of a provisional government; the firing on Sumter; the call to arms, North and South—all of these strange things passed with the rapidity of a dream, and it seems like a dream as we look back upon them after the lapse of twenty-five years.

And so went forth the Southern youth to battle, full of hope, inspired with confidence, thinking to re-

turn conqueror after a war of ninety days. What knew he, or cared he, for the causes of the war? His country was imperiled, his State was in danger of invasion, an enemy was advancing upon his home, and it was his duty to meet and assist in driving back the invader.

"Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die."

And the ninety summer days were lengthened into four years. And the glamour of war was gone, and all of its romance; and, in exchange, its bitter, stern realities—the long campaigns, the bloody, indecisive battles, the forced marches, the summer's heat, the winter's cold, the privations, the wounds, the sickness, the prison, the retreat, the defeat, the loss of hope. Ah, the sufferings and ills which these men bore bravely during those four long years! And as their columns wasted from the ravages of disease and death they were recruited from home, until nearly all except the occupants of the cradle and the grave had gone to the front. And then the war ended, and the survivors turned their steps homeward, ragged, wounded, maimed, gaunt, hungry, and hopeless.

In memory I see again these regiments and battalions starting for the front, with music and banners and all the panoply of war; and memory brings back to me, and to all of you, the recollection of loved faces and brave hearts of many who were marching in the ranks, and who are absent from our gathering to-day, who will respond to life's roll call no more forever. We cannot strew flowers upon their scattered graves; we cannot mark their unknown resting-places with stone or monument; we cannot gather their earthly spoil into beautiful mausoleums or cities of the dead; but we erect this monument in their honor that all people in all time to come may know

that the soldiers who died for the Confederate cause are not without love and honor and reverence in the land which gave them birth:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light,
That gilds your deathless tomb."

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

CHARLES SCOTT

Of the Rosedale (Miss.) Bar

[Extract from an address delivered on "Confederate Day" at the Mississippi Chautauqua, Crystal Springs, Miss., July 30, 1906.]

Yet a little while and the last of the thin gray line will cross over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees. These heroes of the lost cause should be and will be remembered and revered throughout all the recurring years. Here, as in all acts of grace and kindliness, where the heart speaks best and surest, it has been the province of the fair daughters of the South to point the way. And so Decoration Day comes to us as a direct inspiration from their pure hearts, and if the truth were known I dare say that

some noble Southern woman first suggested "Confederate Day" for this Chautauqua. And so it is with the stately monuments to the Confederate dead found in all parts of the Sunny South. They, too, are the noble work of our Southern women, inspired by their devoted love and consecrated by their sacred tears.

There is, my countrymen, just one thing in all the world better and truer and nobler than the Southern soldier, and that—God bless her now and always—is the Southern woman. We can never hope, gentlemen of the South, to adequately express our gratitude to these noble women for their labor of love. It is impossible. But Southern chivalry and Southern manhood will be recreant to their loftiest ideals and traditions if we fail to erect, at some suitable place in the South, to be hereafter selected, a chaste and beautiful monument of the purest marble in honor of the women of the South, who have already erected thousands of monuments to its men. I propose, therefore, my friends, that Mississippi have the honor of taking the first decisive step in this noble and patriotic work. She was first in chartering an institution of learning for the higher education of young women; first to remove the common law disabilities of married women, to be followed by a removal of all their disabilities; and she was the first to establish an institution supported by the State for the advanced education of young women. Why not first in the patriotic movement to erect a monument to the noble women of the Confederacy? It will partly express to present and future generations our love and admiration of those who are perhaps more deserving of our gratitude than the Confederate soldier himself. When complete, let us chisel on the polished surface of the spotless marble shaft the beautiful words used by the revered chieftain of the lost cause in the dedication of his great work on the Southern Confederacy:

"To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers smoothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labor contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose jealous faith in our cause showed a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose annual tribute expresses their enduring grief, love and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires," this monument is dedicated by the people of the South.

TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

ALBERT H. WHITFIELD

Chief Justice of the Mississippi Supreme Court

[Extract from an address delivered at the dedication of Mississippi's new capitol, June 3, 1903.]

God has so ordained that man may meet the brunt of some sudden storm, may live through and master some single great crisis; but it is woman alone who can wear through the supreme crises of individual or national life, by the endurance, the fortitude, and the patience which she alone possesses.

And so in the midst of the gloom the woman of the South rose resplendent to the occasion. She remembered that grief sanctified makes great. What though she stood amid the wreck of desolated and dismantled homes with the bright relics of princely fortunes strewn ruthlessly about her—the qualities of the eternal granite were integrated into her endur-

ance. What though her household penates lay dashed to fragments on the hearthstone, her idols in the eternal silence, and the power of the despot attempted to bury, in the grave of the slain, the hopes of her country, set its seal upon the grave, rolled the rock upon the sepulcher and placed its watch. Her sublime faith has lived to see the resurrection angel of the South roll back the stone from the sepulcher, destroy the seal, break the fetters of political disability, shatter the bonds of the industrial, agricultural, and commercial subordination, and raise, radiant from the grave of the old, the figure of the new South, to stand in transfigured beauty, fronting the deepening glories of the twentieth century, "like the winged god breathing from his flight."

She remembered that whatever was sublimest in the annals of Christianity looms o'er the ocean of time, like the northern lights, more resplendent for the surrounding shadows. She recalled that whatever is most glorious in the achievements of military heroes has been the triumphs of men who were cradled in storms and schooled by adversity. She remembered that whatever in literature is truly immortal, unvarying history proves the ripened product of intellects that have towered to the regions of perpetual sunlight through atmospheres dark with clouds and tempests! And, remembering these things, she called her patience to her aid—she summoned her endurance to the tremendous task; she nerved the returning husband, or father, or son, to the herculean tasks of the years that have just receded from us. And to-day, women of the South, if there be hope in this land, it is due to your courage; if there be promise in the future, it is the result of your faith; and if, my countrymen and countrywomen, if, I say, in the years that are to come, when we who stand under this evening sky shall sleep the dreamless

slumber of the grave, when we shall no more be known amongst men, these Southern States shall fill with fifty millions of happy men and women; if the Isthmian canal shall be gay with the merchantmen of every nation upon earth; if the Galveston of the future shall remember the Galveston of the tempest but as a nightmare dream; if New Orleans, and Mobile, and Savannah, and Charleston, and Wilmington, and our own Gulfport and a hundred other marts shall become imperial "cities proud with spires and turrets crowned, in whose broad armed ports shall ride rich navies laughing at the storm"; if, above all that, and better than all that, literature, and religion, and art shall fill this land with temples and lyceums, and galleries glorious with immortal paintings and statuary, and with a knowledge universally diffused—if, I repeat, that glorious day shall come to this land we love, the land of the magnolia, and the orange, the land of the mountain and the sea and of the tropic stars, the land of Lee and Jackson and Davis, if the coming years shall bring these splendors to this clime, it will be due, women of the South, to the deathless fidelity with which you have held fast to the principles of justice and right and truth, immutable and eternal, because of the possession of which God has made the heart of woman, in every age, the last repository of the faith of every creed and the patriotism of every land.

Meet indeed it is, soldiers of the Confederacy, that your sons have determined to erect, in honor of the transcendent women of the South—who for forty years have annually covered the graves of your dead with the flowers and tears of fadeless affection—a monument, the noblest in its proportions, the most exquisite in its carvings, the loftiest in its inscriptions, affection has ever reared to make virtue immortal! Let it rise in the purity of spotless white, against the

dark background of our national sorrows, high up into the serene heavens! And through the ages to come, when garish day has gone, and with it the harsh clangor of commercialism, let the vast silences of the starry midnight steep it in holy, healing quiet!

And there through all time may those who shall continue to place honor above gold, principle above power, the reign of justice, and truth, and right above the hollow magnificence of perishing materialism, be permitted, in the twilight of soothed feeling and softened remembrance, to catch, faint and far off though it be, the trembling refrain of the music of the Sunny South of old!

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY

JOHN B. GORDON

Late Commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans; formerly Governor of Georgia

[Extract from a lecture under the above title, given many times on the lyceum platform.]

My countrymen, I must be pardoned for saying that when I recall the uncomplaining suffering, the unbought and poorly paid patriotism, of those grand men, the American volunteers, who had no hope of personal honors, no stripes on their coats nor stars on their collars, who wore the knapsacks, trudged in the mud, leaving the imprint of their feet in their own blood on Virginia's snows—when I recall those men who stood in the forefront of the battle, fired the muskets, won the victories, and made the generals, I would gladly write their names in characters of blazing stars that could never grow dim.

I want to illustrate the life of a private. It will be remembered that that little stream, the Rapidan,

was for a long time the dividing line between the Union and Confederate armies. It was so near that the pickets of the two armies, by common consent, refused to fire at each other. When they did shoot, they shot jokes instead of bullets across the river at each other, and where the water was shallow they waded in and met each other in the middle and swapped Southern tobacco for Yankee coffee; and where the water was too deep to wade in, they sent those articles across in little boats. Thus those two fighting armies kept up for a long time their friendly and international commerce. So great was that commerce that the commanders of both armies ordered it to stop. As a matter of course, the privates ignored the orders and went on trading. General Lee sent for me and said: "I want you to take charge of my picket line, sir, and break up that trading." I rode along the picket lines, and as I came suddenly around the point of a hill, on one of my picket posts, before they dreamed I was in the neighborhood, I found an amount of confusion such as I had never witnessed. I asked, "What is the matter here, boys? What does all this mean?" "Nothing at all, sir; it is all right here; we assure you it is all right." I thought there was a good deal of a showing about it, and said so, when a bright fellow, who saw I had some doubt on my brain, stepped to the front to get his comrades out of the scrape, and he began—he was a stammering fellow—and he began: "Oh, yes, G-g-g-general; it is all r-r-r-right; we were just getting r-r-ready, so we could present arms to you if you should come along after awhile." Of course I knew there was not a word of truth in it, but I began to ride away. Looking back suddenly, I saw the high weeds on the bank of this little river shaking. I asked this fellow: "What is the matter with the weeds, sir? They seem to be in confusion too?"

Badly frightened now, he exclaimed: "Oh, G-g-general, there is nothing the matter with the weeds; the weeds are all right." I ordered: "Break down these weeds;" and there flat on the ground among those weeds was at least six feet of soldier, with scarcely any clothing on his person. I asked: "Where do you belong?" "Over yonder," he said, pointing to the Union army, "on the other side." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well," he said, "General, I didn't think there was any harm in my coming over here and talking to the boys a little while." "What boys?" I asked. "These Johnnies," he said. I asked: "Don't you know we are in the midst of a great war, sir?" "Yes, General; I know we are having a war, but we are not fighting now." The idea of this Union boy, that because we were not this minute shooting each other to death it was a proper occasion to lay aside the arms and make a social visit, one army to the other, struck me as the most laughable kind of war I had ever heard of; and I could scarcely keep my face straight enough to give an order. But I summoned all the sternness of my nature, and said, "I will show you, sir, that this is war; I am going to march you through the country and put you in prison." At that announcement my boys rushed to this fellow's defense. They gathered round me and said, "General, wait a minute; let us talk about it. You say you are going to send this Union boy to prison. Hold on, General; that won't do; that won't do at all; we invited this fellow over here, and we promised to protect him. Now, General, don't you see if you send him off to prison, you will ruin our Southern honor?" What could a commander do with such boys? I made the Union man stand up and said to him, "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back at the solicitation of these Confederates, will you solemnly promise me, on the

honor of a soldier——" And he did not wait for me to finish my sentence. With a loud "Yes, sir," he leaped like a great bull-frog into the river and swam back.

Now, my countrymen, I allude to that little incident for a far higher purpose than mere amusement or entertainment. I want to submit a question in connection with it. Tell me, my countrymen, where else on earth could you find a scene like that in the midst of a long and bloody war between two hostile armies? Where else could you find it? Among what people would it be possible except among this glorious American people, uplifted by our free institutions and by that Christian civilization which was born in heaven?

The Rapidan suggests another scene to which allusion has often been made since the war, but which, as illustrative also of the spirit of both armies, I may be permitted to recall in this connection. In the mellow twilight of an April day the two armies were holding their dress parades on the opposite hills bordering the river. At the close of the parade a magnificent brass band of the Union army played with great spirit the patriotic airs, "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." Whereupon the Federal troops responded with a patriotic shout. The same band then played the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie," to which a mighty response came from ten thousand Southern troops. A few moments later, when the stars had come out as witnesses and when all nature was in harmony, there came from the same band the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home." As its familiar and pathetic notes rolled over the water and thrilled through the spirits of the soldiers, the hills reverberated with a thundering response from the united voices of both armies. What was there in this old, old music to so touch the chords of sympathy, so

thrill the spirits and cause the frames of brave men to tremble with emotion? It was the thought of home. To thousands, doubtless, it was the thought of that Eternal Home to which the next battle might be the gateway. To thousands of others it was the thought of their dear earthly home, where loved ones at that twilight hour were bowing round the family altar and asking God's care over the absent soldier boy.

EULOGY OF GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON

STEPHEN D. LEE

Of Columbus, Miss.; Late Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans

[An address delivered at Atlanta, Ga., January 14, 1904.]

General John B. Gordon, at the time of his death, was the most conspicuous and typical Confederate soldier living, the one of most distinguished personal valor and the one nearest and dearest to the hearts of his living comrades. At the collapse of the Confederacy his services had marked him for higher rank and larger command. He was an ideal soldier and the idol of the troops he commanded or was associated with. His imposing and magnificent soldierly bearing, coupled with his splendid ringing voice, gave him a God-given talent not equaled or possessed by any other officer in the army—that of getting in front of his troops, and in a few ringing appeals inspiring them almost to madness, and being able to lead them into the very jaws of death. I recently heard a distinguished professor of history say that in his study of the war he found there was only one prominent general in either army who, when he was in command or led a charge, had never been

defeated nor repulsed, and that general was John B. Gordon.

As a citizen and patriot and statesman his career was as conspicuous and successful as had been his record as a soldier. In Congress, in a most trying period, with Hill, Lamar, Gibson, and others, he placed the entire State under lasting obligations to him for his wisdom, patience, and fortitude under great provocation. He was an able Governor of Georgia. He did his full duty in peace as well as war, and in his later years, while as loyal to the tender memories of the Confederacy as the most loyal, he, after restoring his allegiance, set an example of loyalty to our great, reunited American nation. He virtually became the great apostle of reconciliation and obliteration of sectional feeling between the North and South. No one could move the masses as he did, by appeals to patriotism and pride of sections and nation, and Providence blessed him in prolonging his life to see the fruits of his labors in bringing about better feeling.

But it was in our great fraternal association of Confederate Veterans that he appeared greatest and most beloved. He was for thirteen years, since its origin, its first and only Commander. His leadership and wise administration, with the aid of his splendid Chief of Staff, General George Moorman, gave it shape and success. His hold on and influence over the old soldiers when he appeared among them or rose to speak was wonderful to behold. Even a motion of his hand brought silence in the great reunions, when no one else could arrest attention. He loved the old soldiers; they knew it, and they loved him in return. No one who witnessed the scene at the Nashville reunion, where he attempted to resign his commission as Commander, will ever forget it. He was, by spontaneous and wild acclamation, com-

missioned for life as leader and Commander. I doubt if any other man ever had a greater and more effective demonstration of love and confidence. Nor the scene at Louisville, where he raised his voice, amid great excitement, in favor of conservative bearing toward the veterans of the North when they sent friendly greeting. No living Confederate can fill his place in the affections, admiration, and love of his comrades as he filled it.

His private life was pure and spotless and an example to every American citizen. His devotion to his wife and family was beautiful in the extreme. He always tried to make his wife the partner of his triumphs and popularity, as she had been his guardian angel when wounded or laid on beds of sickness.

He was an all-around great man, a distinguished and valiant soldier, an eminent statesman, an author and great orator, and a useful and public-spirited citizen. I know no man more beloved and popular among the people of the State, and perhaps he was more popular at the North than any other Southern man.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

United States Senator from Mississippi

[Extract from an address commemorative of Hon. Edward C. Walthall, delivered in the House of Representatives, February 25, 1899.]

Every people, Mr. Speaker, in every age has had its ideal of true manliness. The ideal is the expression in popular thought of that which all in their better moments would like to be. One-tenth of mankind may mold themselves in original casts—nine-

tenths mold themselves by conscious or unconscious imitation of that which they love and revere as personified in others, either living or dead; this is the excusable sense in which men are and always will be hero worshipers. He who is not in some highest sense a hero worshiper is either a genius, of whom there are few, or a self worshiper, of whom there are too many.

The ideal of a people is, of course, reached by very few; it is reasonably approximated by many; it is striven for by nearly all, who are made better and nobler by the striving; it is rendered ridiculous in its over-assertion or its unreasonable emphasis by some others; sometimes rendered hateful by those false at heart to what they outwardly assume.

The ideal of the Italian is perfect art—the very word which formerly meant manliness in Italy now means art in Italian; the ideal of the French, military glory; of the English, unaffected honesty of deed and speech—its misunderstood consummation sometimes mere bluntness and boorishness. The ideal of the Southerner, before the war absolutely and now predominantly, is that character which we express by the word "gentleman." The injunction of the father to the son was: "Be a gentleman." The prayer of the mother was that her boy might, "first of all, be a gentleman." If she held up in former times George Washington, in the latter times Robert E. Lee, as the first of Americans and a fit pattern for the molding of all Americans, and therefore of her own children, it was primarily because each in his day was "the first gentleman of his day."

The word must be understood, not in the English sense as a man of gentle blood, but in the Southern sense, as a man of lionlike manliness in deed, of womanlike gentleness in manner, of charitable consideration for all, and of liberality in all things.

The gentleman combined perfect and unfailing courtesy toward all women and all worthy men with perfect and unfailing courage, whether in private quarrel or in public strife. He might be rich or he might be poor—Southerners neither cared nor asked. Happier for himself if the former were his condition, but "a gentleman still," as the phrase went, whatever his financial condition, and therefore entitled to the unquestioning respect, confidence, and consideration of all men and to the love and devotion of any good woman. He might be well born, or born of obscure parents. That question, unlike the other, might be asked, but the answer made no difference if only the father were honest and not a coward and the mother were pure.

The ideal gentleman was always honest; spoke the truth; faced his enemy; fought him if necessary, never quarreled with him nor talked about him; rode well; shot well; used chaste and correct English; insulted no man—bore no insult from any; was studiously kind to his inferiors, especially to his slaves; cordially hospitable to his equals; courteous to his superiors, if he acknowledged any; he scorned a demagogue, but loved his people, and held it mean to prefer any class or individual interest, most of all his own, to that of the masses of his countrymen. He must be ready at any time, when needful, to lay his life down, not only for his own honor's sake, but, more promptly yet, for his country's, his State's, or his community's sake, and that, too, regardless of the dictates of his own private judgment as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the quarrel. It was his duty to try to guide his people in what he considered the right path; but if he failed, it was mean and selfish not to follow them and, if need be, die with them. He was sometimes accused of being an aristocrat; but if so, he belonged to that aristocracy which holds itself

servant to the maxim *noblesse oblige*. In his private relations he was perfect in courtesy to all; he exacted perfect courtesy from all, to himself and to those dependent upon him.

This was the ideal.

It is needless to say, Mr. Speaker, that with an ideal so high and so exalted as this which I have described, but a small percentage of men of any race, in any section of country, or at any time of the world's history, in any state of human evolution thus far reached, could succeed in fully attaining to it and in living it.

And yet General Edward C. Walthall, the man to whose memory we pay tribute to-day, attained to its full measure and lived it—lived its constant, not its fitful, impersonation.

He was in war, serving where rude shocks leave little room for the courtesies of life; in his family; at the bar; on the stump; at the board, where the filled wine glass invites carelessness of speech and action; among his friends; among his political opponents—I will not say among his enemies, for I do not know that he ever had any—not only always a self-contained, courteous, intelligent, broad-minded, truth-loving, brave, loyal, charitable, and patriotic gentleman, but he so lived that he deserved to have inscribed on his tombstone the epitaph, "Prince of gentlemen."

At his funeral there was no wailing, no noisy exhibition of grief; of flowers, and love, and tear-dimmed eyes there was an abundance. In speaking for myself I think I speak for others when I say that the eyes were not dimmed so much because the stainless gentleman was gone. There had been nothing to regret in his death, as there had been nothing to regret in his life. It was because we knew how far short the rest of us had fallen from the life which he

lived—the life of the pure, gentle, lion-hearted, Southern gentleman, provincial perhaps, but noble always. It was because he was almost the last of a long line of Mississippians of historic type and fame.

The old historic ideal about which the Southern life revolved, and which had furnished the link of connection between the several stages of the evolutionary development of its civilization, is, they say, losing its molding force. They say something better will take its place. I do not believe it. I do not believe anything better is, or ever was, or can be. It has lost its force with this generation in a measure, though not altogether. The transition stage from an old to a new industrial life has partially destroyed that, as it has destroyed many other sweet flowers, which will, however, spring afresh to bloom anew among the beauties of the new order of things, fertilized by the ashes of the old. But I believe our people will recur to it, simply because it will be, in the new life, the survival of the fittest out of the old.

It has been said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." It is a half truth. There is something nobler than the merely honest man, because inclusive of it. It is an honest man who adds to his honesty, courtesy, unassuming courage, charity, purity, unselfishness of thought and conduct, devotion of self and class to his people's ideal; in a word, a gentleman. This is the ideal in the homestead yet, though in the mart it has been overgrown with the weeds of money-getting. Above all, it is safely ensconced in the hearts of good women, whence it will come, as things enshrined there must come, in their children's lives to enrich all society. Call it what you will, Mr. Speaker, God grant that we as a people may never be without it. In the meantime the scythe of death has been busy with Mississippians—

Davis, Lamar, George, Walthall—all gone! What wonder if we are tempted to exclaim—

"Oh, my country's wintry state!
What second spring shall renovate,
What genial sun shall bid arise,
The buried warlike and the wise?"

THE YOUNG LAWYER

F. CHARLES HUME, JR.

Of the Houston (Tex.) Bar

[Condensed from a speech delivered at the annual banquet of the American Bar Association held in Minneapolis, Minn., August 31, 1906; described by the Minneapolis *Journal* as a "post-prandial triumph."]

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow-Practitioners, and Young Lawyers:

From the lawyers of Texas I come—unarmed—bringing to you the message of civilization. Without hope of reward, and without fear of recognition, I have come to lend the charm of high professional character, and impart tone, to this meeting. It is not to me, however, that your thanks are due for my presence here. It was my brethren of the bar that sent me on this mission, conscious of its perils. I will not shield them. It was they that did command and hasten my departure hither, with the classic Spartan adjuration,—Go: come back with your nerve or on it!

Gentlemen, I am a modest man, as all men are that say they are. And my chief characteristic, aside from physical pulchritude, is candor; that is, I am a blunt man, even to the point of dullness. Yet I clearly perceive that there is a solemn duty devolving upon those of us that have attained the heights, to

cast benign glances upon the young lawyers struggling in the valley below. For at last the young lawyer is the hope of the profession, just as he is the despair of the trial judge.

The young lawyer exults in logic and analysis—he defies both. Let us contemplate him. He may be described as the *genus homo importans*—"deep on whose front engraven, deliberation sits and public care." He is *res tota*—in the modern tongue, "the whole works." He is great *in persona,* rather than *in rem* or *in rebus*. According to experienced trial judges, the "young lawyer" is a contradiction in terms; yet a necessary evil, whose chief function is to grow older. Like the Law, he is a process, not a completed product—university diplomas notwithstanding. In judicial opinion he is *obiter dictum*. Among lawyers, he is *sui generis*—a sort of difference without a distinction. The jurists appear to concede that he exists by presumption of law; and the weight of authority seems to be that he thrives by presumption in fact. He can scarcely be said to come within the purview of the laity: his name loometh large on his own sign; to the public it shineth as from afar—and very faintly. He is not expressly classified among the public utilities, but he no doubt has his place—the difficulty is to find it. His sphere is coextensive with that ascribed by Lord Brougham to the Law of England: to get twelve men in a "box"—and jam down the lid.

The lawyer should know everything—the young lawyer does. Solomon could not have matched him. And "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—of his. If the old lawyer knows most, the young lawyer knows best. It is no trouble for him to tell what the law is—it is rather a surprise. But the evil day cometh apace, when with "assurance doubly sure" and stride triumphant, he marches into court

with his first case; and, enveloped in the darkness of his own pleadings, he falls into the clutches of the grisly old guerrilla, General Demurrer. Let us not paint the pathetic picture, nor voice the lamentation.

The young lawyer is gregarious—he cometh in flocks. But tremble not, my friends, at the annual increase of competitors; for though many young lawyers are called, few deliver the "merchandise." To the established practitioner the situation is not hopeless, but has its compensations. Let us be just; for we know that the young lawyer is a valuable litigious asset. And furthermore, whether we agree that the law is an exact science, we know that it hath a sort of certainty that often amounts to fatality; and that, while its policy is to put an end to litigation, its practice puts an end to many young lawyers—thus establishing in the profession a subtle relation of equilibrium between genesis and exodus. Also let us be generous. And when the young lawyer feels that his place is precarious, and that his talents are not appreciated, and that everything is against him, let us exhort him to brace up, take courage and be firm; for conditions will change, and probably get—worse. And my dear young friends, let me admonish you, in the melancholy hour and whatever may betide,—to think always of the nobility and dignity of your profession. Keep well in your own mind the fact that you are a lawyer; and some day perhaps the community will discover your secret.

Esteem the Law, thy mistress: guardian angel of blind justice, and, by men's unthought appointment through the ages, her majestic voice and dread interpreter. She sits aloft upon the rock-ribbed Mount of Right, a peaceful virgin, frowning chaos and disorder down throughout the world. To stay the hand of reckless might and turbulence, she reacheth forth; and higher yet to lift the blood-won standard of long-

wak'ning man's humanity to man. From us she's hid, betimes, in mist; and from her dim retreat 'tis sport to watch us climb, and stumble, fall, and then again essay the height. There leads no path of dalliance to her bower; to her favor, winds the stubborn royal road of honor, courage, and devotion. With the largess of content that on the faithful she bestows, nor gold, nor regal purple, nor the "wealth of Ind," nor argosy with precious stones deep laden,—e'en can vie; all these are but the greedy gew-gaws of a life misused, against the tranquil balm that awaits the seal of her approval.

Develop generous impulses. It is to my keen sense of gratitude that I chiefly owe my present business relations. When the world was apprised through the associated press that I had procured license to practice law, the clamorous demand usually made for the services of the young lawyer by interests in the large cities was directed toward me. But my father, who had sent me to school, I felt had some claims upon me. So I took no account of any of the inducements offered me. I went to my father and said: "You have educated me—at least you think you have. I am grateful. You have an established practice. You need me." He replied, "You are very thoughtful and considerate." And I proved it by taking him—into partnership. And I advise every young lawyer similarly situated to follow my example, especially if he has any reverence for the three graces,—food, shelter, and raiment. Censure me not for paternalism. Each to his own; but, verily, my young friends, to depend on our fathers is silver; to depend on ourselves is "brass." And lest you have cause to lament your client, I charge you fling away self-reliance, "for by that sin fell the angels."

You will no doubt make mistakes. The man that never makes mistakes never makes anything. And

to the man of indomitable will nothing succeeds like failure. "Upon our dead selves as stepping stones we rise to higher things." I have traveled the road myself. I want to see you successful. You have my best wishes ever. In your adversity my heart goes out to you; in your prosperity—my hand.

In conclusion—be your success, as men call it, what it may, bear in mind that change is the law of life. The watchword of progress is "move on"; and fixation is retrogression. And in this regard, doth justice ever grant fair and ample dispensation to her servitors of the law. Mindful of your solace, she hath wisely provided. And when the city's "thick-coming" complications, and garish flare and turmoil, shall have palled upon you, and you have overtaxed your "credulity in listening to the whispers of fancy"; and have pursued with vain "eagerness the phantoms of hope," you may still answer the plaintive call of the bucolic siren for her own—and take to the tall timber! And, my dear young friends, as a prophet without honor in his own, or any other country, let me predict that I shall precede you there; and be the first to bid you welcome, in copious draughts of obscurity, back to nature and the simple life.

THE MAJESTY OF LAW

CHARLTON H. ALEXANDER

Of the Jackson (Miss.) Bar

[Extract from an address delivered before the University of Mississippi, June 5, 1900.]

From a finite view-point the secret of the mighty power of the Anglo-Saxon lies in the enthronement of law—law which founds on the moral sense of the citizen, and protects that citizen, whoever he may be;

law which guards the home as the unit of society and exalts the citizen as the unit of national life; law which follows that unit with its protection even to the remotest confines of the earth.

Sirs, it means something to be an American citizen! If it does not mean that the humblest citizen shall have the protection of the best laws of the best government on earth, then we should cease our boasting. Faded is the glory and dimmed the majesty of law, when it no longer protects a citizen in his legal rights and his legal remedies, whoever and wherever he may be—whether he be a millionaire whose property is threatened by a riot of organized labor, or the poorest tenant in the purlieus of poverty, from whom organized greed would snatch the ice that cools his fevered brow; whether he be the faithful missionary whose possessions are plundered by the cruel Turk, or the obscure sailor unlawfully seized in the streets of Valparaiso; whether it be a negro laborer shot down by riotous whites in a Northern State for the crime of trying to work, or an idle and vicious negro who, for a real crime, is lynched by a Southern mob.

There is a pestilential evil which is settling like a blight on our land. It is a spirit of lawlessness—either open defiance of law or a lack of reverence for its majesty. It may be the lawless strike, which begins, perhaps, in just resentment of corporate oppression, but ends in wanton destruction of life or property. It may be political degradation which makes commerce of ballots, and drives voters like cattle into political shambles. It may be a defiant plutocracy, which seduces with cunning or with gold the law-making or law-enforcing power. It may be the frantic surging of the proletariat in our great cities against the barriers of government and society, or a discordant communism which seeks license in the

name of liberty. Whatever may be the evil elsewhere, the predominant danger to the South lies in a lack of reverence for law—a too quick appeal to personal violence in every form.

Passing by causes, what of the cure? First of all, exalt the ballot. Every vote should be the free choice, and express the moral sentiment, of an intelligent citizen. Your ballot, young gentlemen, makes you partners in your government. It lifts you to the plane of real royalty. It makes the laws your laws. Your ballot is not only a privilege, it is a pledge. In party elections the voter is deemed to have pledged his support to the men or the measures chosen. You owe your country greater allegiance than you owe your party. And you should hold your every vote as a solemn pledge to obey and uphold the law of the land. Guard, then, the ballot box. Guard it as the symbol of your sovereignty. Guard it even "as the Parsee watches the sacred flame." Guard it, even as the lion of Thorswalden guards the lilies of France.

But we must do more. We must remove all accursed things from the camp. We must banish the pistol. It has fostered among us a spurious chivalry—a hip-pocket chivalry, if you please. The habit of carrying weapons has a barbarous origin. Our Teuton forefather, who went from battle to the councils of his people, carried his weapons with him. He voted by brandishing his spear, and applauded with the clangor of his arms. Right here some may find the germ of a modern legislature. But certain it is that neither that remote ancestor, nor those less remote, who wore their swords full displayed as a badge of their gentility, nor those who wrote into our Constitution that the people should have the right to carry arms in self-defense, ever dreamed of private broils and hair-trigger pistols. What is a pistol?

For what is it made? Useless to the law-abiding for defense, unsuited for war, unfitted for game, its real, its only target is a human heart. The man who carries a pistol concealed is a willing violator of the law. He deliberately insults its majesty. The dynamite bomb is not more distinctively the symbol of anarchy than the pistol is the symbol of lawless violence in the South. Yet even in the toys of childhood our people are made familiar with this exponent of their country's great shame. Yes, banish the pistol. Our State, our Southland, will not have made a fair beginning in the suppression of lawlessness until a purified public sentiment thrusts aside as an outlaw the man who feels that his toilet is not complete until he has buckled around him a weapon designed alone for taking human life.

Again, the dignity of law cannot be preserved, or its supremacy maintained, unless every statute be enforced. He who wilfully violates a law, or connives at its being broken, not only weakens his own self-respect as a citizen, but directly affronts the majesty of the law. No man should dare to be wiser than the law. The will of no man should prevail against the combined will of all. Neither partisan zeal, nor doubt as to the policy of a law, should tempt to its disobedience. If the rights of a citizen, however humble, are to be protected at any cost, the sovereign power should not stop at any cost in punishing any infraction of law. When the wisdom of our lawmakers shall have devised a speedy, sure, and adequate remedy for punishing those crimes which excite to violence, a long step will have been taken in this needed reform.

I pass now to the final and most effectual remedy. It is in the proper education of our people. The young must be educated, not only to be scholars, but citizens. This University, founded and maintained

by the State, should be foremost in every movement looking to the elevation of citizenship. Surely those whom the State has trained should lead in the service of the State. Even in youth the citizen should be taught to reverence the law and the courts. We cannot dissociate law from the courts which administer it. It will be the first step of our country's downfall when party zeal or official corruption finds permanent place in our courts of last resort. Every Mississippian should be proud of the record of her judiciary. There was a time when shame and dishonor reared their crests unabashed in the chair of the executive; when a Barca brood of political robbers invaded our legislative halls and preyed with diabolical greed and cunning upon the ignorance of the blacks and the helplessness of the prostrate whites; when, opposed to these, were less than a score of sturdy patriots, who, undaunted by difficulties, and undismayed by dangers, by their courage and sagacity saved the ship of state from total wreck; and when, at last, that ship, sailing between the Scylla of ignorance and the Charybdis of corruption, rode triumphant through the surging waves there loomed up against the blackness of the storm a noble pilot, standing, like Palinurus, at the wheel. It was the towering form of John M. Stone. The mention of his name is a eulogy on Mississippi.

Yet further. There is one tribunal that challenges the admiration, as it should the reverence, of every American citizen. The framers of our government, when they made the Constitution, committed it into the keeping of the Supreme Court of the United States. Well has it guarded the trust. The President may be a partisan. The Congress is always partisan. But that tribunal has ever sat in serene majesty above the fierce surging of party strife, above the pollution of official corruption. It has guarded

our sacred bill of rights—rights of the people, and rights of the States—against the stealthy encroachments of selfish cunning and the open assaults of turbulent faction. If there be any man in all the Union who should cherish reverence and gratitude for that tribunal it is the Southern man—the Southern States' rights Democrat, if you please. It stood between us and ruin in the time of our supreme peril. Not once, nor twice, but many times it averted the blow which sectional hatred or misguided bigotry aimed at our people. It was that court which, when Congress sought to establish Federal control over State elections, confined that control exclusively in the States. It was that court which nullified the proclamation of Lincoln, ordering trial by court martial instead of a jury, of aiders and abettors of the Southern cause outside the circle of actual hostilities. It was that court whose judgment wrested from the nation itself and restored to the family of Robert E. Lee its ancestral home. It was that court which held void that iniquitous oath by which the best and most patriotic citizens of the South were barred from place and power unless they would abjure the past and deny even all thought of disloyalty. It was that court which permitted the able Confederate lawyer and statesman, A. H. Garland, to practice before its bar, despite his refusal to take that hated oath. And when Congress found a culmination for all the shame and humiliation it would heap upon the whites of the South, and sought to force upon them social equality with the blacks, it was that court which struck the civil rights bill lifeless at its feet, and thus preserved to the States the right to enact into positive statute a law written on the heart of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he walks the earth. It was that court which afterwards affirmed the right of Mississippi to separate the races on the highways of travel,

and also her right, by a limitation of suffrage, to exclude ignorance from the polls, and thus to perpetuate the rule of intelligence, which means white supremacy. These examples might yet be multiplied. In every instance the court was overwhelmingly Republican. Away, then, with the thought that our highest tribunal has ever yet prostrated itself at the feet of party. It has justified the wisdom of our fathers, and is yet worthy of our reverence.

Finally, remember that it is only as the citizen is exalted that the majesty of the law is preserved. The divine Law-Giver said to His followers, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and a wise man added, speaking to Englishmen, "The kingdom of England is within you." Much more is it true that the Republic is within the citizen. I see in every man before me a sovereign and a subject—a sovereign, in that it is his high prerogative to make laws; a subject, in that it is his crowning virtue to obey them. There is a craving in the human heart for objects that will endure. Even as we build we seek material which under the corroding touch of time will not decay. To the patriotic heart the question often recurs, Are our liberties safe? Is our Republic to endure? I know not. But this I know, that no government can endure forever that does not rest on the granite foundations of immutable law. Let us of the South resolve that the reign of prosperity which is to be our portion shall be a reign of law. And let us hope that through yet uncounted years, even from the remotest nations of the earth whom our laws shall bless, those shall come who will look upon the beautiful and enduring temple of liberty which our fathers have reared, and will say, as did that one who looked upon the majestic dome and foundations of St. Paul,

"They dreamt not of a perishable home, who thus could build."

LAWYERS AND LAWLESSNESS

SELDEN P. SPENCER

[Extract from an address delivered at the joint meeting of the Bar Association, of Arkansas and Texas, at Texarkana, Arkansas—Texas, July 11, 1906.]

There is a lawlessness of evasion as well as of violation, a lawlessness that seeks and too often secures the sanction of the lawyer—that is the burden of my theme.

In this day the disregard of law most dangerous in these United States is not the crime of the brutal criminal who robs or murders or burns; for watching him with constant vigilance are the officers of the law empowered to arrest at once on the commission of the crime, and, moreover, the evidences of his criminal act are so open and the evil effect upon the community so immediate that from the moment of the wrongful act, if indeed not before, the criminal himself becomes an outcast, hiding and hunted. Concerning this class of crimes in general, confined as they are to the ignorant and the degenerate—to those who are without either moral, social, or financial responsibility—I have at this time nothing to say.

The lawlessness—none the less dangerous—to which I direct your attention is that disregard of law on the part, perhaps, of those who are of gentle birth; who have had the advantage of a liberal education; whose fortunes have been accumulated and are preserved by virtue of the power of the very law which they despise; of those who with righteous indignation would proceed, as to a public duty, against the common thief or thug who may have deprived them of their money or trespassed upon their persons or property.

There is a treachery in the time of war, and the

guilty traitor is promptly hanged. There is as well a traitor in the time of peace: he it is who by his speech or counsel or conduct debauches the law of the land. Such lawlessness has not the excuse of ignorance; it is conceived in selfishness and greed, and is too often brought forth with legal midwifery, and is possible only because of and where exists a low regard for the dignity and power of the law on the part of those who are either the immediate transgressors, or on the part of those who, mainly of our profession, by counsel and assistance, abet the crime. The lawlessness of evasion exalts gold above character, and is more concerned about the amount of gain than with the manner of its getting. It regards law not with respect, but rather as the burglar views the lock that separates him from his loot, or locates the watchman that awaits his egress—as something to be avoided or overcome.

Strange as it may seem, this lawlessness of greed believes in the strict enforcement of the law against the unfortunate or the victim of evil association, and protests violently against leniency in such cases in either prosecution or pardon; but when the law comes in conflict with the lust of gold or is invoked for the protection of the people, either to prevent restraint of trade or to restrict monopoly in regard to articles generally used, or to prohibit discrimination in favor of the rich and powerful and against the weak, or to enforce the assessment and payment of taxes, in an instant the law thus evoked has lost its majesty and is alleged to have become at once an instrument of oppression to be resisted or evaded by every means which money, friendship, brains, or technicality can suggest.

In this land of ours, where every citizen—as the Supreme Court of the United States has put it—is a constituent part of the sovereignty itself, the man

who earns his living with his hands has the right to expect and to demand that every corporation engaged in quasi-public business shall, for example, transport people or freight, or accept employment from all who desire it, at the same price and on the same terms for one as for the other; and that merely because a shipper or trader may be rich or powerful is no reason why he should be allowed reduced rates which are not as well open and known to every one who has need of this public service; and the right to thus expect and demand is in principle as firmly and righteously established as is the right of him who has acquired a fortune to expect and demand that it be preserved from theft or trespass.

Laws preventing discrimination in freight and passenger rates that apply to railroads; laws concerning mercantile and manufacturing companies that restrict dangerous combinations or prohibit unfair monopolies, or regulate the payment of capital stock or the operation of the business of the company; laws that provide when and how arrests may be made or property seized; laws that prohibit false testimony or collusion either to secure licenses or to obtain decrees or to evade taxation, and that thus give force to the oath which binds the taker not only to tell the truth, but to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth,—are all laws clad with the same majesty, deserving of the same respect, entitled to the same enforcement as are the laws upon the statute books concerning murder or rape or arson. The difference is one of degree, not of principle; both merely because they are laws, if for no other reason, have a right to respect and enforcement.

My brothers of the bar, ours is an exalted profession; next to that vocation which has to do with the eternal welfare of mankind and which brings "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the

people," is to be ranked the calling to which we have devoted our lives, and that has to do with the life and liberty as well as with the property of mankind.

Those great words of Thomas Hooker are true to-day: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice is the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage,—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

The lawyer of to-day, the true lawyer, true to the history of his profession, to its high purpose and its noble aim, is the man, found no more often in the towns and country than in the city, who counsels and pleads for what is right, not for what is only expedient or desired; who can always be found ready to assist in the preventing or remedying of wrong, never in the accomplishing of it; who regards his duty to God, to his country, to his profession, as above purchase; who acts for his clients' rights, not as their hired slave; in whom character, above even learning or genius or eloquence, is the great balancing power of his life.

The profession that has come down to us is laden with its trophies of rights maintained, wrongs overthrown, liberties secured and preserved, innocence established, guilt punished, and it can in our day have no greater glory than to uphold and maintain the law of the land; and refusing to counsel or assist in its evasion or violation, thus establish by practice and counsel as well as by precept among the people that general respect for the law, which in a government like ours, of the people, and by the people, as well as for the people, is absolutely essential.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

JAMES STEPHEN HOGG

Ex-Governor of Texas

[A speech delivered at a banquet in honor of President Roosevelt at Dallas, Tex., April 5, 1905.]

My fellow-citizens, I came here, several hundred miles, after a protracted, serious sickness, in order to testify my appreciation of the man who, in one night's time, according to accredited reports, liberated Texas from commercial tyranny; a man who, in a night's time, made it possible for our commerce, so great, so wonderful, and of such boundless possibilities, to reach a market of three hundred million people without traveling nine thousand miles out of the way; a man who, in a night's time, brought, without resort to diplomacy, without the complications of red-tapeism, what the American people for over one hundred years have been trying to get—the great Panama canal. Yes, it is a pleasure to me as a Texan rising above partisan prejudice, to come here to meet the great President who had the manhood to strike back the dough-faced pirates who have fettered commerce for over one hundred years. That's Americanism, not politics. That's a principle which every American, proud of his country, must yield with pride. Mr. President, we appreciate you, sir, and that's the real cause of this demonstration to-day.

I came to pay my respects to him for other reasons. He is the first President to obey the will and sentiment of the American people,—absolutely, fearlessly, regardless of his own environments. An instance in point is his taking the first step to strike down the Northern Securities Company. He was the first one to lead out to suppress the trusts of this country that are now throttling commerce and destroying indi-

vidualism. He was the first one to scourge back from high places the partisans of his lifetime (around him as his friends), the corruptionists in high places. If the spirit of Andrew Jackson has descended to find place again in the bosom of any man in the last seventy years, it is in Theodore Roosevelt. And I am proud that there is a spirit of harmony to-day among the people of this State in extending a warm, a hearty welcome to the man of destiny, the man of San Juan Hill, the man who put a stop to the Northern Securities Company corruption, the friend of the people against combinations everywhere. And when Texans stand up to welcome the great Democratic President, we are proud to have the Republicans to help us.

And I must say that, if you will read American history, if you will read the biographies of the men who have occupied the White House, you will find that this is the first man who has studied his own country. He has been upon the plains, under the blanket, to study the dry regions of the great West, to see the necessity for irrigation. Did you ever know a man who was raised upon the plains, or who had spent his young manhood there in the saddle, that was not opposed to monopoly in every form? He is for the greatest individual freedom consistent with human rights in obedience to the Constitution of the country. And when the senators from the Southland opposed him, they committed the political blunder of the nineteenth century. Men in high places, catering to what they believed to be a common prejudice among the people, sought to embitter the country against him.

Mr. President, we want to say to you, sir, that this demonstration, and those yet to follow, will proclaim to the world that Texas has not tried to snub you! The spirit of liberality in the bosoms of these men here, who are the representatives of every class

of people in our State, is as broad as the ocean's sweep or the tidal wave's measureless motion, always imbued with justice, ever ready to do honor to a servant of the people who will obey their will.

TRIBUTE TO JAMES S. HOGG

ALEXANDER W. TERRELL

Of the Austin (Tex.) Bar; United States Minister to Turkey during the administration of President Cleveland

[Extract from an address before the Texas Legislature, March 29, 1906.]

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House:

Others who have addressed you have paid a just tribute to the memory of Governor James S. Hogg as a statesman. I choose rather to speak of him as a man, for his achievements are a part of our public history.

Through long years of intimate friendship and association I learned to know him well as an incorruptible patriot and as a pure-souled gentleman. He was a child of Texas to the manner born. I knew his father, General Hogg, who was a pioneer of the Republic of Texas, and who helped to frame her first State Constitution. He died at Shiloh as a Brigadier General of the Confederacy, and, like most true men who devote their lives to the service of the state, he died poor. In less than twelve months the wife of this stanch patriot followed her husband into the great unknown. And so James S. Hogg, born of patrician parents, was left an orphan boy.

Pause one moment and think of that poor boy as he stood over yonder amid the pine hills of east Texas, alone in the world, and while war was desolating the South; no parents, no money, no home,

with nothing to encourage his hopes as he stood and listened to the winds moaning through the tall pines above him. Was there no help for the widow's son? Yes, the help was within him, for he was a brave man's son and had a fearless soul.

Turn now another leaf in the history of this orphan boy and see him selling newspapers on the streets of Tyler—with Horace Chilton, whom he appointed years afterwards to a seat in the United States Senate. Before he was twenty-two years old he was publishing from a hand press a little town paper of his own. While he was still a printer, a young mechanic was with him listening to the argument of a lawyer, when he said: "If we had studied law we could make as good a speech as that." They both began at once the study of law, but it was slow work, for they had to toil for bread and raiment, and it was four years before Hogg obtained his license.

Turn another leaf. As a lawyer he realized that a freeman should bow only before the majesty of the law, and that he should be always ready to enforce its authority; for the law is our only king. One day two desperadoes armed with pistols had terrorized the officers of the law and were riding their horses into the stores. Young Hogg and a friend knocked them down, disarmed them, and put them in jail. Soon afterwards he was waylaid and shot down, but he recovered and bore the deep wound to his grave. He was wounded again, and more than once, but in each case it was while he was defending the majesty of the law.

His moral courage was sublime, for he dared to do whatever he thought was right, never counting either the odds or the cost. At the Democratic State convention in Waco, you remember an angry mob of a thousand delegates refused with shouts and execrations to hear him speak. He stood calm and fearless

through the storm until he awed them into silence; they then listened, approved and adopted the very resolutions they had at first opposed. History gives no other record of such a triumph.

Governor Hogg was a consistent Christian. If he was not found as often as other men among church worshipers, what of that? He had read how the Master in his Sermon on the Mount warned his followers not to be like those who loved to pray standing in the synagogues and on the street corners, to be seen of men. His was not the hard, repulsive faith of Jerome and Augustine, who worshiped a God of vengeance. He adored a God of love. He saw in all nature—in its harmonies, its flowers, its birds of song, and its beauty—a God of love who took no delight in the punishment of His children. Though he believed that some just penalty should follow violated law, he trusted to an atoning sacrifice and to the love of a merciful God.

He is gone from amongst us to that mysterious rest toward which we all hasten. No more will we look on that manly, genial face on which there was no line of cunning or duplicity. The warm grasp of his hand will be felt no more, nor will his clear blue eyes beam again in sympathy for us. We have laid away tenderly and with loving hands the shell in which the deathless soul once lingered, and placed it beside that of his gentle wife. No cold marble will press on his coffined clay, but nature, with each returning spring, will spread her mantle of green over his breast and bedeck it with wild flowers. The trees that he loved will wave their lofty branches above his tomb, "to rock the high nest, and take both the bird and the breeze to their breast." In the years to come the youth of Texas will visit that tomb as a hallowed shrine, and, there renewing their fidelity to a government by the people, will be inspired with

new hope and courage. The mocking-bird once cheered the heart of the orphan boy in its desolation; it will come again, and on the topmost bough that will wave above his tomb, it will swing and sing a clear, sweet, triumphant requiem for the repose of the great tribune of the people.

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT McKINLEY

MONROE M'CLURG

Ex-Attorney General of Mississippi

[Extract from an address delivered at Jackson, Miss., September, 1901.]

President McKinley came of a sturdy Scotch ancestry and possessed the incomparable heritage of being a native, free-born, Anglo-Saxon American citizen. By birth he was neither a patrician nor a peasant, but the offspring of a plain, honest stock that filled his veins with the best blood of both classes and his heart with all of the sympathies, all of the hopes, and all of the aspirations of the great heart of his country. His life had been a training school for the presidency: a teacher, a post office clerk, a soldier, a politician, a Congressman fourteen years, and two terms Governor of his native State.

In peace and in war, under all circumstances, he deported himself as became the chief executive of a free and independent people. The gold standard, the highest tariff, the freedom of Cuba, the subjugation and purchase of the Philippines, industrial combinations, the softening of sectional hatred, the surprising exhibition of American courage, valor, and power in the army and navy, especially the history of Manila Bay, San Juan, and Santiago, and the adjustment of international complications in China,—will

all be closely associated with his name as President of the United States.

And yet higher still—supremely higher than party politics and enforced national glory—McKinley as a President in his private and domestic life was a living lesson to all Christian civilization. His daily walk and conversation was a living lesson constantly exemplifying the real strength of the national character—the purity of individual conscience, the strength of personal will, the reverence of Divine power. As a President of eighty millions of free people he measured up to the most exalted standard for him who fills that office. He loved and served all sections and all classes, and was an exemplar worthy of all imitation. He lived and died a manly man.

We are told that when Montesquieu came to die his spiritual adviser said to him, "No man, better than you, sir, can realize the greatness of God." "No one," he replied, "knows better the littleness of man."

So it was with our President. Passing into that artificial sleep that robs the surgeon's knife of pain, the last whisper caught from his lips by the attending men of science was, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." In his delirium he murmured, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and when the final summons came he said, "Good-by, all, good-by. It's God's way. His will be done." Then he took his chamber in the silent halls of death.

"Not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, he approaches his grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

UPON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM McKINLEY

MARCELLUS L. DAVIS

Of the Dardanelle (Ark.) Bar

[Condensed from an address delivered at a memorial service held at Dardanelle, Ark., upon the occasion of the President's funeral.]

The assassination of President McKinley, a strong man, in the very prime and vigor of the most exalted position of public usefulness possible to the human race, resting upon the very summit of American honor, in the full of enjoyment of the profound respect of universal civilization, upon a mission of perfect peace, and standing, as it seemed to all, solid and secure upon the devotion, the love, and the loyalty of a great and mighty people, and in the very midst of a multitude of friends,—why he should be so stricken down, at such a time; why such a man, at such an hour and at such ignoble hands should fall, is to me a thing so monstrous, so incomprehensible, a question so utterly beyond the compass of any conception of either mine or yours, that I believe that no finite mind can even imagine why it should have happened so. And it was a question, too, that seemed to have puzzled much the troubled brain of the suffering President during the last hours of his life, if not to its very end. For to a heart so free from malice as his, to a nature so gentle, so knightly, and so noble, to a mind so lofty and so pure, a character so clean, so chaste and kind, and so filled with charity to all his race, it must have seemed incredible that any creature in human form or otherwise should seek to take his life. We might moralize, theorize, or philosophize upon the causes, remote or near, that could produce conditions to render such a tragedy

possible; but after all, perhaps, it is well enough, at least for the present, to leave this great question and its answer just where he left it, who was its victim—for among the last, if not the very last, words that he uttered as he died was the simple single sentence that solved it all: "It was God's way." That settled it as it settles all great questions, especially the supreme question, as to how or why or when a man shall die. It was the answer of a Christian, a philosopher, a brave man, who could "calmly lay his burdens down, and seek his rest, with all his country's honors blest."

Concerning the assassin, here is no place to speak of that. The personal mention of a monster of malice, a fiend so foul, so cruel and so cowardly should never mar a presence so sacred and so holy as this. We may safely leave the fate of this moral deformity to the future. Our brethren of the North will deal with him according to the laws of the land. They are cooler under crises, more dispassionate, more long-suffering and patient than we of the hot-blooded South, and equally just in the end. But one opinion I will venture to assert—an humble one of my own, 'tis true, and, for aught I know, hitherto wholly unexpressed, and that is: Had this thing been done on Southern soil, had a deed so dastardly, a crime so cruel, so cowardly and so causeless been committed in a crowd of Southern men like the mighty multitude where this thing happened, aye, even in the intensely Southern State of Arkansas, not all the cordons of all the police of all the municipalities of the combined Commonwealth, backed by armies and banked with siege guns, could for one moment have stayed the storm of righteous wrath and just indignation that would have seized the assassin on the spot and ripped him limb from limb, and sent his blood-stained soul to judgment before the smoke had ceased

to curl from his pistol's mouth—and in less time than I have taken to tell it. But let that pass. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that we have let too many things pass in this government. I shall pause to mention only one, but it is the saddest, I think, of all. It is yet within the memory of living man, scarce more than a generation gone by, when it was the proudest boast of American citizenship that we lived in a land where the earth was absolutely free to all, where every man, rich or poor, or high or low, or weak or strong, or what not, be he President or pauper, could pursue his path in peace along the public highway, or wander through the fields or wend his way among the woods, or walk the crowded streets at will, by midday or by moonlight, whenever, wherever, and however he chose, and none there be who dare molest or make him afraid; and we used to smile with amusement when we'd read of the armed troops that thronged and tramped at the heels of kings, of the pampered soldiery that sentineled the palaces of power, and the mailed warriors and squadrons of cavalry that thundered beside the chariots of czars and queens and princes and potentates, to guard their royal persons from the vengeance of the despot-ridden subjects of the Old World; but we can now no longer boast, no longer smile. We have let that pass. Those good old, grand old golden days have gone, we fear, forever.

But to recur to the President. The little time allotted here will not allow even an attempt to trace this bright career that has just been blotted out in blood, nor may we sketch anew the royal path of life along which he never failed to tread. He wore the highest honors that his country could confer, and wore them well and worthily. He had achieved the most exalted station of political power in this government, the loftiest eminence, the very keystone of the

tallest arch of American honor that ever sprung from the basic foundations of our Constitution. Other men before him had occupied that high position, had risen, reigned, and fallen. Other men had reached those towering heights and returned again to the walks of private life, to pass their days in peace among their families and friends. But not so with him. He came down no more. The departure of this spirit from this proudest pinnacle of earthly honor and power to realms yet higher still may be likened to the eagle's flight, as standing upon the peak of some splintered crag, lifted above the storm-swept summit of some lonely mountain height, he plumes his pinions in the sun, unfurls his mighty wings, then boldly launching upwards to the sky, he cleaves his gallant way beyond the clouds of earth. It was enough. "Come up higher." He hath gone. But in a lowly humble way, in a simple personal way, as a friend or father, husband, son, or brother, we can only weep with those who weep, and mourn with those who mourn, and tenderly sympathize with those whom his death hath personally bereft. It is all that we can do. We can only hope that the song birds that warble in springtime shall sweetly sound above his sleeping dust; that the sunlit leaves of summer shall softly whisper hope to the dull, cold ear of death, and that the sheeted snows of winter with love shall lay their pure white pall above the bosom of the dead, true type, fit emblem, of the record of spotless honor that his noble name hath borne.

EDUCATION AND PROGRESS

BENJAMIN H. HILL

Formerly United States Senator from Georgia

[Extract from a speech delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., July 31, 1871.]

In the present, far more than in any preceding age, ideas govern mankind. Not individuals nor societies, not kings nor emperors, not fleets nor armies, but ideas—educated intellects—using and controlling all these, as does the mechanic his tools, uproot dynasties, overturn established systems, subvert and reorganize governments, revolutionize social fabrics, and direct civilizations. True, we have the most wonderful physical developments—as marvelous in character as they are rapid in multiplication. Whether we look to the engines of war or the arts of peace, to the means of destruction or the appliances for preservation, to the facilities for distribution or the sources of production and accumulation, we shall find nothing in the past comparable to the achievements of the present. But all these gigantic elements of physical power are but the fruits of educated minds—have leaped into being at the command of ideas, and they are under the absolute command of ideas; and whether they shall really promote or destroy civilizations must depend altogether upon the wise or unwise discretion of this omnipotent commander. Thought is the Hercules of this age, and his strength is equally a vigorous fact, whether it be employed in throttling the lion of power or in cleaning out the Augean stables of accumulated social errors. Moving by nations, by races, and by systems, this irresistible ruler—educated thought—is setting aside old and setting up new civilizations at will.

It is not my purpose now to analyze the different civilizations which are competing in the great struggle to lead humanity, nor to select any one for prominent advocacy. Nor must I be understood as saying that that which changes always reforms, nor yet that every apparent triumph is a just progress. But this much I affirm is true: that community, that people, that nation—nay, that race or that system which, Diogenes-like, will now content itself with living in its own tub, asking nothing of the conquering powers around it except that they stand out of its sunshine, will soon find itself in hopeless darkness, the object of derision for its helplessness, and of contempt for its folly. Whether civilizations, on the whole, be going forward or going backward, the result must be the same to those who insist on standing still—they must be overwhelmed. Because all the world *is,* therefore each portion of the world *must,* be awake and thinking—up and acting. Nor can we afford to waste time and strength in defense of theories and systems, however valued in their day, which have been swept down by the moving avalanche of actual events. No system which has fallen and been destroyed in the struggles of the past will ever be able to rise and grapple with the increasing power of its conqueror in the future. We can live neither *in* nor *by* the defeated past, and if we would live in the growing, conquering future, we must furnish our strength to shape its course and our will to discharge its duties. The pressing question, therefore, with every people is, not what they have been, but whether and what they shall determine to be; not what their fathers were, but whether and what their children shall be.

God in events—mysteriously, it may be, to us—has made the educated men in the South, of this generation, the living leaders of thought for a great

and a noble people, but a people bewildered by the suddenness with which they have been brought to one of those junctures in human affairs when one civilization abruptly ends and another begins. I feel oppressed with a sense of fear that we shall not be equal to the unusual responsibilities this condition imposes, unless we can deal frankly with these events, frankly with ourselves, and bravely with our very habits of thought. Though unjustly, even cruelly slain, brave survivors lie not down with the dead, but rise up resolved all the more to be leaders and conquerors with and for the living.

No period in the history and fortunes of our State was ever half so critical as the present. And in this anxious hour—this crisis of her fate—to whom shall the State look with hope if not to her own educated sons? On whom shall this loved University now lean with faith if not on her own alumni? Who shall stay the coming of Philip, if Athenians abandon Greece? Who shall save our Rome from the clutch of despot and the tread of the vandal, if our Antonies still madly follow the fleeing, faithless, fallen African?

Gentlemen, we cannot escape the responsibility pressing upon us. If we prove unequal to our duties now, then a State, with every natural gift but worthy sons, appropriated by others, and a University fallen in the midst of her own listless, unheeding children, must be the measure of our shame in the future. But if we prove equal to those duties now, then a State surpassed by none in wealth, worth, and power, with the University made immortal for her crown, will be the glory that is waiting to reward our ambition.

And we shall escape this shame and win this glory if we now will fully comprehend and manfully act upon three predicate propositions: first, that the civ-

ilization peculiar to the Southern States hitherto has passed away, and forever; second, that no new civilization can be equal to the demands of the age which does not lay its foundations in the intelligence of the people and in the multiplication and social elevation of educated industries; third, that no system of education for the people, and for the multiplication of the industries, can be complete, or efficient, or available, which does not begin with an ample, well-endowed, and independent university.

These three postulates embody the triunity of all our hope as a people. Here the work of recovery must begin—and in this way alone, and by you alone, can it be begun. The educated men of the South, of this generation, must be responsible for the future of the South. The educated men of Georgia now before me must be responsible for the future of Georgia. That future will be anything you now command. From every portion of this dear old Commonwealth there comes this day an earnest, anxious voice to you, saying, Shall we command, or shall we serve? Shall we rise, or shall we fall yet lower? Shall we live, or shall we die?

Gathering in my own the voices of you all, and with hearts resolved and purposes fixed, I send back the gladdening response: We shall live! We shall rise! We shall command! We have given up the dusky Helen—pity we kept the harlot so long! True, alas! Hector is dead, and Priam is dethroned; and Troy, proud Troy, has glared by the torch, and crumbled 'neath the blows, and wept 'mid the jeers of reveling Greeks in every household. But more than a hundred Aeneases *live!* On more than a hundred broader, deeper Tibers we will found greater cities, rear richer temples, raise loftier towers, until all the world shall respect and fear, and even the Greeks shall covet, honor, and obey!

THE USES OF A LIBRARY

SAMUEL M. SMITH

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, S. C.

[Extract from an address at the dedication of the Carnegie Library, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., June 4, 1906.]

The country of Scotland! bare and barren, harsh and ungracious in climate, somewhat rude and ungraceful in the amenities that adorn life, and yet like the granite of her hills and the heather of her plains, strong and enduring in every element of noble character, from the largess of her unwasting abundance she has enriched every nation of the globe. Of her this proverb runs: That the aspiring eye of every youth within her borders can see the turrets of a university from the nearest hill-top! The occasion has suggested this line of thought because my fancy pictures a library as in a very real though not formal sense something of a university, wherein great books are life's teachers; the faculty being in such cases

> "Those dead but sceptered sovereigns,
> Who rule our spirits from their urns—"

perhaps in one sense of the word the only real university in which every branch of human learning has its greatest representatives, where the fruits of human research in every department of investigation are put at the disposal of the diligent learner, where the achievements of the human mind in every age and stage of its restless, ceaseless progress are registered and catalogued for ready reference and placed within the easy reach of all, without money and without price.

And so it seems to me no odd conceit to call a

great library a university, as the seat of a learning universal in its scope and universal in its accessibility. Pursuing the figure, it is to be noted that all courses in this school are absolutely "elective." To the student is left an unrestricted, unqualified option in every particular as to the character and extent of his courses; what he shall study, how much, and how, and when—all is left to his unfettered choice. So far as my observation goes, the only restriction in any library is put upon the tongue (possibly in some instances a grievous bondage); but though the mouth be fettered, the mind is free. Freedom, however, is always a dangerous privilege, and this instance forms no exception; its best exercise requires the restraints of severe discipline. Any librarian's register will illustrate this somewhat vividly, possibly somewhat sadly.

There is danger in the very fullness offered by every reasonably complete library. In the vast variety of tempting viands spread upon the bounteous table there are large possibilities of intellectual dyspepsia for that eater who crams "the stomach of his sense" with food unwholesome in character or disproportionate in amount. Digestion doubtless has often been injured beyond remedy by immature minds, who, like other children, feed too exclusively on cakes, candies, and pickles to the exclusion of more substantial and more wholesome diet. A library so misused is a great blessing perverted into an unmitigated curse; for it is a mistake to say, as some do, that any reading is better than none.

When one walks amid the shelves of a great library the mere multitude of candidates for his favor is bewildering. Some ingenious statistician said long ago that it would require three hundred and fifty years for a diligent student to read only the acknowledged standards; constant currents are rapidly increasing

this volume, which rises like a flood unceasingly until it leaves man's mind like Noah's dove, with no rest for the sole of its foot!

Obviously there must be exigent need of severe selection lest one fritter away his time in aimless and fruitless discursiveness; one may readily recognize the temptation besetting a man who is by calling and habit a preacher to particularize here by way of special and practical application. I shall not, however, fall a willing victim to the insidious seduction. To recommend books is attended with great risk. A volume which to one mind is a veritable mine of fertile suggestion may prove to another intellect, equal but differently constituted, utterly lacking in every element of quickening inspiration; a book which one reader finds instinct and abounding in vivid brilliance, a ceaseless source of scintillant sparkle, another reader, full peer in every respect of the former, will vote irredeemably dull, and heavy as sand. All reading should be either instructive or stimulating, should add either to one's information or inspiration, should either extend his knowledge or improve his character. To put it more largely yet—without any exception whatever, all reading should be either creative or recreative.

So much for a general guiding principle; when it comes to the application of this general principle in detail, each one must be left to his own discretion as to what is best for him. Granted a seriousness of purpose, an appreciation alike and equally of the advantages and the dangers, one is not likely long or greatly to err. The greatest need is to guard against an absolute heedlessness that makes reading an aimless exercise, indulged mainly for that most murderous of all purposes, "the killing of time."

Let us indulge the hope that this library, the gracious gift of a great and generous soul, may ever

fulfill the office designed by its benevolent donor; and prove a center of radiating light, a source of beneficent influence upon all the widening circle of South Carolina's girls who resort hither for preparation to brighten and to bless the State, whose pride and joy it is to call them her daughters.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE POET

DUNBAR ROWLAND

Director of the Department of Archives and History, State of Mississippi

[Condensed from a speech made in accepting the bust of Irwin Russell presented to the Mississippi Department of Archives and History by the Mississippi Teachers' Association, at Gulfport, Miss., May 4, 1907.]

In the selfish pursuit of the material men sometimes forget the silent and unseen forces which are shaping the destinies of mankind. In our admiration for the arm that executes we lose sight of the brain that conceives and directs. In paying honor to the statesman whose words move myriads of minds, and in singing the praises of the victorious commanders of conquering legions, we forget that they are merely the instruments of some mighty principle that had its origin in the intellectual ideals of a people, which are made by its great scholars and poets, who shape in silence the thoughts that control and direct the destiny of nations.

William Pitt received his inspiration from William Shakespeare. Savonarola furnished the spark which lit the fires of religious freedom and liberty of conscience throughout the world. Washington and Lee, two of the greatest apostles of liberty the world has ever known, were the incarnations of the highest spirit of a civilization that ascended to supremest heights upon the ideals of its poets and scholars.

Among the intellectual ideals of a people none give more powerful incentives to great achievements than the poetic. These are silent and invisible influences, but they are the most potent that animate the hearts of men. The sacred hymns of the Christian nations of the world have been one of the strongest forces in breaking the chains of paganism and infidelity and in enthroning Christianity. The highest exaltation of the soul is felt, and the clearest conception of God is borne in on the mental vision, through the divine outbursts of poetical inspiration which illumine the pages of the sacred writings. Every land has its native airs and songs, which are more effective than its armies and navies in guarding the liberties of the people, and which more than all other forces fill their hearts with hope and courage.

Under the influence of the inspiring strains of the "Marsellaise Hymn" the people of France overthrew a corrupt and tyrannical government and placed the tricolor of their country over the proudest and most valiant nations of Europe. The "Watch on the Rhine" aroused the martial spirit of Germany and enabled Bismarck and Von Moltke to create the great German Empire. When the Englishman hears "God Save the King," though he may be thousands of miles away, his moistened eye turns to his native land. "The Star-Spangled Banner" arouses in the hearts of Americans the sublimest love of liberty and independence. These are the things which inspire emulation, ambition, love of country, and hatred of tyranny and oppression. Where there is no response to such things, and no worship of the ideals for which they stand, national life and aspiration are extinct.

In every race where man's higher nature has found expression in its language, the purest and highest ideals are set before the eyes of the people, who,

whether they turn scholar or soldier, statesman or lawmaker, mechanic or argriculturist, will exhibit in their achievements some likeness of the source from which they draw their inspiration. Their achievements may dazzle the eyes of the world with the splendor which action imparts, but it must be the ideals which prompted and inspired them to which the people must ever look as a permanent foundation upon which to build enduring greatness.

The mortal remains of England's great men rest in Westminster Abbey, and in a quiet corner of that stately Gothic cathedral there is a section set apart in honor of poetic genius, as an evidence of the eternal homage to letters paid by a people who have fought the battle of human rights and human progress for centuries. And it is not strange that England, the noble mother of the Anglo-Saxon race, should honor Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson above those whose claims to greatness rest upon the selfish and sordid accumulation of wealth.

Though men have sometimes been worshipers of Mammon, there has never been placed in any Pantheon a Midas or a Crœsus, and the laurel wreath has never been twined about the brow of a man whose aspiration raised him no higher than the love of the material. The immortal garland for which men run must be won on paths, however bleak and rugged, which lead to the stars.

And it was upon such ideals that Irwin Russell, our own young poet, sought to shape the expression of his life. Brief as it was, his life gave promise of a glorious fulfillment. He was the pioneer in a distinctive literary field, and in being original gave unmistakable signs of genius of a high order. For what he did in honor of it a loving people bring this chaplet for his young brow.

Let us believe that it will inspire our whole people anew with a love and veneration for those things upon which rest a higher and more beautiful civilization. Let us hope that it will make us worthy of having it written of us, as a people, what Browning has said of one in these inspiring lines:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

THE PENALTIES OF PROGRESS

THOMAS W. JORDAN

Dean of the Academic Department and Professor of Latin, University of Tennessee

[Extract from a baccalaureate address at the University Commencement, June 17, 1900.]

Our cherished doctrine of economics—unrestricted competition—is not the panacea we have taken it to be. We have exalted it unduly and expected too much of it, and are now face to face with conditions in which utmost happiness does not follow unlimited competition and rivalry. It is a theory of man that leaves the man out. It is breaking down under our complex civilization, not because it is not the truth, but because it is not the whole truth. And half truths have been an accursed thing in human experience. They are forever converting the cry of liberty in one place into the command of a tyrant in another, and making the inspiration of one age the damnation of the next.

"That's the old American idee—
Make a man a man and let him be."

All very well, but first make him a *man*. That is not done by releasing him from every other obligation to earth and heaven and saying: "Now go it. Cash is the goal. Every fellow for himself and devil take the hindmost." It ends in every fellow for himself and devil take us all. For "I do know," with old Thomas Carlyle, "that cash payment is not the sole relation of human beings. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another, nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth, to the end of the world. In brief, we shall have to dismiss this cash gospel rigorously to its own place. We shall have to know that there is some infinitely deeper gospel subsidiary, explanatory, and daily and hourly corrective of the cash one, or else that the cash one and all others are fast traveling."

Animalism, hunger, vanity, and selfishness in general, may be trusted to look out for themselves. The work of encouraging them is entirely superfluous. It has ended in making us act like so many cattle on a crowded car, in which one horns and pushes the one in front to make room for himself, and he another, and he another, and when all are horned and pushed and the weak are down and being trampled to death beneath the hoofs of the stronger or more fortunate, we call our bovine philosophy the survival of the fittest. Its whole tendency is to silence the voices of gentleness, meekness, mercy, brotherly kindness, patience, charity. Its ear is dull to such strains as these: "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "We are members one of another; and whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one mem-

ber be honored all the members rejoice with it." "He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Now, our watches and clocks all go astray unless they are constantly regulated and corrected by the observations of the heavens. This philosophy sets its chronometers by the earth and has lost the reckoning of the stars. It has turned away our eyes from the pillar of cloud and of fire and sent us wandering in the wilderness and worshiping a golden calf. Against much of the food it has brought us we cry out, like the Israelites, "Our very souls loathe it!" For whatever the doctrine of *laissez faire* in economics has brought us in the long and bitter struggle for industrial emancipation, I am glad. For whatever the doctrine of selection and survival has brought us in our efforts to understand the history of life, I am glad. But each of them and both of them are partial, and each of them and both of them may become and have become baleful unless sweetened and redeemed by the ethics of Jesus and Paul.

Under the pressure of this sort of teaching, giving fine names to our scramble and putting spur to our greed, our material progress has outstripped the intellectual and moral needed to balance it, and the center of gravity is displaced. The harvest of this seed-sowing has ripened fast in the last quarter of the century—nowhere faster than in our own country. It has lowered our ideals. We have put the emphasis on what a man has, not on what he is. Our canon of conduct has come to be, "Does it pay?" We have idolized "get on" rather than get right. We have discounted the plain man and woman who live out their simple lives in homes of content and peace and pay their debts and love their neighbors. We have said, "Keep up with the procession," no matter which

way it is headed; "shine and show," whether the plumage is paid for or not. Where we couldn't be rich we tried to appear so, and yoked our expenditures to our desires and ambitions rather than our incomes. And so we have seen a decade of wild speculation and reckless borrowing. It has left us with our town lots in the city of nowhere, and our homes, our farms, and our factories blanketed with mortgages. We have sowed debt and reaped distress. We have sowed extravagance and reaped disaster; and when we are looking about for the causes of our unrest it will be well to begin at Jerusalem. The one ever-present source of our troubles is our ignoble selves.

Every great question is at bottom a moral question; and in all lands, in all times, in all conditions, the light in darkness, the guide in perplexity, the star for the disappointed and the inspiration for the hopeless, is the gospel of the Son of God. This is the majestic voice that can say to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still." This is the tree whose leaves are for the healing of our nation and all nations. The one effective sanitary agency for the world, diseased in all its parts, is the spirit of the Father, incarnate in the Son, and reproduced in the faith-filled lives of His followers. Its purpose is to banish sin, the great social and economic as well as spiritual enemy of the race. It redeems business from sordidness, while it saves philanthropy from folly. It puts bit and bridle upon the animal that is in us and sets free the God. Its keynote is peace on earth, good-will toward men. Its songs are the solace of our adversity and its prophecies are the signals of our relief. It reflects upon the things that are seen and temporal light from the things that are unseen and eternal, and makes all luminous. This is the force that is swelling the sails of the old ship laden with the cares and hopes of hu-

manity. We are sailing under sealed orders, it is true, but we have gotten our chart, not from the sodden earth, but the sunlit skies; and, with whatever creaking of cordage and straining of timbers and buffeting of waves we are moving, that we do move is proof of a pilotage not of man, prophetic of a harbor not of the earth, but of that radiant shore where perfect righteousness will make possible perfect peace.

THE DUTY OF THE EDUCATED MAN TO HIS COUNTRY

FRANCIS P. VENABLE

President of the University of North Carolina

[The concluding part of an address delivered before the Alumni Association of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., June 21, 1904.]

The schools have not made the American people, but the people have made the schools, says the report of a recent commission. Schools, colleges, universities, are absolutely essential for a democracy—for a free people and a free church. And one of the chief reasons for this may be found in the conservatism and courage which come through education. The voice of the mob does not mean democracy, but often the worst form of tyranny, as the French Revolution testifies; and it is idle to talk of an equal opportunity for all among an ignorant people. Not all educated men are courageous, but the man who has attained to true self-mastery shows the highest type of courage. He weighs the difficulties, knows the dangers, and yet stands undismayed. If right is on his side, it matters little how small the minority that joins hands with him. In God's own good time right

and the truth shall prevail, and he has the courage for patient waiting. He has the courage to oppose wrong in high places. Misrepresentation, lies, aye, death itself, cannot turn him from the path of duty. Faith in himself, in his mission, in his God, shining like a star, leads him on.

My friends, there may be talent, there may be genius, without such courage and without such faith, but it is of a poor and watery kind and of little worth in fighting this world's battles, or in the making of a people. The truly educated man is such as I have painted him, and more. Sometimes God sends one such man, full panoplied, to a people—His most splendid, precious gift to them.

For a nation to achieve such a man is no accidental merit, says rugged, honest old Carlyle. "Nay, I rather think, could we look into the Account-Books of the Recording Angel for a course of centuries, no part of it is such. There are nations in which such a man is, or can be possible; and again there are nations in which he is not and cannot. To be practically reverent of human worth to the due extent and abhorrent of human want of worth; to love human merit enough and to abhor human scoundrelism; that reverence and its corresponding opposite pole of abhorrence is the supreme strength and glory of a nation, without which indeed all other strengths and enormities of bullion and arsenals and warehouses are no strength. Nations who have lost this quality or who never had it, what strong, true man can they hope to be possible among them? Age after age they grind them down contentedly under the hoofs of their cattle on their highways; and even find it an excellent practice, and pride themselves on Liberty and Equality. Most certain it is, no such man will come to rule them; by and by, there will none be born there. Such nations cannot have a man to command them,

can only have this or that other scandalous swindling copper captain, constitutional Gilt Mountebank, or other—the like unsalutary entity by way of ruler; and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children in a frightful and tragical manner."

So reasons the truth-loving, lie-scorning old philosopher, and he speaks truly. It was because this people deserved a Washington, a Lincoln, and a Lee that such leaders were vouchsafed them and such glorious lives lived in their country's service. And if we cleave straight to the heart of things, as our fathers did, and follow not the false gods of materialism, mammon, and unconsecrated intellect, our children also shall deserve and shall have such leaders.

But some may say, granting all of this, still there are few such men in a generation or in a country. What message have you for the greater number of us—those who have been favored with the opportunity of education, but have not attained complete self-mastery nor developed great powers? Ah, my brothers, you have your responsibility, your duty, and your place in the great scheme. See that you render your service, even though it appear slight and of little moment.

For all life has one meaning, one truest, highest meaning, and that is service. To those who have had the higher training, it means the nobler service as leaders—leaders in all that is for the good of the people and the building of the nation. There is danger lest the educated man should love too much the quiet and ease of the scholar and should hold himself aloof from practical affairs, withdrawing as far as may be from public life. This is but a refined selfishness, and he who so lives is repaying but poorly his debt to the community. I know there is much to grate upon his finer sensitiveness. The appeals to the lower passions of the masses, the personalities and

bitterness, all jar upon him, and often the methods of machine politics shock him, but what hope is there of change or betterment if all men of his type hold aloof? Shut in his study, out of contact with busy, jostling, intensely living men, and out of sympathy with them, he becomes a doctrinaire, weaving impracticable, fine-spun theories, of little or no value in this practical every-day world. Such men have their uses, of course, but they have done much to discredit higher education in the eyes of the public and to make the community pause and consider whether it was not costing too dear to educate men of their kind. They have given ground for the oft-repeated accusation that education unfits a man for active, practical life.

I would not have the patriotism of the educated man the grudging kind which springs solely from a sense of obligation, but the willing kind which springs from gratitude and leads to a loving service. It should begin at home, in local affairs, the development of our own neighborhood or little community, the leadership in all that makes life fuller for those around us, and the sweet and wholesome influence will be diffused in ever widening circles. And remember that mere criticism and fault-finding are seldom productive of good. The critical, rather than the helpful, attitude is often taken by the educated man. Of course he can see farther, and hence criticism is easier for him, but he loses his patience and toleration for the opinions of others. In the past half decade there has been a great deal of criticism and even virulent abuse of our country coming very largely from college-bred men. It seems to me that the truly wise and loyal part is to offer such advice and suggestions as may seem best to you, and, if rejected, to do your utmost in support of those upon whom the burden and responsibility of action falls, even though they think differently from you. What

avails it to sit on the broken shards of your cherished plans and croak out the pending ruin of your country?

I tell you we have a country to be proud of, even if it is not always directed as you or I would have it; and that quiet scene a few months ago, unheralded by pomp, or boast, or braggart show, when our flag was hauled down and the flag of a free Cuba unfurled over a people freed by our treasure and our blood, thrilled every fiber of my being, for in all history I know of no such glorious act done with such a grand simplicity. And can you not trust such a country that it will treat with equal justice and unselfish kindness other people who have come within its power to bless?

There are grave problems confronting our nation to-day—dangers that threaten the integrity of our institutions and the very existence of the Republic. Among these are proper assimilation and absorption of the vast influx of foreign races who seek our shores as a refuge from distress and oppression. Another is the conflict between labor and capital, both sides now gathering strength and forces for a titanic struggle. And yet another is the burden of an alien, inferior race, dependent and yet free, and yearly growing in numbers and in insistency that their problem be solved. What need to mention others? It is enough to show that there is an urgent call for men trained to think out great problems and knowing truth and loving justice and mercy, who shall help our people to solve these problems and lead them safely past these dangers.

Oh, you who come from the schools, teach the people that there is no liberty without knowledge! The Master has said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Teach them to know and love the truth and scorn all lies. Teach them

that the highest liberty comes from a knowledge of the laws of life and obedience to them. Lead them in a liberty which is not license and a freedom which begets no wrong.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

CHARLES D. M'IVER

For some time President of the North Carolina State Normal College for Women, at Greensboro, N. C.

[Extract from an address at the fourth annual Conference for Education in the South, at Winston-Salem, N. C., April, 1901.]

The supreme question in civilization is education. From the standpoint of communities, states, and nations, education is an effort to preserve and transmit to posterity the best that we can see, and know, and be, and do. Sometimes we think it is a pity that a good man who has learned to be of service to his fellows should be called out of the world. So sometimes we may think about an enterprising and useful generation; but, after all, the generations of men are but relays in civilization's march on its journey from savagery to the millennium. Each generation owes it to the past and to the future that no previous worthy attainment or achievement, whether of thought or deed or vision, shall be lost. It is also under the highest obligation to make at least as much progress on the march as has been made by any generation that has gone before. Education is simply civilization's effort to propagate and perpetuate its life and its progress.

The demand for universal education does not imply, as some seem to think, that all people are to be educated alike, or that education will make all

equally intelligent or cultured or skilled. It does mean, however, that there is not a human being who ought not to have a fair chance in the period of childhood and youth to learn to read easily and with some understanding and appreciation the thought of the world as contained in its standard and current literature. It means that every child should have an opportunity, but a few years at least, to come in daily contact with a teacher of character, ambition, and power. It means that every youth should have an opportunity to measure his mental powers in comparison with the mental powers of his fellows, and that he should thus be aided in discovering the work for which he is best fitted, and then that he should have special training for that work.

Education is expensive, but the need of this hour is a number of educational evangelists with sufficient courage, eloquence, logic, and power to convince the people of the profound truth that ignorance and illiteracy cost more than education.

It is very difficult for a rural people to discard the primitive notion that land is the only real estate. They are slow to see that in a civilized country the value of land and land products is not so great as the value of mind and mind products—that brain is better property than land and that ideas and inventions multiply a thousandfold the natural products of the earth. Ideas are worth more than acres, and the possessors of ideas will always hold in financial bondage those whose chief possession is acres of land.

Money invested in the education of a man is a good investment, but the dividend which it yields is frequently confined to one generation and is of the material kind. It strengthens his judgment, gives him foresight, teaches him to be orderly and law-abiding, and makes him a more productive laborer in any field of activity. It does the same thing for a woman, but

her field of activity is usually in company with the children, and, therefore, the money invested in the education of women yields a better *educational* dividend than that invested in the education of men. It is plain, therefore, that the state and society, for the sake of their present and future educational interest, ought to decree that for every dollar spent by the government, State or Federal, and by philanthropists in the training of men, at least another dollar shall be invested in the work of educating womankind.

If it be claimed that woman is weaker than man, then so much the more reason for giving her at least an equal educational opportunity with him. If it be admitted, as it must be, that she is by nature the chief educator of children, her proper training is the strategic point in the education of the race. If equality in culture be desirable, and if congeniality between husbands and wives after middle life be important, then a woman should have more educational opportunities in youth than a man; for a man's business relations bring him in contact with every element of society, and, if he have fair native intelligence, he will continue to grow intellectually during the active period of his life, whereas the confinements of home and the duties of motherhood allow little opportunity to a woman for any culture except that which comes from the association with little children. This experience of living with innocent children is a source of culture by no means to be despised, but how much better would it be for the mother and the father and the children, if the mother's education in her youth could always be such as would enable her in after life to secure for herself and her children that inspiration and solace which come from familiarity with the great books of the world.

THE CULTURE AFFORDED BY SCIENTIFIC TRAINING

HENRY LOUIS SMITH

President of Davidson (N. C.) College

[Concluding portion of an Alumni oration delivered at the University of Virginia Commencement, 1905.]

Scientific training imparts to the mind accuracy, logical habits, and freedom. But there is another and greater benefit which is hard to name or define. For lack of a better word I will call it *inspiration.*

A scholar may write volumes on Greek prepositions, or English synonyms, or Latin syntax, yet never once find his whole being thrilled with a sense of sublimity; never once see before him the blaze of insufferable glory, and hear the Voice saying: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." These visions come not in the library, but on Mount Horeb, where the soul is alone with nature and its God.

In the study of the material universe we learn something of the vastness of time and space. We are lifted above the littleness and inevitable debasement of our petty human lives by the grandeur of nature, her eternal calm and infinite patience, and the wide sweep of her changeless laws. Here there is no sordid greed nor selfish striving, no neighborhood slanders, nor malice cloaked in honeyed words, no silly social fads, no yellow journals nor howling mobs, no filth and mire of "practical politics." How base and mean and unworthy do these things appear, how the din and clamor of our noisy world die into reverent silence when brought face to face with the hoary antiquities of nature and her infinities of time and space!

But again. The material universe is the concrete

thought of God. In its study we become His interpreters and think His thoughts after Him. To the untrained and unreflecting our earth is but a vast monotony of rocks and soil, of grass and trees. Its mountains are but piles of earth and stone, its river valleys but unmeaning furrows. Its thousand variations of topography have no past history nor present significance; its myriad voices are but a Babel of unmeaning noises. Let a knowledge of the laws and secret processes of nature open the eyes of the mind, and the very sight of our battle-scarred earth is an inspiration. To the scientist alone do earth and air and water reveal the secret springs of their multiplied activities. Nature hails him as her interpreter; to his attentive ear her thousand voices become articulate and intelligible. Every cliff and valley, every mountain plateau and waste of level sand, every seabeach and river canon, is pregnant with meaning and bears testimony to a wondrous history. He looks back through an immemorial past and watches the implacable struggle of fire and water for the possession of a new world.

He realizes the majesty of the Creator's power, as His hand shapes our planet in the depths of space, and with fire and flood, tidal wave and ice sheet, volcanic outburst and peaceful coral growth, prepares it for the abode of man. He catches glimpses of God's wisdom and His love as he watches the atmosphere slowly purified for man's breathing, the harbors dug out for his ships, the great plains fertilized for his crops, the coal and iron stored underground for his use, and the round world crowded with evidences of a Father's loving foresight. He traces the wondrous procession of strange plants and uncouth animals that peopled the forming earth—the monsters of the ooze and slime—fattening on the luxuriance of the young planet. He sees the continents

forming one by one, the mountain ranges slowly lifting their rocky summits toward the clouds, the oceans sullenly retreating to their foreordained limits. It is when we thus follow in the awful steps of the Creator, when the mind vibrates with the thunder of his power, and we draw back with throbbing heart and reverent hand the curtain of His omniscience, that we rise above the miasmatic level of a petty world and breathe air fresh from the hills of God.

Would you realize the truth of what we carelessly repeat so often, concerning the minute care and watchful oversight of the Infinite Mind, that the hairs of our head are all numbered? Then penetrate with the microscope into the world of the invisibly little.

The feathers of the tiniest insect are fashioned as carefully as the wings of a condor. A single drop of stagnant water swarms with countless thousands of animalculæ, yet to each of these he giveth its meat in due season as certainly and carefully as to the young lions that roar and suffer hunger. Here you learn, what most people never dream, that with God there is no great nor small, no distinction between important and unimportant. The life of an animalcule is as carefully adjusted to its environment, and as minutely guided and controlled, as the growth and decay of a world.

Let me cite one other instance of this illumination and uplifting due to scientific culture. The untutored rustic reads in his Bible, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and on his way home at night from the fields, as he admires the star-spangled sky over his head, thinks he understands its meaning. So the wren, flitting back and forth between his woodpile and fence corner, admires the grass and daisies, and might, in bird language, talk enthusiastically of the beauties of nature. What can he know

or dream of the panorama unrolled beneath the eagle, soaring in the depths of blue over his head?

Would *you* realize something of the Psalmist's words? Then take the wings of light and travel among the hundred million flaming suns that people the depths of space. Watch them all, forming nebula, flaming sun, huge comet and tiny asteroid, planet crammed with life and satellite dead and withered, a vast company of revolving worlds, sweeping in awful silence along their appointed orbits, till the imagination faints under its load, and the mind aches with insufferable sublimity. What perfection of order, what marvel of harmony, what majesty of power, what eloquence of grandeur! Now, with the intellect overwhelmed by the Infinite, with heart suffused and trembling with awe and adoration, turn from the God revealed in nature to His written message, and tell me if you find no deeper meaning in those words of old: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Such are some of the fruits of scientific study, such are the visions vouchsafed by science to the reverent minds that enter her mystic portals; and believe me, young gentlemen, it is worth a great deal in this little life of ours to catch ever and anon, above its petty clamorous noises, the voice of the Infinite and Eternal, calling to our souls from the depths of Time and Space, and on the dusty, contracted by-path of our daily lives "to feel the jar of unseen waves, and hear the thunder of an unknown sea breaking along an unimagined shore."

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

WILLIAM R. ABBOTT

Principal of the Bellevue (Va.) High School

[Extract from an oration delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia, June 16, 1897.]

The great paradox in education was to Thomas Jefferson no paradox—that if you would raise the level of the education of a people you must begin by improving the higher education; that, as in the world of matter it is only by the bending down of some living form into the inorganic sphere that the dead atoms there can be gifted with the properties of vitality, so in the world of mind light and life come from above. "All civilization has begun with the higher education of a few, and all forms of popular culture have proceeded from higher sources. In the development of popular education, as of popular government, there have always been recognized leaders. Neither science nor religion could have gone forth in fertilizing streams for the benefit of mankind unless there had been mountain sources above the plain; and the history of education is one long stream of continuous, inexhaustible flow from such high springs."

Never and nowhere have these truths found more signal illustration than in the history of our University. No sooner was its organization complete, no sooner was its machinery set in motion, and the finished product began to be turned out, than a veritable renaissance followed in the education of the State. Colleges and schools, high and low, felt the vitalizing influence. Into old establishments fresh life was infused; new schools were founded with standards of attainment hitherto undreamt of; greater and greater from year to year was the demand for her graduates to fill the chairs in colleges in this and all the South-

ern States; larger and larger was the proportion of her most distinguished sons that found their vocation in the profession of teaching; until at the outbreak of that war which convulsed our political, social, and educational systems, there was no State in the Union in which there was as large a proportion of youth seeking the higher learning, and certainly none in which the calling of the teacher was held as high in the respect and honor of the community. And even now, out of all proportion to their numbers, her alumni fill her own chairs and man the colleges and schools of Virginia and all the States of the South and West; she is the recognized source of supply of the exponents of the advanced standards of modern education, and her beneficent influence is felt in the public schools of every village and hamlet of the Commonwealth. So that, ignoring for the time all her other manifold blessings to the State and to society, I dare affirm that in this single respect—her inestimable service to "the holy cause of education"—she is entitled to our reverence and admiration and gratitude, and has in measure a hundred-fold repaid the debt for all that has ever been expended in her foundation and maintenance.

May I express the hope that the spirit of this meeting, this renewed communion with the genius of the spot so hallowed in our memories with all the inspiring associations clinging to it, may revive our interest, quicken our activity, and commit us as by a public sacrament to bring to her present exigency our best services, collectively and as individuals, each in his own sphere aiding by influence and active effort, so to multiply the school, increase the libraries and develop the means of education here planted, that as long as the circling seasons endure the golden quiver of our Alma Mater may be full of arrows to track their rolling years with light.

On yonder mountain sleeps the dust of the great apostle of human liberty, the mighty champion of popular education, the "Father of the University of Virginia"; but here breathes his living spirit, here survive in imperishable forms his comprehensive views, his elegant tastes, his expansive sympathies. His very fame overshadows these walls, as their tutelary genius. I would invoke the mute eloquence of that immortal presence to plead with us the cause of letters, bound up for us in the fortunes of this University. May the aspiration ascend from every heart, that as long as the heights of Monticello shall lift themselves to heaven, so long may the domes and spires of this University rise up in all the majesty of proportion to greet the morning sun; so long may the ingenuous youth of the land we love repair hither in ever-increasing number to drink deep of her living fountains, to kindle the fires of patriotism at her altars, to "draw light in their golden urns" from her central sun, to take from her rich arsenal the celestial weapons, and to learn from her wise lips the "magic runes" which will make them in after-life the invincible champions of truth, freedom, and righteousness.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE SOUTH

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia

[Extract from a speech in response to the toast, "Sectionalism and Nationality," delivered at the annual banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 22, 1906.]

A goodly library has been written in an effort to account for the antagonisms of New England and the South on the basis of difference between the Puritan

and the Cavalier, as those names have been used to define two types of Englishmen. The matter will never be settled on this basis. It is true that English Puritans practically founded and settled the character of New England. It would be a dull and a senseless mind that did not realize the majestic significance of the coming of the Puritan to this continent, who did not understand in what a revolutionary fire was wrought the temper of his soul in the old home land; who did not feel gratitude for the sheer strength of moral imagination, the exact idealism, the genius of intelligent thrift and passionate instinct for order, which he poured into the making of this Republic.

I can understand the enthusiasm of a son of New England for the gentle Pilgrims, sailing westward upon that epic ship, the *Mayflower,* or for those stern Englishmen who later came to this shore, professing an iron faith, seeking the will of God, bearing with them the town meeting, the public school, an exaltation of humanity, an appreciation of the potential value of the common man, and a superabundant determination and capacity to look after their own business, which sometimes overflowed onto the domain of the business of others. Institutions, ideals, and ideas were in their right hand, and in their left, willfulness and foresight and common sense, as inflexible and as durable as granite.

Some eighteen millions of this indomitable breed inhabit the American continent to-day, after three hundred years of experience and achievement. They have come pretty close to enforcing their point of view in things political, social, and economic upon the rest of this nation. They have lost much of their homogeneity in their struggle with foreign elements, but they have reproduced a thousand New Englands on the rolling plains of the Northwest and the far West. They have outgrown their religious notions

so often that I do not just know where they are "at" now religiously. Perhaps that point is best expressed by Mr. Barrett Wendell in his declaration that in their religious growth they have oscillated from a consideration of "what the devil is" to a consideration of "what the devil anything is!"

Englishmen of the same age of revolutionary feeling, and of the same passion for principle, settled and gave character to Tidewater Virginia. Men call these Englishmen "Cavaliers." They had their religion, though it was primarily adventure and conquest rather than religion, that haled them over the sea. Following afar off, they even took a hand at persecuting a Quaker or two now and then. They were just as ready as the Puritans to fight for an ideal. As the tide flowed westward, many of them, too, left home for conscience' sake. They knew the same sensation of devotion to a cause, and they had a conception of political liberty just as clear, and perhaps an even greater genius for political debate and philosophical exposition. I can understand the enthusiasm of a Virginian for these large-statured men of their Tidewater lands, out of whom came our supreme national hero, and a Homeric group of resourceful men, without whose influence it would be difficult to see how this Republic could have ever been born. It is endlessly pleasant to a Southerner to hark back to their manly simplicity, their activity, their disinterested public spirit, their continental grasp, and their wholesome, catholic lovableness.

Long generations afterward, Robert E. Lee flowered out of the same bud, very like the old stock, only gentler and more able, through virtue and suffering, to evoke the love of millions. Two such men as Washington and Lee in one century is a mighty tribute to the character of the Tidewater stock.

In the grip of great economic forces these two

groups of Englishmen thought deeply and differently about the meaning of liberty. Fate driven, they came to war, the New Englander fighting for the liberty of the individual wherever seated and the majesty of the idea of union; the Southerner for the liberty of local self-government and the right of Englishmen to determine their affairs—which was the original essence of the American idea of liberty. No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than the American Civil War. It was not a war of conquest or glory. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly. To call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideals, of principles, of political conceptions, of loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom held dearer than life by both sides. Neither abolitionist nor fire-eater brought on this war. It was a "brothers' war," which ought to have been avoided, but which was brought on, as our human nature is constituted, by the operation of economic forces and the clashing of inherited feelings, woven by no will of either side into the life of the Republic. It was settled at last by neither abolitionist nor fire-eater, but by men of the West who had not inherited unbroken political traditions, but simply saw the union of American States as the ark of their salvation and beheld its flag, as Webster beheld it, "full high advanced, floating over land and sea."

Some great facts were forever settled by the war, but few great principles. A new American ideal of nationality was set up; the curse of slavery was removed, the indestructibility of the Union was established, and a great debate in political philosophy was ended with a blow. The value to liberty of the idea of local self-government still remains, as before, the deepest and most vital principle in our national life. The doctrine of States' rights as a necessity of popular government is again engaging the thought of

this Republic, because mightier forces than war are vitalizing this old issue under new forms, and those who understand it best and love it dearest and who will fight for it longest are those who live in the States where devotion to it once had power to separate them from a country they had fought to found. There is nothing stranger or more interesting in political history than the recurrence of this best loved dogma of the South, unconnected with secession and unconfused with slavery, as necessary to Federal union and human freedom. If, as Mr. Root thinks, and I have the feeling that his speech is to be thought of as a prophecy and a warning rather than as a plea for centralization, the struggle is on between the growing power of the Federal Government and the decreasing authority of the States, you can count on the Southerner to be on the side of maintaining the just balance, for no American sees more clearly than he just what is the vital spot in the liberty of a State. He is a learner, albeit a rapid learner, in the art of using the machinery of local self-government to enrich and beautify a State, but he is a past master in the matter of insight into the very core of democratic freedom.

Our present democracy, so long concerned with interpretation of constitutions, now strikes at the very nature of the social order. No democracy has ever been tempted like this one. No democracy has ever been able to organize its forces like this one. No such field of exploitation has ever opened before any democracy, and never before has the current of the world's genius contributed to perfecting machinery for such vast exploitation. No democracy ever dreamed how it would act if fabulous wealth, ever increasing through the agency of cooperation, had gone to its head. This is not a corrupt nation. Its currents are kindly and just and free and

idealistic as of old. Its public men are honest and its merchants are honest. We are simply facing a new question in human liberty, a new phase of the ever-expanding content of democracy—how to retain in our system the priceless glory of individual excellence and individual initiative, which is our deepest national instinct, and how to control in the interests of justice the great co-operative forces which the plans of this giant age demand.

These two eldest children of American life I love to believe still see the Republic of their fathers as a beautiful spiritual adventure. All the world's changes or noises cannot wipe out or hush their old solemn belief in its mission and its destiny and in the hopes that mankind has built about it. Who can be better fitted, then, to bring to it, in the perils that await all growing states, the best measure of their tempered strength, each according to its several abilities—New England, her wealth of orderly knowledge, her patient habits of study, her technical power, her moral perception, her ability to translate democracy into form of efficiency; the South, conservative and proud and honest, her best spiritual contribution to American life, the purity of her thought about government, the unselfish attitude of her service to the State, her pride of region and her love of home.

THE SOUTH AND THE CONSTITUTION

HUGH A. DINSMORE

Congressman from Arkansas

[Extract from a speech on "Federal Election Laws," delivered in the House of Representatives, October 2, 1893.]

Mr. Speaker, I wish to say in behalf of my native State of Arkansas that no State in this Union has a

people more devoted to our beloved country, its flag, and its institutions than hers. And though they have drunk the cruel cup of war to its bitter dregs; though they can never forget the pitiful pictures of ruin and desolation left by fire and sword in their once beautiful land, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, there is no people in this broad land, in whatever State or section, that would be sooner or more cheerfully afield at the bugle call to defend the honor of the flag or the liberty of the people.

I wish that gentlemen upon that side and upon this could have been present and witnessed the condition of our country at the end of that most unhappy period. Our citizens of this day were in large measure the soldiers of the fortune of the lost cause; and what matters it now whether they were right or wrong? They fought for their convictions of right, and every true-hearted soldier of the victorious side will concede to them this justice. At this day has there not been time for passion to subside; has there not been time for all the feeling of hate and enmity to have passed away?

The close of the war came. The Confederate soldier had staked his all upon the cast of the die, and it went down in the dust with the flag he had followed in battle. While the victorious troops of the Union were returning to their homes untouched by war, to the merry strains of victorious music and with banners gayly flying, he, in his deep humiliation—conquered, but not his spirit gone—inspired alone by his faith in God and his own manhood and love for his family, returned to the country that had been his home; the country that he had left smiling with golden harvests and adorned by beautiful homesteads, surrounded by happiness and prosperity. But when with faltering steps, broken in fortune and in health, he came back, the besom of war had swept

all in its relentless track, and there was but little left of that which had been to him so dear in the past.

The fields that had been white with the fleecy fiber that clothes the world, that had been yellow with the waving corn in the golden harvest time, were grown up with the unrestrained forests of nature; and the home around which his heart had clung throughout all these hard years, that gone, too; the old roof-tree about which hung every dear association of childhood, youth, and young manhood melted by the flames of hungry war; only a black, crumbling chimney stood as a melancholy headstone at the grave of dead hopes, of buried ambition.

Did they falter? Did they give up? On the contrary, they turned themselves with new purpose to build up a new citizenship under a new condition of things. I need not speak of what they have accomplished. Every year from their fields come the teeming fruits of harvest that clothe and feed the millions of the world. Every year they pour into the coffers of the Treasury taxes to support and add to the glory of this Government which we all respect and love. Without a pension, asking none, expecting none, feeling that none is due, each year these old Confederates contribute to the fund that goes to pay the pensions of the honorable Union soldier who fought for the flag and saved the Union. Are they worthy of citizenship? Unmurmuring and uncomplaining, they perform its every duty, and all they ask is that they have equal recognition with the rest of the citizens of this Government and have their rights respected. Gentlemen, of such, and their descendants, are in large part the constituents I represent. Are you willing to honor and to trust them as your fellow-citizens? Whatever may be your answer, be assured of this: I am prouder to stand here as

their chosen servant than I would be to be the leader of a conquering host.

But how long, I say, must the people of this Union be kept under the operation of war measures? To raise the revenues necessary to prosecute the war in suppression of rebellion, and never upon any pretense of protection, a high tariff was imposed upon foreign imports, which, the war over, it has taxed even Republican recklessness and prodigality to devise plausible means to dispose of to the people hungering for paternal support.

The beneficent pension system has been abused and extended until the names that once made it a roll of honor are becoming obscured and confounded in a confused list of camp-followers, beach-combers, bounty-jumpers, and imposters.

The present statute authorizing Federal interference in elections in the States, and which it is our present duty to repeal (and the duty shall be well and fully performed), has not been thought to be sufficient to answer the demands of Government under Republican views. Led on by a partisan President, swayed and biased by sectional bitterness, the Republican party in the Fifty-first Congress enacted a scene in the political drama which will be long remembered by the people of this country. How they struggled, with what unyielding purpose and nervous energy they strove to enact the force bill, a law ten-fold more nefarious and disastrous to free elections than the one we are about to repeal! But they failed; their efforts proved abortive. Thank God for the few patriotic Republicans in the other wing of the Capitol, who, defying the party whip, gave their assistance to save the people at the polls from the otherwise inevitable fate of Federal bayonets.

It has always appeared to me, Mr. Speaker, putting aside all consideration of the Constitution itself

and the peculiar wisdom which characterizes its provisions, and looking only to the source from which it emanated, that the great and patriotic men of wisdom who created it, in the evolution of their thought and discussion, stimulated by high and noble aims, being moved by a sacred desire and determination to lay the foundation stones of a government which would be the freest and best all civilization had ever known, and one which they hoped would live in perpetuity to bless its citizens and to honor the men who inspired it, were better prepared to know what was best calculated to promote with success their undertaking, and to give permanency and health and vigor and justice to that Government, than any, however wise, who were to follow them as statesmen having in charge the interest of the people living under the beneficence of the Government which they had formed.

There is no man free from party zeal. It is impossible for the human mind to free itself from party bias. Therefore I hold, sir, that the safety and welfare of our institutions depend largely upon adhering as closely as may be to the principles and declarations of our organic law. And when we come to consider the instrument itself, we are more impressed with the justice and wisdom of its provisions and the danger of departing from it. It has been said, sir, upon this floor, more in the spirit of reproach than of commendation, that Democrats are ever ready to stand up and defend the Constitution; that Democratic members are alert to detect in any proposed measure a conflict with constitutional provisions; that they are the champions of the Constitution.

Mr. Speaker, whatever may have been the spirit with which these things were said, I feel, sir, that no higher tribute could be paid to the party of which I am an humble member than to say they are true. We do honor the Constitution of our country; we

venerate it as a great and beneficent gift handed down to us from men consecrated to a noble and humane purpose and undertaking—one full of the inestimable blessings of liberty; and that which inspires in me more admiration for the party which I love than aught else is that in my opinion it is truer than any other party to the principles laid down in this honored instrument, which is the organic law of our land, and therefore to the principles of freedom most conducive to the happiness and liberty of the people.

NO COLONIES

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

Late United States Senator from Missouri

[Extract from a speech in the United States Senate, December 12, 1898.]

It seems to me peculiarly appropriate at this time to examine what are the powers of Congress in regard to the acquisition and government of new territory. When eminent statesmen ridicule "the swaddling clothes" made by Washington and Madison, it is surely time to ask whether the American people are ready to follow these apostles of the New Evangel in revolutionizing our Government and trampling upon the teachings and policies which have made us great and prosperous.

Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that the Revolutionary War, which gave us existence as a people, was fought for four years exclusively against the colonial system of Europe. Our fathers did not in the commencement of that struggle contemplate independence from the mother country. When the people of Rhode Island burned the British war sloop *Gaspee* in Narragansett Bay, and the people of Massachusetts threw overboard the cargo

of tea in Boston harbor, they acted as British subjects, proclaiming their loyalty to the Crown of England. When Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee met at the old Raleigh tavern in Williamsburg, Virginia, and indorsed the action of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, they proclaimed themselves English subjects, loyal to the king, and only demanded the rights that were given to them as Englishmen by Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

What is the colonial system against which our fathers protested? It is based upon the fundamental idea that the people of immense areas of territory can be held as subjects, never to become citizens; that they must pay taxes and be impoverished by governmental exaction without having anything to do with the legislation under which they live. Against taxation without representation our fathers fought for the first four years of the Revolution, struggling against the system which England then attempted to impose upon them, and which was graphically described by Thomas Jefferson as the belief that nine-tenths of mankind were born bridled and saddled and the other tenth booted and spurred to ride them. When war became flagrant and battles had been fought and blood had been shed, the patriots of the Revolution came to the conclusion that there must be final separation from the British throne. Thomas Jefferson then penned the immortal Declaration upon the basic idea that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Mr. President, it is incredible that the men who fought for seven long years, without money, without men almost, and without arms, against the proudest and strongest nation in the world, resisting the doctrine upon which the colonial system of Europe is based, should, after being rescued by Providence

from its thraldom, deliberately put this doctrine in the written Constitution framed to govern them and their children.

Sir, we are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people—great in war, great in peace—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short sword of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys that sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the olden time. It is an appanage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

I know not what may be done with the glamour of foreign conquest and the greed of the commercial and money-making classes in this country. For myself, I would rather quit public life, and would be willing to risk life itself, rather than give my consent to this fantastic and wicked attempt to revolutionize our Government and substitute the principles of our hereditary enemies for the teachings of Washington and his associates.

THE STRENGTH OF THE PEOPLE.

GUY CARLETON LEE

Lawyer, lecturer, and publicist, of Baltimore, Md.

[Excerpt from a lecture delivered upon various occasions.]

There is a public opinion which demands the abolition of exclusive franchises and special privileges. There is a public opinion that demands, that insists, that natural monopolies shall be for the benefit, not

of a class, but of the whole people. There is a public opinion that calls loudly for honest and straightforward dealing in business affairs.

Do not, however, confuse public opinion with public feeling. Perhaps the difference has never come home to you. Public feeling is the clamor of emotion, the plaint of sentimentality, the froth of the current—not the current itself. Public opinion, on the other hand, is the public mind expressing itself. It is intellectual and not sentimental. It grows out of study, knowledge, experience. Public feeling weeps, bawls, sometimes from good cause, but not always. Public opinion demands reform and is prepared to enforce it. Public feeling, however, is useful; for example, by it the muck-rakers have been supported. But it is only the scream of the whistle. Public opinion is the real movement of the engine of popular force. The difference between the two is the difference between abuse and criticism, between excited talk and effective action. Public feeling is too often created by selfish motives. It is too often the result of personal dislike or personal favor. If a man's ox is gored, loud does he cry for justice; but if it is his ox that does the goring, you do not hear his voice. Indeed, the words of the reformer are too often judged to be right or wrong according to the listener's private interests in the matter. The influence of selfishness upon judgment is easily shown by a bit of history. A man and his wife had lived together—not always happily—for a long time; now they had both come to extreme old age, and the old man was dying in one room, while the old woman—sick in the next room—was listening to the making of his last will and testament.

"Now tell me exactly what is owing you," the lawyer said.

"Timothy Brown owes me three hundred dollars,"

answered the old man; "Casey owes me one hundred and seventy-five, and——"

"Good! good!" exclaimed the prospective widow; "rational to the last!"

"Luke Brown owes me eighty dollars," continued the old man.

"How clear his mind is," again assented the wife.

"To Mike Lafferty I owe three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Ah," interrupted the old woman, "hear him rave!"

"Hear him rave!" But public opinion cannot accomplish the reform of existing conditions unless the strength of the people puts theory into practice and makes righteous intention substantial result.

What is this strength of the people upon which we have laid such stress? To me it has always been the right living that produces right thinking. But it is the fashion to-day to speak of degenerate Americans. Certain men who claim to speak with authority assert that we are no longer able to distinguish evil from good, or to conquer it if by accident we recognize it. These Jeremiahs say: "American vitality is a thing of the past; the American of to-day works too hard—in spells; he eats too much; he drinks too much; he sleeps too little." If this statement is true at all, it applies to but a very small number of our people.

On the country farms, in the little villages and small towns, and even in the big cities, there are thousands upon thousands of men who neither work too much, eat too much, drink too much, nor sleep too little. In a word, they lead the normal lives their forebears led before them. These men are the bone and sinew of the country—the wealth producers, not the wealth accumulators nor the wealth spendthrifts. Nor are they spendthrifts of their own

vitality. They have learned that work performed in the right manner and at the right hours never killed any man. They have not gone searching after strange devices in the way of foods. They have not burned up their internal organs with strong drink. They have not destroyed their nerve force by not taking the proper amount of sleep. To use a hackneyed phrase, the bulk of American men and women lead the simple life, which translated means plain living and decent thinking.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND THE AMERICAN JEW

LEON HARRISON

Rabbi of the Temple Israel, St. Louis, Mo.

[An address delivered at the World's Fair grounds, St. Louis, upon the occasion of the observance of Thanksgiving Day, 1904.]

A table is spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific this day, at which sit 70,000,000 people, rejoicing all of them, on this great national festival. Yea, the outcast, the pauper, the fallen, rejoicing also on this day, and saying in their hearts: "Thank God that I, too, am an American citizen." And thank God for that, say we all; for to be an American means not only to be free, but to be worthy of freedom; it means not only to rule the nation, but to rule our own spirit, to guard our own rights and the rights of every man. It means to love fair play, the "square deal," to honor not overmuch European nobility, but American ability; to feel that the bigness of our country is an accident, but the greatness of our country an achievement, our achievement.

I am a Jew, indeed, and my Judaism is the breath

of my nostrils; yet for me, the chosen nation is my American nation; the land of promise is this heaven-blessed land; yea, "thy people shall be my people," cries the American Jew. "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried." I cannot forget that the first sailor to tread American soil was a Jewish sailor in the crew of Columbus, that the first white baby born in Georgia was a Jewish baby. I cannot forget the Jewish soldiers in the French and Indian War, in the Revolutionary War, the eight thousand Jew soldiers in the Civil War, who poured out their blood like water in defense of our American liberties. I say, with redoubled fervor, thank God that I am an American citizen.

My boast is not that I belong simply to a nation on which the heavens rain gold; a nation of mountainous wealth, of superabundant harvests, of products unrivaled in richness and diversity. For our chief product, our incomparable product, is men; men of intelligence, courage, patriotism, persistence, love of justice and the public good. I cannot forget that in the providence of God we are represented in government by such a man, and I am thankful, as an American, that our finest ideals of patriotism, intelligence, culture, manliness, are represented by a soldier, a scholar, a statesman, a strenuous American, with equal enthusiasm commending the "simple life" and the family life, believing alike in the life full and the mind full. I am thankful for the splendid manhood and example of an American President—Theodore Roosevelt.

On this point, my friends, the center of a fairyland beyond the wildest dreams of imagination, our cup of patriotism is filled to overflowing. In this magic precinct the world is condensed into a neighborhood; all history is summarized; all modern science and pro-

gress are flashed upon the retina in one dazzling picture. In appreciating this glorious, this transcendent opportunity shall we not be grateful also to the instrument of the Almighty on this great Thanksgiving Day, to the toilers in this cause, the generous contributors to this end, the gifted artists, the scholars, the scientists, the foreign commissioners, and, above all, to our own men whose energy and ability created this cosmic dream, the tireless directors of the great Exposition and their brilliant and indefatigable chief?

The age of miracles, indeed, has not ceased, if I can recount our causes of patriotic exultation, of local pride, of World's Fair thankfulness in my allotted time of fifteen minutes.

I thank God that I am an American, because here the common equipment is manhood, the highest goal is possible to all, the career is open to talent, there is no patrician and no plebeian, no partiality and no prejudice, but every man may work out to its finish the best there is in him.

And I am thankful for the little red schoolhouse and the discipline; for the public schools, that mean to all assimilation, Americanization, patriotism, on a level, and for their intelligent, faithful teachers I am thankful—paid, perhaps, a little less than our coachmen and our cooks, but in time to be honored as the guardians and propagators of what is best in our American traditions and our mission for the world. Our children will learn from them that in the providence of God we will fulfill our holy function to mankind and proclaim "liberty to the world and to all the inhabitants thereof," though some may doubt and shake the head.

What though we have political infirmities and frailties, municipal measles, trivial to the young, though fatal to the old; what matters it that we make haste

slowly, with barnacles corroding and parasitical impeding our ship of state, shall we lose heart when we remember the weary forty years of Israel in the wilderness, when a few weeks were sufficient for the journey, yet forty years there were to learn the necessary lessons of self-government, or that those might die that could not learn them? Yes, the route was circuitous; roundabout must the road be ever that is to lead to freedom, and to train and equip men for the blessings of freedom, so that they are fitted for the stupendous task, and that all errors and frailties may be sloughed off and the sins of youth depart with youth, and the fullness of maturity come in with the end of a blundering apprenticeship, and its fruition in ripened experience and wisdom.

Let us thank the King of Kings that we are politically convalescent; that a better day has begun; that in politics actual honesty is the best policy, and that in State, city, and nation we are beginning to care deeply for the best and finest ideals of American public spirit, integrity, and inflexible conviction.

And, above all, I rejoice and am thankful to God that here conscience is free, the soul is not gagged and fettered, but every faith and creed is equal before the law. It is no small thing that in this great land both Catholic and Protestant realize that they are Christians, and remember the words, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." It is no small thing that on this free soil the Christian and the Jew remember that they are alike human, alike revering the sacred Scriptures and the universal God, alike laboring for peace, righteousness, justice, and brotherhood.

We have on this platform the leading representatives of Protestantism and Catholicism, the lion and the lamb, and yet the lamb is not inside the lion. There was a time when these two bodies contended to

rend each other asunder, and when they fought no longer among themselves, both pounced down upon the guileless Jew. But this is changed, in this country at least.

And for all this I thank God. For our common country I rejoice before Heaven. For its manhood and intelligence and tolerance and rugged strength and integrity I am grateful. In its assembled insignia, stars for the brave and stripes for the base; the blue of heaven its hue of hope eternal; the red of blood poured out in battle its type of patriotic valor and sacrifice; its white for stainless honor, for American integrity and truth, and from this emblazoned field the stars are shining of undimmed faith and hope and cheer in darkest night for all the world.

As you depart, remember this sacred flag. Remember the mercies of God in gratitude, in renewed love of country, in a larger bounty, in a warmer love for the friendliness and for the stranger that is within thy gates. Amen.

TRUTH AND SINCERITY OF CHARACTER

JAMES GIBBONS

Roman Catholic Cardinal, of Baltimore, Md.

[Extract from a sermon preached in Baltimore, 1896.]

The highest compliment that can be bestowed on a man is, to say of him that he is a man of his word; and the greatest reproach that can be cast on an individual is, to assert that he has no regard for the virtue of veracity. Truth is the golden coin with God's image stamped upon it, that circulates among men of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues; its standard value never changes nor depreciates.

"Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved, needs only to be seen."

Like all valuable commodities, truth is often counterfeited. If it is a crime to counterfeit money, it is a greater crime to adulterate virtue. The more precious the genuine coin, the more criminal and dangerous is the spurious imitation; and as truth is more valuable than specie, its base resemblance is more iniquitous and detestable.

As truth is the medium of social and commercial intercourse, so high is the value which civilized society sets upon it, that, for its own protection, it metes out the severest punishment to anyone who violates it in commercial transactions. Some time ago a citizen, who had boasted of owning more property than any other person in the neighborhood of a large city, was afterward sent to the penitentiary for telling a lie on a scrap of paper, or for forging another man's name on a note.

The virtue of veracity is so indispensable an element in the composition of a Christian gentleman that neither splendid talents, nor engaging manners, nor benevolence of disposition, nor self-denial, nor all these qualities combined, nor even the practice of religious exercises, can atone for its absence. They all become vitiated, they lose their savor, if the salt of truth and sincerity is wanting.

The vice of lying and hypocrisy is so odious and repulsive that it is obliged to hide its deformity and clothe itself in the garment of truth.

While we feel at our ease and are disposed to be open and communicative in the presence of an upright and candid man, we are instinctively reserved and guarded before a deceitful person. He diffuses around him an atmosphere of distrust, and we shun him as we would a poisonous reptile. "There is no

vice," says Bacon, "that so covereth a man with shame as to be false and perfidious."

So damaging and infamous in public estimation is the imputation of falsehood that, when we charge a man with unveracity, we rarely go so far as to call him a liar to his face; but we tell him in less offensive language that he has a vivid imagination, that his memory is defective, or that he has been betrayed into an error of judgment.

All men, Pagans and Jews, as well as Christians, pay homage to truth. They all profess to worship at her shrine. Pagan Rome supplies us with noble examples of fidelity to truth even at the sacrifice of life. When Regulus was sent from Carthage to Rome with ambassadors to sue for peace, it was under the condition that he should return to his Carthaginian prison if peace was not proclaimed. When he arrived in Rome he implored the Senate to continue the war, and not to agree to the exchange of prisoners. That implied his own return to captivity at Carthage. The Senators and the chief priest held that, as his oath had been extorted by force, he was not bound by it. "I am not ignorant," replied Regulus, "that tortures and death await me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go." Regulus returned to Carthage, and, it is said, was tortured to death.

If there is one virtue more clear than another on the pages of the New Testament, if there is one virtue for which Christ and his disciples were eminently conspicuous in their public and private life, it is the virtue of truth, candor, ingenuousness, and simplicity of character; and if there is any vice more particularly detested by them, it is hypocrisy, cunning, and duplicity of conduct.

So great is our Saviour's reverence for truth, so great His aversion for falsehood, that He calls Himself "the way, the truth, and the life." Even His enemies could not withhold their admiration for His truthfulness and sincerity. "Master," they said, "we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth; neither carest thou for any one; for thou does not regard the person of men."

"Let your speech," says our Lord, "be yea, yea, nay, nay," as if He would say: Let your conversation be always frank and direct, free from the tinsel of embellishment and exaggeration, divested of studied ambiguity with intent to deceive. Christ is the martyr of truth as well as of charity. Caiaphas said of Him: "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." How easily could Jesus have saved His life on this occasion by His silence or by an evasive answer! But by openly avowing that He was the Christ, He signed His own death-warrant.

There was one class of persons toward whom our Lord was unsparing in His reprobation, and these were the scribes and Pharisees. He calls them a generation of vipers. "Wo to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," he says, "because ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the dish: but within you are full of rapine and uncleanliness . . . Ye are like to whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness. So you also outwardly indeed appear to men just, but inwardly you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." His language toward them is a scathing denunciation of their insincerity, selfishness, and perversion of the truth. We may judge how odious is deceit in His eyes when He says to the Pharisees: "Again I say to you that the publicans

and the harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you."

St. Paul says: "Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbour, for we are members one of another." There is so absolute a trust and confidence between the members of the human body that, when the heart, or hand, or foot suffers pain, the head never suspects the afflicted member of practicing deception. The same trustworthiness that subsists among our physical members should extend, also, to the domestic, collegiate, and social body. Without this mutual confidence there could be no official nor friendly relations among men, and the wheels of social intercourse and commercial communication would suddenly stop. Nearly all the information that we acquire is obtained from the testimony of others. Although we may at times be imposed upon, we have an instinctive faith in the veracity of our fellow-beings.

One may be guilty of falsehood in many ways. He may lie by telling a half-truth, omitting a circumstance essential to the fidelity of the narrative. He may lie by a shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture, by a deceitful silence, or by palming off in class as his own production the fruit of another's brain: for the essence of a falsehood consists in the intention to deceive. His life may be a colossal lie by being false to his profession or calling, appearing to be rich in grace and good works in the sight of men, but being poor and blind and miserable in the sight of God. There are others who have a habit of exaggerating from a morbid desire of imparting a relish to the conversation, and of attracting the attention of their hearers. The incidents they describe are usually of a startling and phenomenal nature, and their adventurous experiences have the flavor of a Gulliver or a Baron Munchausen.

The pernicious habit of retailing jocose lies and sensational stories, of making inaccurate statements, and of talking at random without weighing his words, will impair the offender's reputation for veraciousness in grave matters and expose him to the penalty of not being believed even when he tells the truth. He will be an illustration of the boy in the fable who had repeatedly given false alarms about the approach of the wolf; but when the wolf had actually invaded the fold his outcry remained unheeded.

The two chief causes that lead men to prevaricate are prejudice against their neighbor and inordinate self-love. Prejudice warps our judgment and jaundices our mind, so that we view in an unfavorable light our neighbor's words and actions. Self-love and vanity prompt us to exaggerate our good deeds, and to underrate or palliate our own shortcomings.

Charity and humility are the guardians of truth. They are the two angels that defend the temple of the soul against the approach of the demon of falsehood. Charity counsels us not to judge our neighbor unjustly or to magnify his defects; and humility inspires us not to extenuate our own.

If we cannot be martyrs, let us be confessors of the truth. If we have not the courage, like our Master, to endure death for its sake, we should at least be prepared to suffer for it some passing humiliation or confusion.

Let it be the aim of your life to be always frank and open, candid, sincere, and ingenuous in your relations with your fellow-man. Set your face against all deceit and duplicity, all guile, hypocrisy, and dissimulation. You will thus be living up to the maxims of the Gospel, you will prove yourself a genuine disciple of the God of truth, you will commend yourself to all honest men. You will triumph over those that lie in wait to deceive, for the intriguer is usually caught in his own toils.

THE CASE OF SENATOR REED SMOOT, OF UTAH

AUGUSTUS O. BACON

United States Senator from Georgia

[Condensed from a speech delivered in the Senate, February 20, 1907.]

Mr. President:

For the first time during my service in the Senate I am called upon by my vote to pass on the question whether one holding a seat as a Senator here shall be excluded from this body. Several reasons are assigned why Senator Smoot should be excluded from the Senate. In a matter of so great gravity it is due to myself that I should state the grounds on which I shall base my vote in this case.

The fact that Senator Smoot is a Mormon and believes in the tenets and dogmas of the Mormon Church will not, in my opinion, justify his exclusion from the Senate. It would be an extremely dangerous precedent to exclude a Senator because of his religious or political belief, however erroneous we may believe that belief to be.

There are other alleged grounds upon which it is claimed that he should be excluded. In some of these there are issues and conflicting contentions as to the facts, and differences in the construction proper to be placed upon acts alleged to have been done. These I pass by because of such conflicting contentions and of such uncertainty of facts and of construction. There is, however, one fact upon which there is no issue, because the fact is avowed by Senator Smoot himself.

He is not a polygamist. That is conceded, and is to his credit. He is, however, an apostle, one of the governing body of the church, empowered to give

spiritual and temporal law and precept to its followers. It is conceded that he is and has been for years, both before and since his election to the Senate, in intimate official relationship and official coöperation and necessary official approval with other members of the governing officials of the church who have been, during all the time and still are, while such officials, in the open, notorious, defiant, and even boastful violation of law in living in undisguised, undisputed polygamous cohabitation. More than this, by his own avowal, while such official, as an apostle, he has voted to place in the highest office of the church Joseph F. Smith, who was at the time of his election, as he was before and has ever since continued to be, in the open, notorious, and defiant violation of law in living in undisguised, undisputed polygamous cohabitation; and in thus indorsing and continuing to the present time to support him as their head and chief, Senator Smoot has, during all these years, in the most pronounced and indisputable manner, held forth this violator and profaner of the law as one worthy to be by the people commended and approved as their fit teacher and exemplar.

I do not undertake to argue the correctness of my conclusion. I only state it in order that it may be known on what ground my vote will be based.

Mr. President, after the most careful consideration, having regard to the gravity of the interests involved, I have reached the conclusion that Senator Smoot, in the language of the protestants, ought not to be permitted to sit as a member of the United States Senate for reasons affecting the honor and dignity of the United States and their Senators in Congress, and upon the grounds and for the reason that he is one of a self-perpetuating body of fifteen men who, constituting the ruling authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, or Mormon Church,

claim, and by their followers are accorded the right to claim, supreme authority, divinely sanctioned, to shape the belief and control the conduct of those under them in all matters whatsoever, civil and religious, temporal and spiritual, and who, thus uniting in themselves authority in church and state, do so exercise the same as to inclucate and encourage a belief in polygamy and polygamous cohabitation; who countenance and connive at violations of the laws of the State prohibiting the same, regardless of pledges made for the purpose of obtaining statehood and of covenants made with the people of the United States, and who, by all means in their power, protect and honor those who in themselves violate the laws of the land and are guilty of practices destructive of the family and the home.

RECONSTRUCTION IN MISSOURI

WILLIAM J. STONE

United States Senator from Missouri

[In 1892 Senator Stone was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Missouri. His opponent was his present colleague in the Senate, William Warner, who, as the Republican nominee, opened his campaign at Sedalia with a speech in which he pictured what he termed "the New Missouri" which would follow a Republican victory; defended the Republican régime in Missouri and assailed the twenty years of Democratic rule. Mr. Stone, at a monster mass meeting in St. Louis, in the course of what was perhaps the most notable speech in his career, made answer to Major Warner. The following extracts cover a portion of Mr. Stone's speech in which he depicted the terrors of reconstruction days in Missouri.]

I have read Major Warner's recent fulmination at Sedalia. He abounds in vague rhetorical flourishes about a "New Missouri"—a wide open, pro-

gressive Missouri. He speaks of it in glittering metaphor, as Francis Orellana describes his shining terra incognita, the fabulous El Dorado of the olden time. How he is to transport us into the promised land flowing with the traditional milk and honey he does not condescend to advise us. He does, indeed, declare a sanguinary purpose, firm fixed and irrevocable, to strike off not one, but all the heads of that mythical hydra he calls Bourbonism, whatever that may be. But beyond this butcher's act of bloody decapitation he does not deign to unfold to curious and vulgar eyes his great designs. He outlines no purpose, indicates no policy, he develops no system. He swears there shall be a revelation some day or some other day, and that in all due time he will press his Aladdin's ring and summon to his aid some occult influence, some supernal energy, some mighty, invisible force, which under his august command will bear the State up bodily into the celestial regions, where all of us, rich and poor, black and white, enraptured and in love, can lie down in cool and shady places by purling brooks, henceforth forever to watch the butterfly sip honey from the rose and listen to the melody of sweet-throated birds flitting among the green, rustling banners in the treetops. He promises that all this, in due course of his providence, moving mysteriously to perform, shall come to a full fruition. We must not be inquisitive, we must only be patient and trustful and follow him. The millennium will begin when Major Warner strikes down this "Bourbon Democracy," plants his foot upon its throat and extirpates it. Have patience, I pray you.

But the gallant Major does more than to paint rosy pictures on the horizon of the future. He is not only prophetic, he is reminiscent. His utterances are not only oracular, they are historical. He

discourses of the past as well as of the future. His speech is not only a promise of what his party would do, it is likewise a eulogy of what it has done. He invokes the past. He indulges in comparisons. He lauds the Republican party and inveighs against the Democracy. He approves, applauds, glorifies the achievements of radicalism in Missouri during the last twenty-five or thirty years, in all of which he bore a conspicuous part. Figures he juggles with, facts he perverts and evades, and with superb audacity declares the period of Republican triumph, from 1865 to 1871, to have been the golden era in Missouri. Sir, I was amazed when I saw Major Warner stand unblushing before the people of Missouri and pronounce his glowing panegyric on the achievements, the record, and history of his party in this State. I had expected to find him penitent and apologizing; instead, he stands forth defiant to applaud and defend. I had expected to find him excusing, extenuating, palliating; instead he lifts the shadow from off the old radical days of proscription, fraud, and public debauchery, upon which we have been wont to look back with shuddering shame, and swears by all the gods at once they were the meridian days of Missouri's prosperity, pride, and glory. This indeed was a daring and audacious thing for the doughty Major to do.

And so it is history the Major invokes, and makes bold challenge for comparisons. Good, my noble lord, come with me now and you shall have history and comparisons to your dear heart's dismay.

Let me call to Major Warner's elusive memory a chapter in the history of his party which will be familiar with him, for he towers high among those who were conspicuous in it. When the great civil war between the States was concluded, the ragged veterans of the Confederacy surrendered their swords

to the gallant armies of the Union under a pledge that they should return in peace to their homes and be again clothed in all the immunities, and enter again undisturbed upon the discharge of all the high duties, of citizenship. As a rule the real, non-political soldiers of the Federal army were always ready and willing to keep that pledge; the politicians were not. But let that pass. I will not talk about the Confederate soldiers. When they entered the army they took upon themselves the hazard of war. If the politician spat upon the solemn pledge Grant and Sheridan, those great captains of the Federal armies, gave; if the Missouri Confederate, returning to his home, found, instead of peace and the prerogative of citizenship, a menacing danger lurking in every shadow and revengeful ostracism stalking in the open sunlight, he rarely ever complained. I shall not speak of him. The Confederate soldier may disappear.

But Missouri was a border State, and the red-crested wave of war swept back and forth across her hills and plains. Sons parted from their fathers and brothers bade each other a long farewell and separated. Families and kindred and friends were divided and torn apart to go their several ways. Union fathers had sons away in the Southland, with Price and Shelby. Confederate sons had fathers flashing their swords where the old flag waved. This is what the war brought to Missouri.

Now, when this great struggle had ended, after the shadows had melted away, after sweet peace had come on her white wings, hovering over the land—after the war was over, the radical party, then triumphant in Missouri, with a view to upholding its power and perpetuating its reign of plunder and debauchery, inaugurated a policy and a system of proscription and persecution which, for harsh brutality, stands with-

out a parallel in the history of this country, and I believe without a precedent in the history of enlightened nations. They inserted a clause in the Constitution of the State, and afterwards enacted registration laws and other statutes for its enforcement, which provided, among other things, that no man should exercise the right of suffrage, or hold any office of honor, profit, or trust—not even that of constable or city alderman; nor be permitted to act as a director in any corporation, public or private; nor practice his profession as an attorney at law; nor teach any school, either public or private; nor serve as a juror in any court of the State; nor hold property in trust for the benefit of any religious or charitable body or society; nor should any person "be competent as a bishop, priest, deacon, minister, elder, or other clergyman of any religious persuasion, sect, or denomination, to teach or preach or solemnize marriages," if such person had ever at any time been in armed hostility to the United States or the State of Missouri; or had ever given aid, comfort, countenance, or support to any person engaged in such hostility; or had ever in any manner contributed to the Confederate cause or sent into the Confederate lines any money, goods, letters, or information of any kind; or who had ever by any act or word manifested any sympathy with those engaged in the Rebellion; or had ever knowing or willingly harbored, aided or countenanced any person engaged in marauding in this State. I have not repeated the whole of these disqualifying provisions by any manner of means, but I have repeated enough of them.

Before any man could exercise any of these great and inestimable privileges of citizenship,—before he could vote, teach, or preach,—he was required by the law to take a solemn oath that he had read the disqualifying clause of the Constitution, was perfectly

familiar with it, and that he had never done any of the things therein prohibited. If any person attempted to hold and exercise any of the "offices, positions, trusts, professions, or functions" specified in the law, without first taking the oath, he subjected himself to a fine of not less than five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the county jail for a period of not less than six months; and if he falsely took the oath—that is, if it could be shown that he had done some of the prohibited things—he was declared guilty of perjury and subjected himself to indictment and imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of not less than two years.

Of course under the provisions of this barbarous and inquisitorial statute every ex-Confederate soldier was instantly excluded from any participation whatever in the government of this State, county or municipality. But I said I would not complain on his account. He had slept in the bivouac, sung love songs on the march, and stormed with red-dripping blade on the open field. I do not complain for him. But if some old father, growing whiter about his temples with each passing day, bending lower under the weight of anxieties multiplying, did ever in the twilight about his hearthstone think of his boy walking the lonely picket line somewhere in the Southland, with no company except the cold gleaming stars and no voice about him save the moaning wind, and, looking, saw the old wife and mother sitting silent there with a tear trembling on her cheek, and if he clasped her to his heart, knelt with her, and prayed with her to the good God to send some sweet angel with rustling wing to hover over their boy—for that crime that old man was dismantled of his citizenship.

If when this Southern soldier boy went out from the old home to the battlefield he left behind him a gentle, sweet-faced sister, his kisses fresh upon her

quivering lips, and that grim-visaged thing we call death had crept in among the shadows of the old lawn trees waving in the moonlight, and across the threshold, and stolen this sweet child from her mother's arms and borne her away; and if the old father had by some covert means sent a letter to his absent boy bearing the sad message of the blight at home—for that crime he was despoiled of the noblest prerogative of the citizen.

If here in Missouri, where the contending armies surged back and forth, a father had met his boy and given to him some little trinket prepared by loving hands—had given him an apple plucked from the old orchard under whose flowering umbrage he had played in childhood—for that crime he stood dishonored before the law.

If some splendid, high-souled Missouri boy, proud of his uniform and bearing arms for the Union, had heard that his brother in his suit of faded gray was moaning and fretting his life away in some army hospital of the South, and he had found means to send him some message of love and something to tempt the fever away—for that crime he was disfranchised under the terms of the law.

If some old man—I have one in mind—who had given all the years of his life to study and teaching, who loved his books and was proud of "his boys," many of whom had gone forth into the world equipped under his tutelage—if he had only thought of the soldier boys he had loved in the old days, and prayed for them or wept for them—for that crime he was not only disfranchised, but the doors of his schoolroom were closed and he forbidden to follow his profession.

"You take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live."

But worse than any of these—than all of these, perhaps—if some old father of the holy faith, his thin locks white with long years of saintly life, had stopped by the wayside to do some Southern warrior a kindness for sweet charity's sake—to give him shelter, or food, or drink—for that he was forbidden ever again to lift his voice for the Master either in warning or exhortation; forbidden to appeal ever again to men for a higher and purer and nobler life, or to point them along the pathway mounting to the stars.

For all these I do speak to-day. Their wrongs come back to haunt and accuse that old intolerant radicalism which in the day of its power made love a crime and justice a mockery. Do you think I exaggerate? Every man who lived in Missouri twenty years ago, and was familiar with the Drake Constitution and the force bills enacted under it, knows I speak with moderation.

I have not been reciting ancient history nor foreign history; it is both modern and domestic. It is not of Poland's sad, pathetic story I have been speaking. These are not sorrows that have come sobbing out of the midnight which has hung starless for seven hundred years over the Emerald Isle. These are not stories borne on the shivering winds blown down from that mighty despotism in northern Europe, where men are hunted like wild beasts and driven like cattle into hopeless exile. I have been telling you simply of what occurred here in Missouri only twenty years ago when the Republican party was triumphant in this State, and when the laws it put upon the statute books were being enforced by the officers of its own choosing. I have been speaking of the same period in our own history to which Major Warner referred, and of the same political party whose achievements Major Warner applauded. I thought, since the

Major had invited comparison and indulged in historical reminiscence, the young men of the State should know something more of the past than he seemed disposed to give them. I thought I would simply tear the veil away and let all the ghastly skeletons out.

JUSTICE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

CHARLES E. FENNER

Of the New Orleans (La.) Bar

[The concluding part of an oration on the Life and Services of Jefferson Davis, delivered before the Memorial Association of New Orleans, June 3, 1901. Judge Fenner was the lifelong friend of Jefferson Davis, and at the former's home the lamented chieftan of the Confederacy breathed his last.]

The treatment of which Jefferson Davis was made the victim after his capture is a chapter which all good men would like to see blotted from the history of the Republic. Something is to be forgiven to the intensity of excitement and resentment which prevailed at that time. Let us cast the mantle of charitable silence over the indignities, humiliations, and unnecessary cruelties which for many months were visited upon a sick, helpless, and defenseless prisoner. The memory of them can serve no purpose except to illustrate the heroic fortitude and undaunted spirit of their victim.

But there were other injuries far worse than any mere physical tortures, which justice demands should not be left unnoticed. All the efforts of the powers that were to "make treason odious" were concentrated upon the defenseless head of Jefferson Davis. The flood-gates of slander and obloquy were opened wide upon him. His character was distorted and vilified;

he was painted as a monster of cruelty and cowardice, a vile conspirator who plotted the ruin of his country and deluged a continent in blood, with no better motive than to gratify a criminal ambition and to advance his personal interests. He was charged with being the instigator and abettor of the murder of Mr. Lincoln with all the malignity, but without the courage, of the actual assassin. He was accused of intentional and inhuman cruelty to defenseless prisoners. He was charged with having basely rifled the treasure chests of the Confederacy, and appropriating them to his private emolument.

All who knew Mr. Davis, all who will take the slightest pains to study the ample record of his life and character, must view such charges with peculiar horror and indignation.

Jefferson Davis undoubtedly had his faults, as who has not; but they were the faults of an open and generous nature. He had strong friendships and violent prejudices for individuals. He was, perhaps, too blind to the shortcomings of his friends and too intolerant to those of his enemies. But whatever may be said of him, he was, from top to toe, a gentleman, in the highest acceptation of that word. He had a fine and delicate sense of honor, which resented the slightest stain upon it, as he would a blow in the face. He had a chivalric courage, written in his martial bearing, and in his aquiline and defiant countenance, which shirked no conflict, but which always fought in the open, and scorned all indirect or underhand advantage. He had, as is common with men of that type, a romantic tenderness for the weak and the dependent, as illustrated by the exquisite and inimitable courtesy and deference of his bearing toward women, by his delight in the society of children, and by his gentle, just, and humane treatment of his numerous slaves, whose respect and allegiance

stood unshaken even after they became free. His whole public life was pitched on the highest plane of devotion to duty and of inflexible adherence to principle. It was, perhaps, his defect as a statesman that he scorned too much the politician's art, and shrunk too sensitively from everything which involved a sacrifice of principle to expediency. In private life he was a man whose word was ever his bond, scrupulously faithful to every engagement, sensitively regardful of his obligations and the rights of others, with a lofty contempt of all sordid considerations.

Such was the man against whom an angry and resentful government fulminated charges of the most despicable and cowardly crimes, and upon whom it set "all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," to worry at his heels, and with the teeth of their envenomed slander to tear to shreds the fair mantle of his unblemished reputation. The helpless prisoner, though subjected to the anguish of knowing of these wanton assaults, was kept with closed mouth, forbidden to utter a word in his own defense. He bore them with lofty contempt, and with a philosophy springing from his serene confidence that soon or late triumphant truth would vindicate his name.

The time came when the sleeping public conscience was aroused to a sense of the rank injustice of holding in imprisonment a man charged with such heinous crimes, not only without a trial, but without even an indictment or arraignment at the bar of justice. Such men as Horace Greely, Gerritt Smith, John A. Andrews, and others of the men who had been his bitterest political foes took up his case and determined that justice should be done. They investigated the pretended evidence on which it was claimed that he was implicated in the odious crimes with which he had been charged. They convinced themselves, and openly proclaimed to the world their conviction, that

there was not the slightest ground for such charges. Even Thaddeus Stephens, who would no doubt gladly have seen Jefferson Davis hanged for high treason, did not hesitate his confidence that he was innocent of all the other charges, saying that he knew Jefferson Davis, and that, whatever else might be said of him, he was a gentleman incapable of such crimes. There was not even a pretense of persistence in those charges. They were absolutely abandoned. He was indicted for treason, a purely political crime. He was liberated from imprisonment on a bond signed by Horace Greeley, Gerritt Smith, and Commodore Vanderbilt. The government never ventured to press the case to trial. At the ensuing term of court a *nolle prosequi* was entered, and Jefferson Davis passed a free man into the body of his fellow-citizens.

But, although thus completely vindicated, the filthy streams of slander and abuse, which so long flowed unrestrained over his fair name and fame, were not turned aside without leaving their foul slime behind them. Jefferson Davis had come to be regarded by the mass of the Northern people as what they called the "arch traitor"; the "raw head and bloody bones" of wicked rebellion; the man responsible to widows for their slaughtered husbands, to orphans for their lost fathers, to parents for murdered sons—the very embodiment of hate and evil and bloody crime. Even when the returning tide of reason and justice began to flow, when juster and more rational views of the war and of the participants began to prevail, when the long silent chords of fraternity began to vibrate with the music of renewed love and generosity, swelling into a louder anthem, until it drowned the insensate shrieks of hate and discord,—even then Jefferson Davis was still left in solitary exclusion from the abundant bounty of mutual charity and forgiveness. Like a red flag shaken in the face of an angry

bull, the mention of his name still remained a note of discord, which aroused anew the almost forgotten frenzy of the past. Even the Southern people, with all their courage, almost learned to speak his name with bated breath, and to confine within the private recesses of their own hearts the unbounded sympathy, love, and admiration which they felt for their undaunted leader, who had been made the vicarious sufferer for faults, if faults they were, which he only shared in common with each and every one of them, and who bore the whole burden of which they had been relieved with such eager gladness in their relief and with such unflinching fortitude.

There was a time when the people of the Southern States had the same feeling toward Abraham Lincoln which the Northern people entertained toward Jefferson Davis, and which still lingers in the minds of many of them. But how completely have those sentiments, in the case of Lincoln, passed away and been forgotten!

Justice is the most persistent and irrepressible of human voices. It may be smothered for a time by passion and prejudice, it may be temporarily drowned by the uproar of calumny and denunciation; but it still clamors for hearing, and the time surely comes when it must and will be heard. It took more than a century and a half to bring the people of England to the point of doing justice to Oliver Cromwell. We live faster in these days. More than a generation has passed since the Confederate flag was folded to its eternal rest. Death, the great leveler which summons each of us in his turn to the bar of judgment, and from whose dread presence malice and all uncharitableness shrink rebuked, has long since laid his icy fingers on all that was mortal of Jefferson Davis. Has not the time arrived for justice to his memory?

With heart overflowing with patriotic devotion to

our common country, keenly responsive to the spirit of love and fraternity which has grown up between all sections of our people, devoutly thankful to that divine Providence which has so guided the hearts of men and shaped the current of events that out of the wreck and ruin of desperate conflict we have saved the essential principles of constitutional liberty and of equal rights of citizenship, and have re-established foundations on which, if faithfully guarded and preserved, the glorious destinies of the American republic may be triumphantly accomplished,—I stand here to-day to claim that justice from the whole people of our country, North as well as South,—justice, only justice,—justice to the memory of a man who illustrated the history of two nations by valor in battle, wisdom in counsel, eloquence in debate, temperance in triumph, and inexpugnable fortitude in adversity—justice to the memory of a man who, when the mists of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, history must undoubtedly rank as one of the greatest Americans.

I cannot close this appeal more appropriately or enforce it more strongly than by quoting the concluding paragraph of his great work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," which was his historical and political testament to his people:

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong, and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination should forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto Perpetua.*"

TRIBUTE TO WINNIE DAVIS

BENNETT H. YOUNG

Of the Louisville (Ky.) Bar; editor of "Kentucky Eloquence," from which this section is taken

[Condensed from a eulogy delivered before the United Confederate Veterans' Association, at Charleston, S. C., May 11, 1899.]

The most distinguished divine of the seventeenth century, when preaching the funeral sermon of Louis XIV, the greatest of all French rulers, as he gazed upon the deceased king, cold, pallid, powerless, expressionless, lifted his hands to heaven and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed: "There is nothing great but God." And, comrades, as we recall the beautiful, beloved, and winsome face and form of "The Daughter of the Confederacy," as she stood in our presence less than a year ago at Atlanta, and with joy and pride received anew our knightly admiration and fealty, and as we now realize that she is no more, but sleeps in death, we, too, in pathetic and profoundest sorrow, turn our eyes heavenward and cry out: "God alone is great."

The practical spirit of the present times would say that the age of chivalry is gone; but, as the representatives and descendants of an ever-chivalrous people, we can confidently challenge this coarse conclusion,—the outgrowth of a period marked by the exaltation of money and money-getting,—and point to the love of Southern men for this child whom illustrious warriors adopted and were proud to claim as their own, and confidently aver that, whatever may be said of others, in the hearts of Confederate soldiers there still burns with unquenchable flame and unconquerable force that spirit which makes men gallant, heroic, and true.

There are occasions when the hush and solemnity of death become intensest eloquence, and speak with a pathos and power that are simply immeasurable. No exhibition ever witnessed in any land is more touching, no emotion ever aroused in human heart more magnanimous, no offering more unselfish, no attachment more generous, than this affection Confederate veterans tendered in life, and now declare in death, for the daughter of Jefferson Davis.

Only a few brief months have elapsed since, in the fullness of a matured womanhood, in the splendor of a superb filial consecration, and with a simple and unaffected appreciation, for the last time she received the enthusiastic cheers and unqualified adoration of her Confederate fathers and friends; and in all that vast assemblage that greeted her as only Confederate soldiers could greet, there was not a single heart which failed to respond to that intense rapture and that impassioned delight her welcome presence always evoked.

Born amid the conflicts of the mightiest war the world has ever witnessed, cradled within the sound of the cannon's roar, and often awakened from sleep by the rattle of the musketry which defended the capital of the country for which her father offered the costliest sacrifice of all those who defended its life and its name; in her very infancy made to feel the deepest grief in the misfortunes and indignities heaped upon him who was the President of the nation the South so heroically struggled to maintain, she had experiences which have only come into one life during all the ages of the world. No other woman in the history of the world ever held such a place as our Daughter of the Confederacy. The adopted child and idol of those who followed Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Forrest, Stuart, and Morgan, she had all that noblest sentiment, faithfulest loyalty,

and most chivalrous devotion could bestow, and neither affection nor ambition could add anything to the superb crown which Confederates have placed on her brow.

Earth can yield no purer and no more generous love than that which the men and women of the Confederacy bore Winnie Davis. It caught the impress of heavenly touch and felt the mark of an angelic birth. No selfishness tarnished its resplendent brightness, no insincerity marred its exceeding tenderness, no limit prescribed its inexpressible gentleness, and no figures could calculate its immeasurable depths. It was a sentiment, but it was exalting, ennobling, elevating, and in every way worthy of the most heroic and sublimest of human emotions.

The ordinary loves of human souls wax and wane; they are not always equal in their strength and flow, but this love to "Our Daughter" knew no decrease in its irresistible and unchanging current. Her presence was not needful to quicken its impulses, and her absence did not slacken its fervor. As she stood alone in the splendor of her position as the only Daughter of the Confederacy, she had no cause to fear rivalry and never any reason to question the loyalty of the hearts who claimed her as their child.

When the shadows of time were lengthening about the heart and home of Jefferson Davis, and the dim, fading light, death's forerunner, cast its softening rays across the paths he must tread; when the warning echoes from the immortal land were caught by the hills about his mortal abode; when the mystic lore of coming events which deepens with life's sunset whispered in the ear of the patient and heroic father that the parting of ways for him and his beloved child was only a little way ahead, he bethought him of her future, and, with unquestioning faith and un-

wavering confidence, he committed her protection and care to the people he had loved so well.

The misfortunes which came to him as the head of the Confederate States left him no store of wealth from which to provide endowment to shield from want, or to construct mausoleum to honor in death; but he devised her, as his richest and noblest legacy, to a generous nation. She was to him of value which was incomparable with gold or costliest gem. That absolute trust in the generosity of Southern people has met worthiest response. Loved, honored, adored in her life, her sisters of the Confederacy, in her death, have builded her monument, which, though simple in its structure, is voiceful of a love and admiration which will abide forever.

She rests in the bosom of the State which gave her birth and which, at the end, offered her repose amid the tombs of her most illustrious children. On the banks of the James River, close to where, nearly three hundred years ago, came the Cavalier, imparting to Southern manhood the uplifting power of his genius, his courage, and his chivalry, they have given her lasting sepulcher. The breezes from every hillside, valley, and mountain of the Southland shall bear tenderest benedictions to her tomb, and the rippling waters of the stream beside which she rests—fresh from the mountain tops which pierce the blue skies overhanging the mighty Alleghanies—shall murmur softest requiem by her grave; and, as these flow into the mighty ocean, they will be taken up by the chainless winds which sweep with unbroken power the face of the great deep and, in harmonious melody, tell the story to all the world of the marvelous and wondrous love of the people of the South for Winnie Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy."

A FOLLOWER OF LEE

JOHN W. DANIEL

United States Senator from Virginia

[Extract from an oration delivered at the unveiling of the recumbent figure of General Lee, at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., June 28, 1883.]

There was no happier or lovelier home than that of Colonel Robert E. Lee in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of civil war. Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac, and embowered in stately trees, stood the venerable mansion of Arlington, facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty.

So situated was Colonel Lee in the spring of 1861, upon the verge of the momentous revolution of which he became so mighty a pillar and so glorious a chieftain. How can we estimate the sacrifice he made to take up arms against the Union? Lee was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union State. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty to the government he served and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institutions of his country. In January, 1861, Colonel Lee, then with his regiment in Texas, wrote to his son: "As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions; and yet I would defend my State were her rights invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity to the country than a dissolution of the Union. Secession is nothing but revolution. . . . If the Union is dissolved, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none."

The war-cloud lowered. On April 15 came Presi-

dent Lincoln's proclamation for seventy-five thousand men. This proclamation determined Virginia's course, and an ordinance of secession was passed. War had come.

"Under which flag?" was the sternly pathetic question that Lee must now answer. On the one hand Virginia, now in the fore-front of a scarcely organized revolution, summoned him to share her lot in the perilous adventure. The young Confederacy is without an army; there is no navy, no currency. There is little but a meager and widely scattered population, for the most part men of the field, the prairie, the forest, and the mountain, ready to stand the hazard of an audacious endeavor. Did he fail, his beloved State would be trampled in the mire of the ways; his people would be captives, their very slaves their masters; and he—if of himself he thought at all—he, mayhap, may have seen in the dim perspective the shadow of the dungeon or the scaffold.

On the other hand stands the foremost and most powerful republic of the earth. Its regular army and its myriad volunteers rush to do its bidding. Its capital lies in sight of his chamber window, and its guns bear on the portals of his home. A messenger comes from its President and from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of its army, to tender him supreme command of its forces. No man could have undergone a more trying ordeal or met it with a higher spirit of heroic self-sacrifice since the Son of Man stood upon the mount, saw "all the kingdoms of earth and the glory thereof," and turned away from them to the agony of Gethsemane.

To the statesman, Mr. Francis P. Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command, Lee answered, "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four million slaves in the

South I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?"

Draw his sword against Virginia? Perish the thought! Over all the voices that called he heard the still small voice that ever whispers to the soul of the spot that gave it birth; and over every ambitious dream there rose the face of the angel that guards the door of home.

I pause not here to defend the course of General Lee. In the supreme moments of national life, as in the lives of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern States acted for themselves—the Northern States for themselves —Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defense rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger and tenderer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and home. And on that tie—stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert E. Lee.

In personal appearance General Lee was a man whom once to see was ever to remember. His figure was tall, erect, well proportioned, lithe, and graceful. A fine head, with broad, uplifted brows, and features boldly yet delicately chiseled, bore the aspect of one born to command. His whole countenance bespoke alike a powerful mind and an indomitable will, yet beamed with charity, benevolence, and gentleness. In his manners quiet, reserve, unaffected courtesy, and

native dignity made manifest the character of one who can only be described by the name of gentleman. And taken all in all, his presence possessed that grave and simple majesty which commanded instant reverence and repressed familiarity; and yet so charmed by a certain modesty and gracious deference, that reverence and confidence were ever ready to kindle into affection. It was impossible to look upon him and not to recognize at a glance that in him nature gave assurance of a man created to be great and good.

Mounted in the field and at the head of his troops, a glimpse of Lee was an inspiration. His figure was as distinctive as that of Napoleon. The black slouch hat, the cavalry boots, the dark cape, the plain gray coat without an ornament but the three stars on the collar, the calm, victorious face, the splendid, manly figure on the gray war horse,—he looked every inch the true knight, the grand, invincible champion of a great principle.

The men who wrested victory from his little band stood wonder-stricken and abashed when they saw how few were those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word, they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself, first, that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and, third, that he was a contemporary of Sophocles. And in this audience to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many a one who wore the gray who rejoices that he was born a man to do a man's part for his suffering country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate; and who feels

a justly proud and glowing consciousness in his bosom when he says unto himself: "I was a follower of Robert E. Lee. I was a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia."

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel, the emblem of his glory. And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as Chief, the tranquil face is clothed with heaven's light, and the mute lips seem eloquent with the message that in life he spoke:

"There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

LEE AND APPOMATTOX

AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY

Congressman from Kentucky

[Extract from an address delivered before the Hamilton Club, Chicago, April 22, 1907, upon the occasion of the celebration of "Appomattox Day."]

Right or wrong, it matters little now, Robert E. Lee believed in the sovereignty of the Southern States, and modestly offered himself to his countrymen and his Commonwealth. His espousal of the cause of the Confederacy was hailed with delight; he was showered with honors and entrusted with high command. He accepted the sword tendered him with the terseness of a soldier, the ardor of a patriot, and the humility of a Christian.

How well and how long he defended the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy I need not re-

late; history has yet to do full justice to the miracles of his genius and the prodigies of his valor. McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker, each in turn hurled his mighty and puissant hosts against that grim, gray line known as the Army of Northern Virginia, and each in turn reeled, staggering and bleeding, from the deadly encounter. I need not speak of Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, or Chancellorsville—those mighty monuments to his prowess and his glory are deathless and eternal as the red annals of war. In the flush of triumph, in the wild tumult of victory, the conqueror still loomed towerlike above his conquests.

Great in victory, he was greater still in defeat. Behold him after the three days' fight at Gettysburg, where first he faced disaster, with untold magnanimity assuming all the responsibility for that fateful day—attributable to another's error or another's fault; smiling and tranquil, he rides among his shattered and disordered columns, rising above the terror and turmoil around him, sublime, serene, undaunted; they halt at his command and rally to the magic of his call. Chaos becomes order and the Army of Northern Virginia wheels about in serried array, its spirit unbroken and its faith in its mighty chief unaltered and unalterable.

In the meantime there had arisen in the West a soldier, broad in conception, patient and capable in action, rigid and changeless as fate in his invincible purpose. He had twice bisected the Confederacy. Sherman, leaving desolation in his wake, was marching unimpeded toward the sea. On all sides, obedient to his masterful design, there was converging about the doomed Virginians a sinister and rigid cordon, bristling with bayonets, indifferent to slaughter and indomitable in its purpose, "through the southwestern mountain passes, through the gates of the lower

valley, from the battle-scarred vales of the Rappahannock, from the Atlantic seaboard to the waters of the James, came the serried hosts on field and flood."

Lee rallied the wreck of his gallant army for the last encounter, but neither genius nor valor could avail—

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered."

The Confederate lines, extending for thirty miles, thinned and attenuated, clutched the earth like a wild beast, and in the teeth of impending doom fought on, fierce and determined. At last surrounded in the open plain, barefooted, tattered, pinched with hunger, gaunt from famine, staggering from sleeplessness and exhaustion, the ghastly wraith of the Army of Northern Virginia, its last ration consumed and its last round of ammunition exhausted, bowed to the inevitable.

Less than eight thousand ragged veterans dropped their bright muskets from nerveless hands when Lee tendered his stainless sword to the most determined foe and the most magnanimous conqueror of the age.

I rejoice that to-night, upon the anniversary of that fateful day, the South contemplates the scene without shame, and the North without exultation.

The modest magnanimity of the Federal chief made of Appomattox more than a surrender—it was reconciliation. Even in the flush of his great triumph he remembered with tender consideration the vanquished foe. All salutes and demonstrations calculated to wound the pride or harrow the feelings of the fallen Conferedates were forbidden; he re-

minded his veterans that their foes of yesterday would be their countrymen of to-morrow.

Nor shall the South forget that when a Federal grand jury sought to disregard the soldier's parole, and to stain that sword, the trophy of his valor and his prowess, he defended the honor and the life of his mighty captive with the same grim determination with which he had maintained the Union, and neither Senates nor Presidents could shake or alter his fixed resolve. At the bier of Grant a reunited nation stood, with uncovered head, while veterans, blue and gray, with tearful eyes and tender hands laid him to rest.

After the lapse of half a century its cruel wounds all healed, its battle-scarred plains covered with verdure, and five hundred thousand graves embowered in flowers,—North and South alike,—we look back upon that mighty and fraternal strife with a feeling of sadness and a sense of infinite regret.

Many are the reasons assigned for this conflict by statesmen and historians, yet they are all but the results of the one great cause—the North had ceased to know the South, and the South was a stranger to the North. It is impossible to long misunderstand a good man if you know him; antagonism between one section of this country and another is impossible if there is intercourse between these sections. Then and now we were brothers all.

North and South have more than forgotten the losses, the wounds, and the anger of yesterday, for the all-sufficient reason that both sections alike, glorying in their strength, blessed with prosperity and wealth, and exultant in the anticipation of a still brighter and grander day, simply have no time to remember.

EULOGY ON GENERAL LEE

COLONEL WILLIAM H. STEWART

[An address before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, January 19, 1901.]

Mrs. President, Portsmouth Chapter, U. D. C., and Their Friends:

The centuries have given many men to measure up to the standard of greatness; many men worthy of a place in the temple of fame; many of prodigious valor; many of thrilling chivalry; many of brilliant intellectual attainments; many of splendid virtues; but, as I see, no single character is or has been so deeply loved by the people whom he served, and few more generally admired by the world, than Robert Edward Lee. His very name is inspiration to the hearts of Southerners; his conduct a model for their children; his great goodness like a ceaseless prayer for their welfare.

General Lee was great and good, brilliant and modest, humble and true, faithful to his God and fellows. His life is a picture of love and beauty; and all his actions from youth to old age were infused with the highest ideals of duty. No considerations could turn him from its path; no inducements could swerve his inflexible devotion to truth.

A cavalier ancestor of the eleventh century left him lessons of true pride, honor, self-sacrifice, and generous nature, and a father like "Light Horse Harry" gave a light which must have in a measure guided his conduct.

Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807, in the same house and same room in which Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, two signers of the Declaration of Independence, were born.

It might be said that he inherited honor and fame;

nevertheless, he held them not as an idler's toy, but applied his vigorous energies and imperial intellect to emulate his forefathers in all their courageous, virtuous, and noble characteristics.

He commenced his boyhood in the line of meritorious manhood. When he entered West Point he took the head of his class and held it until he was graduated in 1829, never having received a demerit or reprimand during his term there. He entered upon the duties of an army officer with the highest honor of his military school, and afterward, in the fiery rush of battle, held fast to his attainment and was thrice brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican war.

He served thirty years in the United States army, and was considered by all officers, almost without exception, to be, by many degrees, the most accomplished soldier in the service.

The commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott, entertained such an opinion of him, and said: "Lee is the greatest military genius in America."

He undoubtedly stood highest on the military record of the United States army when Virginia seceded. Had rank, self-aggrandizement, success and wealth been his dream of life, he would have remained in the old army.

All the allurements of power and place a mighty nation could tender were in the request to unsheathe his sword as commander-in-chief of Lincoln's armies. But the metal of the man was not poured in that mold which turns out the creature for the dazzling equipments of success at the sacrifice of honor. No place could win and no power could tempt him from that path of duty which led him to draw his sword for Virginia.

Here his mighty character unfolded itself to the world, and it stood the test under every condition.

General Lee was high in the opinion of the people, and their expectations were great when he was ordered to command the defeated army of the slain Garnett; but he failed to retrieve the disasters in western Virginia; and the indignation of the inconsiderate public arose against him as the cruel blasts of a destructive cyclone.

His military reputation fell as fevered mercury on Arctic ice, and popular prejudice retired him to the list of inefficient officers. Had its verdict held, no great general, no illustrious military leader, no loved hero for the South, would be personified in Robert E. Lee.

But the hand which guided the helm of the Confederacy knew the man and the fickle public could not deter or restrain its judgment. Therein was the manhood and statesmanship of Jefferson Davis. He deserves a monument from the South by every consideration of patriotism and justice.

Say what you may of President Davis, we owe to him the rescue of our beloved Lee from the merciless oblivion of unjust and cruel public opinion. Mr. Davis leaves us a great lesson of charity, to restrain our prejudices and govern our judgment. The hero and the man were there, although the shadows of pitiless night concealed the majestic form.

After General Joseph E. Johnson was incapacitated by wounds at Seven Pines, Jefferson Davis made Robert E. Lee commander of the army in spite of misfortune. There began a career so brilliant as to entitle him to be classed with the greatest generals on the lists of renown.

He took but one week to defeat McClellan's great army, relieve the siege of Richmond, and reinstall himself as the best loved hero in all the South. Then followed in the course of time the great battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Get-

tysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, in which his matchless leadership thrilled the world.

But perhaps the true greatness of the man was more vividly displayed after his surrender at Appomattox, when he said: "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to their duty in life."

Lord Wolseley said: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed."

Modesty, gentleness, simplicity, benevolence and Christian humility, added to Robert E. Lee's military genius, made him the man whom the South prizes as its individuality, and national exemplar.

Notwithstanding international edict and national law, to all of which I yield perfect obedience, there is and will be a national South in the hearts of her true people; and may God let it live, because it symbolizes chivalry, truth, honor, pride, patience, and self-abnegation, as the life of Robert E. Lee exemplified; not only by our estimation, but by that of the London *Standard:* "A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the fatherlands of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than General Robert E. Lee."

And the honor of his birthday by the Daughters of the Confederacy must stimulate the virtues of the

people, enkindle the patriotism of the men, and make these noble women sponsors of Christian knighthood in our Southland.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HENRY WATTERSON

Editor of the Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal

[Extract from his oration on Lincoln, first delivered before the Lincoln Union at Chicago, February 12, 1895.]

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, de-

feating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training: it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by man-

kind with a deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions—of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the workaday uses of the world—the rearing of children, the earning of bread, the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him; and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, and the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of

dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the Capitol of the nation to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning.

LINCOLN AND THE SOUTH

NEWTON C. BLANCHARD

Governor of Louisiana

[Condensed from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Sangamon Club, Springfield, Ill., February 12, 1907.]

Let us here to-night take fresh hold on the fact that the war closed more than forty years ago. As we look back over the four decades of renewed national life which have elapsed since that critical time, we come to realize in the fullest, and point the world to the fact, that our system of government, tried in the crucible of civil war and reconstruction, did indeed emerge therefrom stronger than ever—not merely in the legal bonds guaranteeing a Union of inseparable States, but stronger than ever in the mutual understanding, good-will, and friendly feeling characterizing the people of the several sections, the one towards the other.

I come from that section whose economic and social order was overturned by that war, and whose material prosperity was wrecked by it. I came, nevertheless, to take part with you, here in the Capital City of his State, where he lived and where lie his sacred remains, in the anniversary celebration of the birth of the great leader on your side in that war. I came to mingle with your own my tribute of admira-

tion of him, and to voice what I conceive to be the South's present estimate of Abraham Lincoln, his life, character, and achievements.

That estimate is so high that we of the South join with you of the North in placing him with Washington—at the forefront of the illustrious men whose lives and careers adorn the pages of American history. And right here, sir, my congratulations are due and are heartily tendered to this Illinois audience that their great State enjoys the proud privilege of having given to the nation, to humanity, to the world, such a man—one of those rare spirits which have a few times only appeared in human history. In his case, as in that of other such men, the discovery came slowly, but it came. He was dead before the North, or the world, understood either it or him. Such is the irony of fate. Columbus himself died without knowing he had discovered a continent.

The prejudice and bitterness engendered on both sides by the war have happily given way altogether; disappointment and gloom on our part and undue elation and exultant triumph on yours have been mellowed and modified by the softening touch of time; jealousy, aspersion, disparagement, calumny, have everywhere disappeared, and North and South alike revere the name of Abraham Lincoln. The memory of his great and loving heart, of his forbearance, of his gentleness, his patience, his firm faith, of his freedom from passion, from envy, hatred, and malice, in the trying time of his exercise of great power, is the priceless heritage of a united land.

But this is not all. The great work he wrought, and for which he laid down his life, has come to be accepted by mankind everywhere as of supreme beneficence and importance in the world's progress and history, and in this judgment the South concurs. In all the earth it is recognized that through Lincoln's

efforts and struggles the world was helped onward, and humanity moved to a higher level and into a brighter day. We of the South give assent to this.

It is of our faith that "Eternal Wisdom marshals the procession of the nations," and that the God of the Universe intended the restored Union of American States to take, in this age and cycle of the world, the head of the procession. To this end the great American Republic was, in the providence of God, put through the trying ordeal of civil war, of battle, bloodshed, and sacrifice, to come forth invigorated and strengthened for the great task.

And so it is that the South has come to rejoice, along with the North, that the result of the war was the full restoration of the Union and not its dismemberment.

A distinguished Frenchman, meditating amidst the graves of the soldiers of both sides at Arlington National Cemetery, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." And here, to-night, I add, and I know you will sanction it, that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Let us, alike people of the North and people of the South, prove additionally our claim to greatness by the greatness of our reconciliation. Then, indeed, will we be fulfilling the prophetic words of Lincoln, given utterance to in his first inaugural address: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Oh! my countrymen, if occasion for this then, how much more so now? More battlefields, more patriot graves now, North and South, to inspire this love and this feeling; more loving hearts and hearthstones

now to touch, to carry the message to, for "the better angels of our nature" to visit. They are here to-night—those angels. They are in this hall, this banquet room, and all over this reunited land, and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln inspires their work of love.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

JOHN V. L. FINDLAY

Fomerly a Congressman from Maryland

[Extract from an address on "Maryland Day," at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, September 12, 1893.]

Washington Irving, in one of the most delightful sketches ever drawn by his charming pen, has given us an account of a visit he once paid to Stratford-on-Avon, and remarks that he thought it was something to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

I have done better. I have seen the living Lincoln in the flesh more than once. I have felt the firm grip of that big bony hand that signed the Emancipation Proclamation, knocked off the shackles of three millions of slaves, and in an inspired strain, as sublime as anything that ever fell from the lips of Isaiah, penned the second inaugural. I have looked at close range into those mysterious eyes of his, the saddest I ever saw in the human head, and tried in vain to explore their hidden depths behind which lay a whole world of sorrow lost in the shadows of a still more tragical world to come.

I sat under him at Gettysburg amid the new graves that, as yet ungrassed, in bare red clay furrowed the bosom of the battlefield. I was near enough almost to be within the swing of his mighty arm on that raw November day, when all unknown to himself,

he was pronouncing a world's oration, not five minutes long, that will be read and spoken when Demosthenes and Cicero, Burke and Sheridan, Webster and Clay, may be forgotten. I can see the memorable pageant as plainly as if it were passing before me now, a vast concourse of citizens and soldiers pressing up to a plain plank platform, relieved here and there by bits of color where the flag had been twined; the grim hills bare of foliage from which the artillery duel was fought, with the death's valley between strewn with the wreck of Pickett's gallant column, and this tall, high-cheek-boned, sad-eyed man, the crowning and central figure of it all.

By the kindness of General Simon Cameron I was fortunate enough to get a seat on the platform, and could hear and see distinctly everything that went on. It is almost a forgotten circumstance, but it is a fact, that the first rhetorician of the day, Edward Everett, made the set speech of the occasion, and which when published filled almost a broadside of the city newspapers. He had memorized it with such care from the beginning to the end that he never once referred to his manuscript for assistance, although he was occupied more than an hour in its delivery. It fell flat, however, and was soon forgotten, and has never been referred to since except in an historical way as one of the features of the dedication of the cemetery. And yet Mr. Everett had been president of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, Senator and Representative from the same State in Congress, Minister to the Court of St. James', and Secretary of State of the United States, and was without question, as I have said, the most brilliant rhetorician of the age, there being passages in some of his public addresses, notably the address at the founding of Washington University at St. Louis, and in the splendid description he has left of the encounter between Webster and

Hayne, and in his magnificent eulogy on Washington, which, as mere word pictures, are not surpassed by anything of the kind in the English language. But rhetoric was out of place at Gettysburg. Nobody but an orator, and a great orator at that, could get the right pitch for such an occasion. A rhetorician thinks of himself and the impression that he is making, whereas an orator is only concerned to interpret the true meaning of an occasion which all feel, but he alone can express. Oratory is not grace. No one could have been more stiff and constrained, not to say awkward, than Mr. Lincoln. It was not a musical voice. His voice was as harsh and strident as the November blast. It is least of all the garnishment of fine words. Behold, then, this spare man, six feet four in height, wearing a long overcoat that almost reached to his heels, and made him appear taller still, topped with a high silk hat, which helped to elevate him still further. See him rise in his place and calmly survey the audience for a moment or two, and then listen to what comes. I remember no manuscript. I can see and hear him now, and recall the very accents of his voice, as he uttered his opening sentence: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal." As he uttered the words "all men" he made us feel that he was scooping in all the generations of men, not only the living standing before him and the glorious dead who had fallen as martyrs to the cause of freedom on that bloody July field still resonant with the triumphant echoes of the nation's second natal day, but all the oppressed among the sons of men of every clime and every age.

Mr. Lincoln was not only an orator: he was a logician, and seldom, if ever, has a logician evolved a proposition in terms of eloquence, such as followed.

"We are engaged in a great civil war," he said, "testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are standing on a great battlefield of that war, and we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is fitting that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, [ah! great heart! There you were mistaken!] but it can never forget what they did here."

And then with inconceivable solemnity and earnestness he summed it all up by saying:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Applause follows lightly on the sudden awakening of the emotions that lie near the surface of the human heart, as the shallows of a summer lake ripple in the responsive whispers the wooing of every passing breeze; but there are profounder depths, like the abysmal recesses of the sea, beyond the reach of the tidal flow or the imperial sweep of the tempest's wing, where the soul holds close communion with itself, and is still. Such were the depths stirred by Mr. Lincoln. No applause followed; not a voice was raised; not a hand was clapped. We would as soon have thought of cheering the Sermon on the Mount, or the Lord's Prayer itself.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE TO HUMAN ADVANCEMENT

MORRIS SHEPPARD

Congressman from Texas

[The concluding part of an address delivered before the Young Men's and Women's Culture Society of Temple Rodeph Sholom, New York City, April 25, 1906.]

Never have the versatility and value of the Hebraic genius been more brilliantly demonstrated than in the last one hundred years. In politics we find Lasalle breathing the German social democracy into existence and rivaling Bismarck. We find Lasker, the author-statesman, inaugurating the German Liberal party and leading it in the Reichstag. We find Bamberger, the enconomist-historian, assisting in the formation of modern Germany. We find Mannheimer, president of the Austrian Diet, and Trier, the speaker of the Danish House of Commons. In Turkey we find Pasha, a Vice-Admiral of the Imperial Navy, and his brother the First Dragoman of the Imperial palace. In Italy we find Maurogonato among the foremost senators and lawyers; Luzzati, a conspicuous member of various cabinets; Wollemborg, Victor Emmanuel's first Minister of Finance; Artom, an illustrious diplomat, the friend and counselor of Cavour. In France we find Benavrides one of the highest magistrates; Cremieux, a famous minister and legislator; Fould, four times a Minister of Finance under Louis Napoleon; Gambetta, a defender of human rights; See, a champion of woman's education. In England we find Disraeli rising from the humblest surroundings to become for twenty-five years one of the most powerful figures in the world, and Lord Herschel twice Lord High Chancellor

under Gladstone. In the United States we find Judah P. Benjamin declining a Supreme Justiceship on account of his immense private practice, representing Louisiana with rare ability in the Federal Senate, serving in the cabinet of the Confederacy, and after the failure of the Southern cause reaching England with shattered fortune at the age of fifty-one to become a leader of the English bar and to write a work on the law of sales that ranks as permanent authority. Benjamin once appeared against Webster in the United States Supreme Court. Webster occupied three hours. Then came Benjamin, physically small and insignificant, who spoke in a thin, low voice for twenty minutes, when the Chief Justice whispered to one of his colleagues: "Great heavens, that little man has stated Webster out of court in twenty minutes!" We find Isador Rayner, a worthy successor of Benjamin, in the present United States Senate. In the national House of Representatives we find our own incomparable Mr. Goldfogle, Meyer, Littauer, and Kahn. We find Franklin Moses Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and Newburger, Cohen, Leventritt, Greenbaum, Steckler, and others on the bench in New York.

In other avenues we find the modern Jew preeminent. In poetry we may point to Drachmann, whom competent critics have ranked with Tennyson and Byron; in fiction to Auerbach, to Bernstein, and to Zangwill; in dramatic literature to Klein, Millaud, Halévy, Schlesinger, Von Weilen, Rosenfeld, Belasco, and Martha Morton; in dramatic art to Sonnenthal,—the idol of Vienna,—to Barnay, Braham, Rachel, and to Bernhardt, the "queen of attitude"; in song to Lucca, Calve, Lehman, Melba, Patti, Sembrich and Marcella; in music to Mendelssohn—grandson of the great philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Strauss, the Damrosches, Ruben-

stein, and Hoffman; in painting to Israels, Solomon J. Solomon, Ulmann, Meyerheim, Lazarus, and Ben Austrian; in sculpture to Ezekiel and Antokalski; in writers of history to Edersheim, Herzberg, Rowanin, and Geiger; in political economy to Ricardo, Marx, Lasalle, and de Bloch; in criminology to Lombroso and Max Nordau; in mathematics to Sylvester, who with Cayler founded modern higher algebra; in exploration to Emin Pasha; in astronomy to the Herschels, to Goldschmidt, who discovered fourteen asteroids and thousands of new stars, and to Beer, who has been called the first cartographist of the moon; in medicine to Koller, discoverer of cocaine, to Virchow and Koch, the renowned specialists in tuberculosis; in botany to Cohn and Pringsheim, who are among the first botanists of Germany; in finance to the Rothchilds, who perfected modern finance and popularized national loans; to Poliakoff and Pereres, the great Russian and French railway owners; in journalism to Pulitzer, to Rosewater, and Ochs; in diplomacy to Oscar Straus and Solomon Hirsch; in charity to Montefiore, to Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, Schiff, Nathan Straus, and Mrs. Esther Hermann.

It may be seen from this all too brief enumeration how few of these great names are connected with finance. The Jewish people retain in all its original vigor the spirituality of old Israel. They are still devoted to the things of the spirit, and scholarship, philosophy, art, in fact all intellectual studies, are still their favorite and fundamental form of energy. Let it be said to civilization's shame that of the eleven million Jews in the world more than half this number are still subjected in Russia and Roumania to the infamous restrictions and oppressions of the Dark Ages.

In this brief and necessarily incomplete discussion

I have tried to outline the principal contributions of the Jewish people to human advancement. A complete description of their achievements would involve a review of the history of almost every important nation both of the present and the past, and of the world itself. They have been patriots in the countries of their exile and adoption and cosmopolitans in almost every age. In the great transition periods, the movements for human elevation, they have played fundamental parts. They have been the messengers of an idealism from which have flowered purity in religion, loftiness in morals, equality in society, and majesty in law. In philosophy, science, literature, finance, in general culture, in domestic virtue, in patriotism and philanthropy, they have been world-pioneers, world-counselors. In the preservation of their identity, vitality, and refinement through centuries of cruelty and oppression they have established an example which will give new strength and hope to inhumanity's victims everywhere. Recalling their marvelous record, a record fairly glittering with blessings for mankind, it seems unthinkable that death and torture and exclusion should have been their fortune through so many ages, and that to-day they suffer the most ferocious and inexorable discriminations in eastern Europe. This last condition is the foulest stain on our civilization, the darkest indictment of our time. If Protestants were wronged in eastern Europe as are the Jews—and I, a Protestant, make the assertion—protests would be thundered from the leading powers and peoples of the earth, protests which unheeded would be re-enforced with battleships.

How proud the heritage of the Jewish young men and women! How inspiring the task which confronts them! With what purity and culture must they fill their souls and lives in order to keep unfurled

and spotless the banners of the spirit! With what courage must they defend the principles of equality and justice; with what devotion must they take up the cause of their bleeding brethren of the Russian and Roumanian captivities! May they continue to promote with every energy the welfare of the respective nations of their allegiance, to spread the teachings and ideals of intellectual and political freedom, of fraternity among republics and empires as well as men, and thus bring nearer to humanity the realization of Isaiah's dream of universal peace.

THE SCATTERED NATION

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

Some time United States Senator from North Carolina

[Extract from a lecture delivered in 1882, and thereafter in various places, and called his greatest platform discourse.]

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of a vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such is the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

This curious phenomenon in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow, and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its fountain is in the gray dawn of the world's history, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadows of eternity. It, too, refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race.

The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world, past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form of pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven. If, as De Quincey says, the Roman emperors, as the great accountants for the happiness of more men, and men more cultivated than ever before, were entrusted to the motions of a single will, had a special, singular, and mysterious relation to the secret councils of heaven—thrice truly may it be said of the Jew. Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher to these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty,

and the envoy of the divine mandates to the conscience of men. He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and sacred relation to all other peoples of this world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth, their strange customs, their distinct features, personal peculiarities, and their scattered unity make them still a wonder and an astonishment.

Though dead as a nation,—as we speak of nations,—yet they live. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, when he sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the heavens with the remnants of his glory. As the destruction of matter in one form is made necessary to its resurrection in another, so it would seem that the perishing of the Jewish nationality was essential in order to ensure the universal acceptance and the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. Never before was there an instance of such a general rejection of the person and character, and acceptance of the doctrines and dogmas, of a people.

We admire with unlimited admiration the Greek and Roman, but reject with contempt their crude and beastly divinities. We affect to despise the Jew, but accept and adore the pure conception of a God which he taught us, and whose real existence the history of the Jew more than all else establishes. When the court chaplain of Frederick the Great was asked by that bluff monarch for a brief and concise summary of the argument in support of the truths of the Scripture, he instantly replied, with a force to which nothing could be added, "The Jews, your Majesty, the Jews."

I think it may be truthfully said that there is more of average wealth, intelligence, and morality among the Jewish people than there is among any other nation of equal numbers in the world! If this be true—if it be half true—when we consider the circumstances under which it has all been brought about, it constitutes in the eyes of thinking men the most remarkable moral phenomenon ever exhibited by any portion of the human family. For not only has the world given the Jew no help, but all that he has ever received, and that but rarely, was to be left alone. To escape the sword, the rack, the fire, and utter spoiling of his goods, has indeed for centuries been to him a blessed heritage, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The physical persecution of the Jews has measurably ceased among all nations of the highest civilization. There is no longer any proscription left upon their political rights in any land where the English tongue is spoken. I am proud of the fact. But there remains among us an unreasonable prejudice, of which I am heartily ashamed. Our toleration will not be complete until we put it away also, as well as the old implements of physical torture.

I agree with Lord Macaulay that the Jew is what we have made him. If he is a bad job, in all honesty we should contemplate him as the handiwork of our own civilization. If there be indeed guile upon his lips or servility in his manner, we should remember that such are the legitimate fruits of oppression and wrong, and that they have been, since the pride of Judah was broken and his strength scattered, his only means of turning aside the uplifted sword and the poised javelin of him who sought to plunder and slay. Indeed, so long has he schemed and shifted to avoid injustice and cruelty, that we can

perceive in him all the restless watchfulness which characterizes the hunted animal.

To this day the cast of the Jew's features in repose is habitually grave and sad, as though the very plowshare of sorrow had marked its furrows across their faces forever.

> "And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
> And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet,
> And Judah's melody once more rejoice
> The heart that leaped before its heavenly voice?
> Tribes of the wandering foot and weary heart,
> How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
> The wild dove hath her nest—the fox his cave—
> Mankind their country—Israel but the grave."

The hardness of Christian prejudice having dissolved, so will that of the Jew. The hammer of persecution having ceased to beat upon the iron mass of their stubbornness, it will cease to consolidate and harden, and the main strength of their exclusion and preservation will have been lost. They will perhaps learn that one sentence of our Lord's Prayer which it is said is not to be found in the Talmud, and which is the keynote of the difference between Jew and Gentile: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us." If so, they will become as other men, and, taking their harps down from the willows, will no longer refuse to sing the songs of Zion because they are captives in a strange land.

I believe that there is a morning to open yet for the Jews, in Heaven's good time, and if that opening shall be in any way commensurate with the darkness of the night through which they have passed, it will be the brightest that ever dawned upon a faithful people. May the real spirit of Christ yet be so triumphantly infused amongst those who profess to obey his teachings, that with one voice and one hand they will stay the persecutions and hush the sorrows

of these their wondrous kinsmen, put them forward into the places of honor and the homes of love, so that all the lands in which they dwell shall be not home to them alone, but to all the children of men who, through much tribulation and with heroic manhood, have waited for this dawning with a faith whose constant cry through all the dreary watches of the night has been: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR VANCE

CHARLES W. TILLETT

Of the Charlotte (N. C.) Bar

[A funeral oration delivered at a memorial service held in Charlotte, N. C., the home of Senator Vance, shortly after his death in 1894. Senator Vance was perhaps the best beloved and most highly honored citizen that North Carolina has ever produced. As Governor of the State he was a tower of strength in breaking the power of the Reconstruction hordes of the North. He was also one of the most famous wits that the country ever produced. He lived close to the people, and was familiarly known as "Zeb Vance."]

"Zeb Vance is dead!" Few and short are the cruel words which men with lips compressed and cheeks all blanched have whispered one to other; and yet they bear the message of the greatest grief which ever yet has filled the Old North State.

Zeb Vance is dead! Ring out the funeral bells and let their mournful tones re-echo in the empty chambers of the hearts once filled with gladsome sounds of his loved voice.

Zeb Vance is dead! And Mirth herself hath put on mourning; and Laughter, child of his most genial brain, hath hid her face in tears.

Zeb Vance is dead! The fires of party strife are

quenched; and throbbing hearts and tear-beclouded eyes tell more than words of grandest eloquence the anguish of the people's minds and how they loved him.

Zeb Vance is dead! The Scattered Nation gathers round his tomb and weeps. No High Priest, clad in Heaven-appointed robes, e'er plead the cause of Israel's race more valiantly than he.

Zeb Vance is dead! Soldier, statesman, patriot, friend. In war and peace the one of all her sons to whom his mother State looked most for succor and relief; and can it be that in the days to come, when dreaded dangers threaten all around, we never more can call for him before whose matchless powers in days gone by our enemies have quailed and fled?

Zeb Vance is dead! His was a name to conjure with; and ofttimes in the past, when this loved Commonwealth of ours was stirred to inmost depths, and men knew not which way to go nor what to say, the cry was sounded forth, "Our Vance is coming!" and from the mountain fastness of the west and from the everglades of eastern plains, the people came who never would come forth to hear another living man, and gathering round in countless multitudes, they hung upon his every word with eager, listening ear, and all he told them they believed because "our Vance" had said it.

Zeb Vance is dead! And whence shall come the man to tell the world the soul-inspiring story of his hero life? How, coming forth from humble home, he baffled and o'ercame the fates that would have crushed beneath their feet a man of meaner mold; how serving faithfully and well in every trust committed unto him, he soon won first place in the hearts of all his countrymen and held that place for threescore years unto the end; how, when his native land was plunged in throes of civil strife, he went forth

in the front rank to defend and save, and fought with valor all her foes; how called to rule as chief executive in times that tried men's souls, he ruled so wisely and so well; how when the war was over and the cause was lost—when down upon his bleeding prostrate country came the horde of vampires from the North to suck the last remaining drop of life blood from his people, he rose with power almost divine and drove them back; and then with gentle hand he caused the wounds to heal and his loved land to prosper once again as in the days gone by; and how at last, when after years of faithful, honest toil, upon his noble form was laid the icy hand of Death, he bowed his head in meek submission to His will and yielded up to God his manly soul! Who can be found to sing the praise of such an one, and who can speak the anguish of the people's hearts at his untimely death?

Zeb Vance is dead! He was the friend and tribune of the people. For though he rose to place where he held converse with the great and mighty of the earth, his sympathetic heart was open wide to all mankind, and his strong arm was first stretched forth to raise the lowliest of the sons of men that cried to him for help; and in the Nation's Senate halls his voice was ever lifted up to plead the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed against the favored classes and the money kings.

Zeb Vance is dead! And when he died, a poor man died; for though he stood where oft there was within his grasp the gains of millions if he would but swerve from right to reach it, he cast it all aside with scorn, and dying, left his sons, and all the people of his land, the priceless gift of an untarnished name.

Zeb Vance is dead! And yet he lives; the influence of his noble words and honest life can never die; and in the years to come men gathering round

their firesides at the evening hour shall tell their sons of him and how he scorned a lie and scorned dishonest gains.

Zeb Vance is dead! But he shall live forevermore! Oh, blessed truth, which Mary's Son, the God-man, taught when standing near the tomb with His all-conquering foot upon the "skull of death," called Lazarus forth to life again and told a listening world the thrilling truth that whosoever lived and in His name believed, should never die.

Zeb Vance is dead! If it be truth that men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, oh, grander truth, that a nation, too, may rise on stepping-stones of her dead hero sons unto a higher life. And God vouchsafe that our own State, while weeping o'er the grave of him, her best-loved, most honored son, may by its very grief be lifted into a grander, nobler life.

THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

JOHN M. ALLEN

Some time a Congressman from Mississippi; popularly known as "Private John Allen"

[Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Chicago Real Estate Board, January 17, 1902.]

I do not know exactly about the propriety of the subject that was assigned to me. Tupelo is not in the Mississippi Valley. You know there should always be some regard to the proprieties of the toast assigned, and I am better prepared to speak on the region outside of the Mississippi Valley than that in it. I noticed a gentleman complaining some time ago about being asked to speak to a toast—a gentleman with one eye and one arm asked to speak to the toast of "Our Absent Members."

The Mississippi Valley gives a man a broad subject. It reminds me a good deal of a man I heard deliver an address down in my country one night. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as I came to your beautiful city this evening some of your citizens very kindly invited me to deliver an address to-night, and as I came down to the hall I thought upon what subject I should address you, and it just occurred to me to speak on 'The Past, the Present, and the Future.'" The Mississippi Valley is almost as extensive as his subject. It is a subject like what the negro said about preaching. Somebody asked him if he was a preacher, and he said, "No, I am just an exhorter." "What's the difference between preaching and exhorting?" he was asked. He said, "There's a great deal. In preaching you must take a text and stick to it, but in exhorting you can branch." Now when you come to the Mississippi Valley you can branch.

No stream in the world ever drained such a magnificent empire as the Mississippi River drains. You know that in the Mississippi Valley is a section of country that embraces eight of our great States, two of our great Territories, and a good deal of twenty other States that are really the heart of this great country of ours. It is capable of producing, when fully developed, food to feed the world, cotton and wool to clothe the world, lumber to house the world, coal to warm the world, and gold and silver to carry on the commerce of the world. No person who has ever thought about it can contemplate the great resources of the Mississippi Valley. It has in it all sorts of climate that a real, thorough, genuine citizen would want to live in. You can get it just as cold or just as hot as you want it. The Valley has in it all sorts of people—all sorts of good people. I know more about the people in the lower Mississippi Valley than I do those in the higher up country. I was

engaged some years ago in a little enterprise that undertook to split up the Valley, you know. I finally succumbed to arguments used by some of the gentlemen higher up the Valley. Down in the lower part of it, in what we know down South as the Mississippi bottoms, the Delta, there is, in my judgment, to-day the richest land—you know it is the cream of all this great valley that has been drained by the Mississippi River for thousands of years, taking a little off here and a little off there, and depositing it down in what is known as the Mississippi Delta. We used to think, you know, that there was a great deal of waste land in the Delta, but it is being gradually brought into cultivation, and there, in a few years, will be a comparatively small section of country that has the richness, the fertility, the capacity for producing almost anything man wants, that will almost feed and clothe the world. You know you used just to make cotton goods out of cotton. Now you make silk and wool and linen and everything—all out of cotton. That is the place where it grows in perfection.

I don't know exactly what the Mississippi Valley has got to do with the real estate business in Chicago, but I suppose you all want to know something about it, and I want to tell you, gentlemen,—I have been pretty much all over it,—the whole face of the earth in the Mississippi Valley is covered with real estate. You know a great deal of this territory was acquired in the Louisiana Purchase by Thomas Jefferson, which is said to have been one of the greatest real estate deals that ever took place, and proved to be a most profitable transaction. I have never struck a real estate man who had a corner lot to sell from that time since but who has tried to convince me that there was the same sort of bargain in what he had to sell that Thomas Jefferson got in his trade with Na-

poleon. But it can be truthfully said that braver men never rode finer horses over richer land to see fairer women than those that live and have lived in the Mississippi Valley.

THE MYSTERIES AND GLORIES OF DULUTH AND THE ST. CROIX

J. PROCTOR KNOTT

Congressman from Kentucky, 1866-1880; *Governor of Kentucky,* 1883-1887

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives January 27, 1871, on the "St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill." At the time of the delivery of this speech the country was fairly entering the period of astonishing development following the Civil War. It was also a time of wild speculation. "Lands inhabited only by wild animals and Indians were covered all over—on maps and prospectuses—with a network of railroad and telegraph lines." Mr. Knott's speech on Duluth, made at the height of this speculative fever, so appealed to the sense of the ridiculous that it was quoted and laughed over as no speech made in Congress ever had been before.]

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita,* somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the River St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Govern-

ment,—and perhaps not then. I had an abiding presentiment that some day the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, and "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they take to studying the Declaration of Independence and hatching out the damnable heresy of Secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"? But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege, the gaunt specter of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen—

and we without any railroad communication whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced, I knew was immaterial. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. And, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint

exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?"

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." But however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly 3,990 miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even 4,000.

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I find here indicated, in the immediate vicinity of the Piegan Indians, "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands." This fortunate combination satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world. Note that the buffaloes are directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and that right on the road to Duluth are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see that it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of

dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards of Duluth!

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay.

Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill. Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have not the remotest interest in this road; and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY TO THE HIGHER LAW

CLARENCE N. OUSLEY

Editor of the Fort Worth (Tex.) Record

[Extract from an address delivered before the literary societies of the University of Texas, June 18, 1900.]

There comes a period in the development of every mind when it doubts the impalpable. But there comes another period in the progress of the learned mind when it recognizes its limitations, when it stands upon the frontier of thought and looks across an undiscovered plain where no footstep marks the thither way and faith is the only compass that points a path. Then man must acknowledge himself an outcast in the wilderness of accident or a child of the Infinite who will in time gather his own.

Probably some of you have reached the period of doubt. It usually comes about the knowing age of twenty. But I charge you not to fling away faith because you know so much now. By experience I predict you will know less twenty years hence, and it will be time enough then to determine whether belief in the spiritual is incompatible with knowledge of the material; and the nearer you get to the journey's end the more comforting will be the thought that a pillar of cloud will lead the way through the wilderness and a pillar of fire will light the darkness of the nether night.

Whatever our faith or our creed, we must all own the allegiance of the created to the Creator. We must recognize our responsibility to the higher law. We understand the law though we may not comprehend the law-giver, and we cannot transgress the law without becoming criminals.

Even if we could dismiss the decalogue as the com-

mandments of an antiquated God and the injunctions of the Nazarene as the mockery of a false prophet, there would remain to every man the law of conscience, which is common to the savage and the civilized, and which we cannot offend without becoming outlaws.

Therefore, whether we are Deists or Christians or Agnostics, we are subject to the higher law, and if we do not obey it we are law breakers. This is as simple and logical as the consequence of the infraction of State law, and the individual who violates the higher law deserves punishment and execration precisely as the individual who violates the State law deserves the penitentiary and social ostracism. But it is one of the flagrant inconsistencies of the social code that we turn our backs upon the petty criminal and strike hands with the social outlaw. Pure women who would flee from a thief as from contagion will take to their hearts men who know not conscience or virtue; and men who would not walk down the street with a prisoner of the police court will make boon companions of those who abuse the license of commerce or the weakness of the statutes and rob their fellows of millions.

More than we need laws to regulate commerce we need action to educate conscience; more than we need reform crusades we need uncompromising standards of right living on guard at the doors of our homes; and more than we need anything in legislation or social economy we need a universal sense of responsibility to the higher law and the God who framed it.

Youth often gets into its head the vicious notion that it is a brave thing to be wicked. Nothing is more false. To be wicked is simply to follow the impulse of the brute. To be righteous is to subdue the animal, and it requires more courage to overcome a single temptation than to lead a life of illicit ad-

venture. The real cowards are the profligates and the rakes who drift lazily down the tide of passion without daring to grasp the helm or set a sail. There is nothing admirable or inspiring about wickedness. For all there are a few hypocrites who excite the world's contempt and a few good-for-nothing saints, in the main the great men of state, the strong men of business, and the wise men of learning are moral, pious, Godly and God-fearing, while the immoral and the Godless are without position or influence.

This is a Christian land, and we owe respect, if not loyalty, to Christian institutions. They are the safeguards of society. Without them to-day the moral universe would be chaos. We may reject dogma and revile creed; we may ridicule the emotionalism of religion and smile at the threatenings of theology; but we cannot deny the truth of Christian living, we cannot forget the achievements of Christian endeavor, we cannot afford to lose the saving grace of Christian influence.

Christianity is the most intelligent expression of the higher law that has yet been given to the world. It is the most reasonable faith that the religious instinct of the universal man has found to satisfy its spiritual aspiration. It is the latest if not the last formula of the eternal verities. Its teachings are above the philosophic wisdom of all the ages. Its phenomena have given man a conception if not a glimpse of the Almighty Father. Its hopes foretell the spiritual destiny if not the physical translation of the human race. If it is not true altogether, it is so sublime a fiction that it is nothing less than inspiration.

To this supreme and splendid principle of noble and ennobling life we owe personal and mutual responsibility. To the higher law which it expresses

we are pledged in the bond of good conscience and in the discretion of the common weal.

I charge you, as you respect yourselves, take heed of your responsibility to your birth and station; as you love your country, look well to your fellowman; as yet you rank the race higher than the brute; remember the God who made you in his image and gave you the uplift of immortal hope.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY

W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE

For some time a Congressman from Kentucky

[Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Iriquois Club, Chicago, April 13, 1883.]

Thomas Jefferson was in its loftiest sense a Democrat; he loved, he trusted, the people; he loved his race; he was indeed a man, and there was nothing human that was foreign to him. He deified man as man, and despised and feared all that could create classes or ranks. Man as man was free and capable of self-government, was the postulate of all his thinking. This was the starting-point of all his meditations. All men ought to be free, all men shall be free, all men will be free, was the conviction, the resolve, the hope of his life. His part was to assist in making America free. This was duplex—one part was to secure such a government as would protect and maintain freedom; the other was to establish a policy that would in the end embrace the continent. With such a government expansion was possible; neither the number nor the size of the States, nor the extent of population or territory, need cause alarm or change. If men are free—if governments are founded on the consent of the governed; if local

governments are sovereign and federal governments can be limited by written compacts or constitutions, then the possibility and modification of mere forms become infinite. If the object of all governments is to protect these inalienable rights, and freemen can secure that protection by a union of states under one compact, then there is no permanent failure of free government possible except on the single hypothesis that man is incapable of self-government.

Jefferson rejected this hypothesis for himself, his race, and his country, and accepted with a loving, trusting faith in mankind the verity of his hopes. But there must be room for the development of such principles, and he held the continent to be ours. This was the cherished hope of many of that day. Neither mountain nor river, nor savage, nor Frenchman, nor Spaniard, nor wilderness was permitted to obstruct this glorious view of a homogeneous and ocean-bound republic of freemen. They were pioneers of a new and magnificent world. The ancient kingdoms were to be surpassed by this new people for whom God had preserved this virgin and enchanting continent. The frozen North and the tropic South were to prosper under one flag—the flag of the free. This new empire was to dictate law to the world, restore peace to the earth, give liberty to the oppressed. Here were ample homes to be found for the poor, and plenty for the starving. The new era of a nobler brotherhood, the sunlit dawn of a new day, had begun, and mankind was to find ampler room and fresher fields for higher development. To Jefferson these dreams were actualities, and with a minuteness of details and a practical statesmanship that were equal to the prophetic conception, he secured freedom by the abolishment of a state religion; he destroyed an aristocracy based on wealth by abolishing the law of entails and primo-

geniture; he made naturalization easy; he dedicated the Northwest to a common country and to become free States; he ordered George Rogers Clark to seize the bank of the Mississippi River; he aided the pioneers of Kentucky to form a new State on the basis of universal suffrage and equal representation based on numbers, and tried with almost superhuman powers to abolish slavery. By these wonderful achievements the new republic began its career with the freedom of religion, freedom from possible aristocracy, and the certainty of the addition of new States.

Have we reached the end? Has the future no conquests for freedom? Must we live in the past, and content ourselves with recounting the triumphs of the fathers? Shall our sons have no laurels of their own winning to wear? What can limit the horizon of our hopes. What may we not expect? As we recall all the glories of the past, as we exult in the prospect of the present, why should we doubt the possibilities of the future. It has in store its own conquests—conquests by steam and commerce and inevitable fate.

We hear much of a revival of the faith of our fathers, of going back to the days of the fathers. Democrats, our fathers were progressive; they believed in the people, they trusted the people, they were the true radicals. We must raise once more the standard of the Democracy that was once full of hope, candor, and courage, for it had no secrets, it had no improper object, and it had the people at its back. I pray for the revival of that courage—a courage that shot deserters, and made no compromise of principle for expediency; for a revival of that candor that kept nothing hid because it felt that there was nothing of which it needed be ashamed. It was a simple creed our fathers held,—a Federal gov-

ernment supreme in its sphere of limited and delegated powers, State governments sovereign in their sphere; an impartial and just distribution of the public burdens, so imposed that each paid his share, and only his share, of the public tax; no imposition of taxes for any purpose other than a public and governmental object; a strict economy in the public service; a rigorous responsibility in the expenditure of the public moneys; a sound currency based on coin; careful regard for all contracts, and scrupulous performance thereof according to their tenor; implicit obedience to the law; absolute protection at home and abroad of every American citizen; the freedom of person, of speech, and of franchise, the purity of the elective franchise, and prompt obedience to the will of the people as expressed at the polls; cordial relations with all the world on the recognized condition that no foreign power should have a new foothold on this continent; warm sympathy for all people not so free as we, an earnest welcome to all who would cast their lot with us; absolute faith in the honesty, courage, and intelligence of the people, and in the growth, wisdom, and prosperity of their country.

Let this be our creed to-day, and we will achieve for our posterity what our fathers did for us. To lead we must have the confidence of the people, and must deserve that confidence. Whenever they believe that the Democratic party do believe in that creed, and will in good faith administer the government in the spirit of Jefferson and Jackson—in the spirit of economy and progress, of courage and fidelity—we will be given power. The people know their power, and our country's destiny. They will follow where men lead. Inscribe on our banners to-night equal and exact justice to every citizen and every State; a just distribution of the public burden; faithful fulfillment of every obligation; strict econ-

omy in the public service; trust in the future—one flag, one country, one destiny—and we can repeat, in the hopeful words of him whose natal day we celebrate: "We should have such an empire for liberty as she has never surveyed since this creation! and I am persuaded no constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government."

THE MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND

CLARK HOWELL

Editor of the Atlanta Constitution

[Condensed from a speech delivered before the Independent Club, Buffalo, N. Y., December 21, 1899.]

On the day I received the invitation to address this distinguished gathering, chance took me to the Federal military post in the suburbs of my city. The Twenty-ninth Regiment of United States Volunteers, then quartered there, and recently landed on the other side of the Pacific, had that day received orders for their trip of ten thousand miles. The troops were formed in full regimental parade in the presence of thousands of spectators, among whom were anxious and weeping mothers, loving sisters and sweethearts, and a vast multitude of others who had gone to look, possibly for the last time, upon departing friends.

I thought of the homes these soldier boys were leaving, the loved ones left to nurse their anxious fears, the aged mother's last caress, the father's sad farewell. And I thought of the lot these patriot lads had chosen—the tired marches beneath the blistering sun, the restless nights in rain-soaked tents that kept out naught but sleep, the ambushed shots

of savages and the bite of the pagan's lead. I saw hearts then strong with the pulse of youth stilled by the arrow's sting; eyes then bright with the light of life stare up from the sodden fields.

Leaning against a tree close beside me was a white-haired mountaineer who looked with intent eyes and with an expression of the keenest sympathy upon the movements of the men in uniform. His gaze was riveted on the regiment, and the frequent applause of the visiting multitude fell apparently unheard on his ears. The regiment had finished its evolutions; the commissioned officers had lined themselves to make their regulation march to the front for report and dismissal. The bugler had sounded the signal; the artillery had belched its adieu as the king of day withdrew beyond the hills; the halyard had been grasped, and the flag slowly fell, saluting the retiring sun. As the flag started its descent the scene was characterized by a solemnity which seemed sacred in its intensity. From the regimental band there floated upon the stillness of the autumn evening the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Instinctively and apparently unconsciously my tall neighbor by the tree removed his hat from his head and held it in his hand in reverential recognition until the flag had been furled and the last strain of the national anthem had been lost in the resonant tramp of the troops as they left the field.

What a picture that was—the man with his hat in his hand, as he stood uncovered during that impressive ceremony! I moved involuntarily toward him, and impressed with his reverential attitude, I asked him where he was from. "I am," said he, "from Pickens county;" and in casual conversation it developed that this raw mountaineer had come to Atlanta to say farewell to an only son who stood in the line before him, and upon whom his tear-be-

dimmed eyes might then be resting for the last time. The silent exhibition of patriotism and loyalty I had just witnessed had been prompted by a soul as rugged but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth, and by an inspiration kindled from the very bosom of nature itself.

How many Americans are there who stand, figuratively, with their hats in their hand, to the honor of their country and the glory of its institutions? Who does not follow with patriotic but pathetic devotion the hardships of the boys who are lined to-night in the trenches in the Philippines, fighting for your flag and for mine, enduring toil and privation, and sacrificing their lives that they may carry the light of civilization and the message of American progress and prosperity and plant them upon the battlements of darkness and discord.

After a while it will all be over. Peace will be won, and then our real work will begin. The schoolteacher will supplant the soldier, and the caravans of commerce will be substituted for the caissons of artillery; our mission will be understood, and our efforts will not be hindered. Instead of our arsenals, our manufactories will supply the tonnage that will make the broad bosom of the Pacific heave in the welcome embrace of our extended commerce.

And when this is done, when our mission shall have been fulfilled, when peace reigns and law and order are established, when the "sword shall be beat into the plowshare" and the rays of the tropical sun shall kiss the fertile fields of the Philippines, smiling in the plenitude of abundant harvests, and the homes of their people shall be merry with the music of contentment—may we not wonder, hat in hand, in humble acknowledgment of the divine Providence which "doeth all things well," if the immortal Grady was inspired when he said: "I catch the vision of the

republic—its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children—working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are opened, and the highways of the earth established, and the shadows lifted, and the jargon of nations stilled, and the perplexities of the Babel straightened—and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world, harkening to the American drum-beat and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace."

THE OLD SETTLER'S HOME

JOHN F. PHILIPS

United States District Court Judge, Western District of Missouri

[Extract from a speech delivered at the fourth reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers Association, Keokuk, Iowa, August 30, 1887.]

The sentiment of local attachment among our fathers had a deep significance. The very perils, hardships, privations, and struggles which wrought out of a dense wilderness and the untamed earth a livelihood, and constructed a State by the slow and weary process of peopling a distant territory, not only made the pioneer sturdy, bold, and self-assertive, but it begot an attachment, akin to devotion, for every cranny and nook where life was so hardly lived. It was a clinging as to one's own creation. Instinctively he loved the government that stood as a sentry at the rude door; that bent in protection over his cradle; that inspired his youth; and gave him the acquisitions of his manhood, while it sheltered his old age.

There is another characteristic of the Old Settler, which tended more than all else to make him as tender as he was brave, and his heart a flowing spring of generosity, simplicity, truth, honor, and virtue. It was his love of home.

The home is where men are bred, states are upbuilded, and nations glorified. Around it cluster the joys and gladness of childhood. There is the well-remembered old log house, with "the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well," where we were born. We can yet see the narrow window where the moonbeams stole in and played on our locks while we slept the sweet sleep of youth. There are the meadows with "dew on the grass and stars in the dew," where we chased the many-tinted butterfly, and plucked the cowslip and the daisies.

There is where the old-fashioned mother, who knew no book better than the old-fashioned Bible,—King James's translation,—and no better counselor than her honest, pious preacher, tenderly held our little hands between hers and taught us our first prayer and sowed the seeds of the reverence for religion which the razure of time and the vitriol of modern philosophy have never effaced. We yet recall the face, that scarce lost its color when she heard the Indian's yell and the panther's scream, which beamed as a benison and benediction on her household. The last rose petal had already dropped from the cheeks; the luster of her maiden eyes was fading; the "brightest feather of the raven's wing" had fallen from her hair, and old Time had run many deep furrows in her once smooth face. But she was queenly.

She did not want to vote, nor make stump speeches, nor "hire a hall and howl," nor care to be a justice of the peace. But at the vestal fires of her lofty spirit embryo genius kindled; and there went out, as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, a hallowed

influence to lead the people. With an intuitive philosophy that despises not the day of small things, she knew that the rill makes the river, the minutest organic cells develop either into human beings or monsters, and that mere atoms of dust form the everlasting hills. She therefore wisely felt that she best guided and controlled the state by marking, guarding, and stimulating every discernible quality in her child that ennobles manhood and qualifies citizenship. There is nothing in all the mad, rushing innovations of the seething day in which we live so at war with the life of our fathers and mothers as the increasing clamor to take out of the home our dear women and clothe them with the habiliments and office of men. It strikes with gleaming dagger at the very heart of our social life and happiness. It shatters the vase in which are stored the richest domestic jewels. It puts out the vestal fires on the hearthstone; pulls down the swinging censer which scatters its sweet perfumes through our homes. It plows up the flower gardens, and sows them with rankest weeds. It gives us pebbles for rubies and poppies for diamonds. It gives us social Bacchantes and literary Medusas.

Instead of the splendid girl, such as I have seen on many a Missouri farm, who could milk a cow and play on the piano, ride a wild colt, and "love harder than a mule can kick," with the very freshness of the mountain on her cheeks, and scattering the valley's bounty from her hands,—"known by the lights that herald her fair presence, the peaceful virtues that attend her path, and the long blaze of glory that lingers in her train,"—our vaunted civilization would give us lawmakers for wives, lawyers and doctors for sweethearts. We have hungry-eyed maidens gazing on the "amber drooping hair" of some idiot like Oscar Wilde—longing to "die of a rose in aromatic pain" because they are intercepted in an at-

tempt to run off with the carriage driver, or to wed some sublimated dude of the "watery eye and educated whisker," whose chief aspiration is to await with impatience the taking off of "the old man," that he may squander his hard-earned estate in cigarettes, perfumes, neckties, and baseball.

The home was the Old Settler's rendezvous and sanctuary. To him it was indeed his castle. It may have been covered with coon skins, the rains may have descended through its thatched roof, or the winds howled through its cracks, yet his social pleasures were mainly around his own hearthstone. And

> "This is the life, which those who fret in guilt
> And guilty cities never know; the life
> Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
> When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man."

THE BANKER AS A CITIZEN

THOMAS S. HENDERSON

Of the Cameron (Tex.) Bar

[Extract from an address delivered before the Texas Bankers' Association, at San Antonio, Tex., May 9, 1899.]

How splendid the panorama from which, as a background, stands the proud figure of the American citizen, the lord of a continent the fairest in all the earth. In physical outlines it has no equal on the globe. Behold its grandeur! Locked in the arms of the two mightiest oceans, it presents an area in the temperate zone greater in extent and more beautiful than any other country. Salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, variety and magnitude of resources, declare it to be the ideal home of man. Blessed by the noblest government ever conceived by human wisdom, surely its people, children of a common tongue,

are destined to be the dominant and masterful race among the nations. Aptly described in the language of Jevons as "that nation which has arisen from the best stock of England, has absorbed much of the best blood of other European nations, and has inherited the richest continent in the world, must have an importance in coming times of which even Americans are barely conscious." Resources so vast, possibilities so unlimited, impose the highest responsibilities and invoke the best efforts of every American citizen.

But I hear you ask if the obligations of citizenship do not rest equally upon all, and by what authority I lay down for the banker a different rule of duty from that laid down for the ordinary citizen? Theoretically you are entitled to the answers suggested by these questions. But when we leave the abstract and proceed to a brief inquiry into the actual conditions of citizenship, we discover that while it is true that with us the people themselves are the only master and that public opinion expressed in the will of the majority is the power that governs, yet we must not forget that in its final analysis this will of the people is no more than the concurrent expression of the individual opinions of those who compose the mass. The individual himself is the sovereign factor, and hence the effort of every movement is to influence and direct a majority of the individuals who are the people. The power to do this is called leadership, and thus under this law of leadership the will of the many is not, after all, the will of the many, but is rather the will of those few who by virtue of superior capacity and power are able to secure the sanction of the majority. And those who are able to do this are called leaders. And, however much the fact may be disguised, as in politics under the form of platform demands and convention mandates, the superior power and influence of the capable few to a great extent

create, control, and direct the expression of popular opinion. The true governing force is that power which suggests, persuades, convinces, and formulates the expression of such opinion. The recognition of this principle is at the foundation of every successful effort to promote progress. We must agree, then, that this all powerful ruler, the people, is led about by men, just as the little child may lead the mighty lion by a silken thread. This "gentle captivity" is the result of the confidence and trust of the powerful many in the wisdom and sincerity of the capable few. This is what magnifies the office, duty, and responsibility of individual citizenship. And here, as I shall maintain, lies the power and opportunity of the banker. Circumstances have fitted him for leadership, and hence his higher duty as a citizen.

When I address you as citizens, I do not confine myself to you merely as bankers, but I speak to you in your broader character as representatives of wealth and education. In the race of life you have far outstripped the great mass of your fellows. It is not profitable for us to pause now to consider the causes of your success, for our present purpose is only to deal with the fact as it concerns your superior equipment as a citizen. The honorable acquisition of wealth educates and elevates the mind. It broadens a man and gives him a better comprehension of the great duties of life. Wealth and education make you more powerful as citizens than most of your fellows who possess but one or neither of these equipments. You are better able to comprehend the fact that the stage of action for the American citizen has vastly widened since the present generation came upon it. The general duties of citizenship are more difficult for us than they were for our fathers, not that I would underrate their splendid achievements, for they gave a ready and alert response to every public

question; but the unfolding destinies of this mighty government bequeathed by them to their children have placed upon us responsibilities greater and more varied than have ever been imposed upon any other people. The centuries have not enveloped our government in a castiron formula held in position by historical precedents and hoary traditions. With us the will of the people is the throne of power, and we act largely upon our own initiative; and hence the perpetuity of our institutions is wholly dependent upon the virtue, intelligence, and vigilant patriotism of the individuals composing its citizenship.

While it is true we could not wreck the good ship of state if we would, yet this in no respect releases any citizen from the complete performance of his duty. If the hand at the helm fall away in sleep the good vessel may for a time have to be entrusted to less skillful hands, and its entrance into the harbor of safety may be hindered and delayed. And thus, alas! the one sleeping helmsman may hinder the final inevitable anchorage for a whole generation, and that generation may be ours. Hence the imperative lesson of the hour is the responsibility of individual citizenship and the moral duty of every man to do his part according to his abilities. So to you, the exceptional sons of democracy, qualified for leadership among your fellows, the appeal comes as a command to instant action. The Republic has the right to demand the active presence of you men of wealth and education whenever and wherever public opinion seeks expression, and you cannot discharge your obligation as a citizen by an ordinary performance. Will you respond to this call of duty, or will you, by neglecting the opportunity, give confirmation to that widespread distrust of the patriotism of the rich?

FRANK P. BLAIR

CHAMP CLARK

Congressman from Missouri

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, February 4, 1899.]

A few incidents out of a multitude which might be cited will show the character of political warfare in Missouri in the days when Frank Blair was on the boards.

In the outskirts of Louisiana, Missouri, stand four immense sugar trees, which, if the Druidical religion were in vogue in the Mississippi Valley, would be set aside as objects of worship by the Democrats. They form the corners of a rectangle about large enough for a speaker's platform. Beneath their grateful shadow, with the Father of Waters behind him, the eternal hills in front of him, the blue sky above his head, in the presence of a great and curious concourse of people, Frank Blair made the first Democratic speech delivered in Missouri after the close of the Civil War. Excitement was intense. Armed men of all shades of opinion abounded on every hand. When Blair arose to speak he unbuckled his pistol belt and coolly laid two navy revolvers on the table. He prefaced his remarks as follows:

"Fellow citizens, I understand that I am to be killed here to-day. I have just come out of four years of that sort of business. If there is to be any of it here, it had better be attended to before the speaking begins."

That calm but pregnant exordium has perhaps no counterpart in the entire range of oratory.

> "There was silence deep as death;
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time."

He then proceeded with his speech, but had not been going more than five minutes until a man of gigantic proportions started toward him, shaking his huge fist and shouting, "He's an arrant rebel! Take him out! Take him out!" Blair stopped, looked the man in the face, crooked his finger at him, and said, "You come and take me out!" which put an end to that episode, for the man who was yelling "Take him out!" suddenly realized that Blair's index finger which was beckoning him on would soon be pressing the trigger of one of those pistols if he did go on, and he prudently declined Blair's cordial invitation.

Afterwards Blair was advertised to speak at Marshall, in Saline County. On the day of his arrival an armed mob was organized to prevent him from speaking, and an armed body of Democrats swore he should. A collision occurred, resulting in a regular pitched battle, in which several men lost their lives and others were badly injured. But Blair made his speech.

One night he was speaking in Lucas Market Place, in St. Louis, when a man in the crowd, not twenty feet from the stand, pointed a revolver directly at him. Friendly hands interposed to turn the aim skyward. "Let him shoot, if he dares," said Blair, gazing coolly at his would-be murderer; "if I am wrong, I ought to be shot, but this man is not the proper executioner." The fellow was hustled from the audience.

Amid such scenes he toured the State from the Des Moines River to the Arkansas line, and from the Mississippi to the mouth of the raging Kaw. The man who did that had a lion's heart in his breast.

Courage is not synonymous with the quality of leadership, though necessary to it. Indeed, learning, eloquence, courage, talent, and genius all together do not make a leader. But whatever the quality is,

people recognize it instinctively and inevitably follow the man who possesses it. Frank Blair was a natural leader. During his career there were finer scholars in Missouri than he, though he was an excellent scholar, a graduate from Princeton; there were more splendid orators, though he ranked with the most convincing and persuasive; there were profounder lawyers, though he stood high at the bar; there were better mixers, though he was of cordial and winning manners; there were men, perhaps, of stronger mental force, though he was amply endowed with brains, so good a judge of human nature as Abraham Lincoln saying of him: "He has abundant talents"; there were men as brave, though he was of the bravest; but as a leader he overtopped them all.

Believing sincerely that human slavery was wrong *per se,* and that it was of most evil to the States where it existed, he fought it tooth and nail, not from sympathy for the negroes so much as from affection for the whites, and created the Republican party in Missouri before the Civil War—a most hazardous performance in that day and latitude. At its close, when, in his judgment, his party associates had become the oppressors of the people and the enemies of liberty, he left them, and lifting in his mighty arms the Democracy, which lay bleeding and swooning in the dust, he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life—another performance of extraordinary hazard.

This man was of the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and he would have gone grimly, undauntedly, unflinchingly, and defiantly to the block, the scaffold, or the stake in defense of any cause which he considered just. Though he was imperious, tempestuous, dogmatic, and impetuous, though no danger could swerve him from the path of duty, though he gave tremendous blows to his antagonists and received many of the same kind, he had infinite com-

passion for the helpless and the weak, and to the end his heart remained tender as a little child's.

While from the day of his return from the Mexican War to the hour of his retirement from the Senate he was in the forefront of every political battle in Missouri—and nowhere on earth were political wars waged with more ungovernable fury—such were his endearing qualities that the closing years of his life were placid as a summer's evening, and he died amid the lamentations of a mighty people. Republicans seemed to remember only the good he had done them, forgetting the injuries, while the Democrats forgot the injuries he had inflicted upon them and remembered only the invaluable service he had rendered. Union veterans named a Grand Army post for him; Confederates proudly call their boys Frank Blair, and his fellow-citizens, without regard to creed or party, erected his statue of heroic size in Forest Park to perpetuate his fame to coming generations.

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN AND SAM HOUSTON

ROBERT MINOR WALLACE

Congressman from Arkansas

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives on the occasion of the acceptance of statues of Austin and Houston from the State of Texas.]

Mr. Speaker, we to-day formally accept from the State of Texas the statues of Stephen F. Austin and Sam Houston, epoch-makers in the history of the country.

On his departure from Tennessee, under the shadow of a great sorrow, Sam Houston dwelled with the Indians for a season in Arkansas Territory.

Moses Austin traversed the same with chain and compass, Stephen, his son, following in his footsteps and sharing his hardships. Of Houston it is said he "was the most imposing in personal appearance of all Texans. His eagle eye read men at a glance. His majestic personality enabled him to control the excited masses at critical periods when no other man could. His penetrating vision grasped the whole of Texas—her resources and capabilities of the present and future—a grasp that was only relaxed by death." And of Austin, "that he had more culture and possessed a more refined and loftier spiritual image."

Wars and treaties and history I shall leave largely to the historian and those inclined to thread the narrative here. Upon the brow of Houston, with his stern virtues and diversified occupations, I shall attempt to wreathe the laurel leaf. In private life he was gentle, chivalric, and courtly. In Texas he wore buckskin breeches and a Mexican blanket, which tempted General Jackson to remark: "There is one man at least in Texas of whom God Almighty, and not the tailor, had the making." With personal courage that never failed him, with humanity that never sought innocent blood, with honor unsullied by successes or reverses, he began and ended his life a benefactor of his race.

He was not unlike the later Jackson. Mysterious, incomprehensibe to his foes, he won advantage at a move, victory at a blow. Sword and prayer were his weapons, and he mingled them with the lurid lightnings that played upon the battle cloud and thundered in the storm of war. Those who may have followed closely his career—first living in peace with, then battling against and again dwelling in exile with, the redman—must look with wonder on this strange, unfathomable character, romantic as it was daring,

weird as it was bold, admirable as it was unconquerable!

Well may history rest his fame at San Jacinto. There culminated the struggle which divested Texas of a hostile foe, detained Santa Anna as a hostage for peace and independence, builded a republic and immortalized its builder. The more remote but not less important sequence was the annexation of Texas to the American Union. The Stars and Stripes floated over the halls of the Montezumas and the domain of our Republic was augmented by concessions of territory stretching away to the Rio Grande and Pacific; and Mexico, then a mockery of civil government, was constructed into a modern republic, welcomed to the family of nations, and honored by the powers of the earth. A blue shaft, rising in broad stretches of magnificent environment at San Jacinto, and speaking through its granite silence the people's love for their patriot son, may lose its majesty and its strength, but the name wrought deep in its polished shaft, but deeper wrought in the hearts and consciences of men, shall endure until God's hand shall rend the firmament and God's voice shall rock the earth, and in the tumult of dissolving nature time's last revolution "breaks on eternity's wave."

Austin's idea, which prevailed for a time, was to establish a local State government under the Mexican constitution of 1824. Houston's idea was to establish a republic or a state absolutely independent and defiant of the central Mexican government, with the ultimate object of annexation to the United States. The republic was established and modeled after our form of government. Houston was the first President. He found the young republic pledged to the payment of a debt of three million dollars. His administration fixed its eyes first on land robbers. Then a small impost duty was imposed, an *ad val-*

orem tax levied, and land scrip issued and put upon the market for sale. He kept peace with the enemies of the republic, and started it well on the way to a high and noble destiny. He was succeeded by Mirabeau Lamar, whose first official declaration was that the "sword should mark the boundaries of the republic"; which at once incurred the hostility of the Mexicans and Indians alike.

At the close of his administration the public debt had increased from three to eight millions, and Texas had a population of only fifty-five thousand. The popular will cried out for Houston, and he again became president. He at once inaugurated administrative reforms to correct existing abuses, and at the end of his term in 1844 saw his republic at peace with Mexico and the Indian tribes, and a cash balance in her treasury. As a statesman there was nothing of the inconoclast in his nature. On the contrary, he was of the type of creative, constructive publicists. If Austin laid the corner-stone, Houston erected the superstructure and fashioned into splendid proportions this magnificent structure of a republic and a State. He laid his impress there, and Texas will go down the years as the superb embodiment of his martial spirit, the composite ideal of his statesmanship, and the fairest gem of his handiwork.

Efforts on the part of Houston and others to annex Texas to the United States were thrice denied by this country. As a diplomat, Houston paid court to France and England, and otherwise exerted his subtle and powerful influence to stimulate the jealousy of this country against any European nation that designed a foothold in the Western Hemisphere. Soon James K. Polk and the Democratic party espoused the cause of annexation, and triumphed at the polls. Strange enough, when the final steps were taken in 1845 to annex Texas, Houston seemed to

oppose or take no part in it. For this he was abused and denounced by his friends. In response to the matter of paying court to France and England, afterwards in a speech he illustrated his position as follows: "Suppose," said he, "a charming lady has two suitors. One of them, she is inclined to believe, would make the better husband, but is a little slow to make interesting propositions. Don't you think, if she were a skillful practitioner at Cupid's court, she would pretend that she loved the other 'feller' the best and be sure that her favorite would know it? If ladies are justified in making use of coquetry in securing their annexation to good and agreeable husbands, you must excuse me for making use of the same means to annex Texas to the United States." Annexation was the ambition, the passion, of his life, His great heart beat with unmistakable emotion when he looked upon the "lone star" of his republic gleaming in the noble group that formed the coats of arms of the States of this Union! But alas for the mutability of human success. The blight of war came in 1861, and hearing the signal guns proclaim the withdrawal of Texas from the Union he exclaimed: "My heart is broken!" and those who knew him best record that Houston was never himself again.

Mr. Speaker, I have seen part of a summer's sky overcast with cloud and the gentle showers fall and the raindrops sparkle as so many diamonds on tree and shrub and flower, and I believed it beautiful. I have fancied myriad forms in the strange phenomena of the heavens, and believed it grand. I have looked on the mellow glow of sunset and believed it challenged the utmost stretch of my fancy for the beautiful; but the most charming picture, perhaps, that may challenge the imagination is a shaft of light spanning from the effigies of earth to heaven, and human souls, loosed from their mortal

environment, ascending that shaft to the God who gave them.

Let this be the vision we have of the great souls, now, perhaps, not less the idols of their eternal than erstwhile of their earthly homes. Let it be they abide in peace by the fountain of living waters and where the skies bend softest and the flowers bloom eternal. Noble and cultured Austin! Great and picturesque Houston! By the work of this day we but recall the magic of thy genius, but review the pioneer pageant of thy march from cradle to grave. It has not been left for us to add one cubit to statures like gods, that descended and stood in the councils, moved the hearts, and molded the judgments of men. It has not been left for us to immortalize thy names, for beyond our feeble reach they are engraved on the tablets and shrined in the hearts of nations. It has not been left for us to wreathe thy brows with lintels that defy the touch of time, for the world has crowned them with laurels that shall endure forever. It has not been left for us to broaden the pedestals nor place the capstones on the pyramids of thy fame, for thy own hands have builded the one as broad as earth and the other as high as heaven. But it has been left for us to glory in the fact of birth in a land dowered with the knightly genius of thy patriotism and the peerless chivalry of thy deeds. Cæsar nor Napoleon inspired not his armed legions with such spirit for war as thou hast wrought in thy countrymen for peace, nor waged such victories in battle as thou hast won in the forum, nor massed such power for oppression as thou hast arrayed for freedom, nor transmitted such glory to the nations as thy example to posterity!

TEXAS AND THE PANAMA CANAL

ROBERT L. HENRY

Congressman from Texas

[The conclusion of a speech delivered at a banquet of the Houston business men, Houston, Tex., November 1, 1901.]

With reference to the Panama Canal, here is Texas in a most happy geographical position. With her 264,811 square miles of territory, more beautiful than the poetic vale of Cashmere, nestling against the throbbing bosom of the queenly Mexican Sea, with her four million bales of cotton, her five million cattle, three million horses, and three million sheep browsing upon and beautifying every hilltop and vale, she stands proudly in the parliament of States without a rival. Her great grain fields are the wonder of the universe. Her luscious fruits, many colored and richly laden minerals, and her marvelous yellow pines are of deep concern to the whole world. With all this prospect, we have room for millions of people yet to come. Our area is so vast that we could seat every person of this habitable globe in Texas in a comfortable chair, *and give each one four feet for elbow room!* Texas has been blessed with beneficent land policies beyond any other State. Truly our land laws and homestead exemptions "have put the crown of industrial glory on her head and the rock of conscious independence beneath her feet."

When this canal is created the entrepôts of trade along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts will be the most marvelously busy ones this old world ever saw. Turn to the south and behold the rich deposits of iron, coal, minerals, and the gigantic forests of varied timbers the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, and other States contain for the Oriental world. Cast

your eye northwestward into many States and let it rest upon the rich harvests of golden grain, ripened into a glorious fruitage, that must come down this way to reach the millions of other countries.

Look around you in the sun-kissed South and behold the illimitable fields of cotton, bursting into seas of snowflakes, that must clothe the world. Feast your eyes upon the fertile valleys of the Mississippi, Red River, the wonderful Brazos lowlands and various other streams of Texas, and contemplate, if you can, the rich cargoes that will come from their bosoms to freight the heavy laden ships as they pass along this Isthmian Way. Foreseeing the completion of this canal, standing here to-night, we can see this proud city with a hundred thousand souls for her inhabitants. We can look up the Brazos River, with her navigation assured, and see two million bales of cotton passing through your midst on their voyage to outside nations. Two millions more will hurry down the great railway systems converging here on their flight to the needs of other people. Cotton mills and factories and varied industries will rear their heads all over Texas and send their products humming this way. Untold millions of tons of freight will concentrate here to begin their glad voyages far and away. Many million gallons of oil, as they are shot heavenward by wild nature at Beaumont, will be captured and hurried from this very midst to the four winds of the earth, proclaiming that Texas has solved the fuel problem for all people and all climes. The markets of the world will demand every gallon of oil produced by Texas, and mayhap many millions more will be needed.

Verily, do these things give Texas a marvelously grand commercial and industrial aspect. Away with the narrow limits of a pent up Utica! Down with the restrictive tariff and Chinese walls of protection!

Let us out to the seas and grasp hands in free business intercourse with the millions of people everywhere! Let us swing wide an "open door" to the world at large and demand an "open door" in return! Then, with this waterway established, future years may bring the rich plains of Canada into this Union of States. Our strong arms may some time peaceably encircle Mexico and Central America and erect them into self-governing States of this Union. With this consummation let us fling away the islands of the seas and maverick herds of people there, aliens to our institutions and corroding to our body politic. Then, with the greatest republic ever possible in ages past and future, resting securely between the two mighty oceans beating against her, America will endure as the protector of freedom, human progress, and constitutional government "as long as the stars twinkle through the loops of time."

TRIBUTE TO IRELAND

CHARLES A. CULBERSON

United States Senator from Texas

[Address on St. Patrick's Day at Houston, Tex., March 17, 1898.]

This meeting is the culmination of the greatest Irish celebration this State has known, and the most remarkable assemblage of that people ever held within her borders; and when we look back upon the salient features of the history of Ireland we need not be surprised at this outpouring of her sons and sympathizers and this increasing interest in their affairs.

From the beginning of her authentic annals, though without monuments and trophies to elevate

and inspire, and weighted throughout the ages with English oppression, the nobler aspirations of her people have been enlightenment and liberty. The earlier ages gave promise of these, and that the beautiful island, rich in valley and river and mountain, would endure as an independent and mighty nation. For three hundred years after the adoption of Christianity, from the fifth to the eighth century, it attracted students from Britain and Gaul, sent missionaries into the country now known as Western Europe, and became the nursery of science and civilization. No national or racial causes arrested this progress and destroyed this supremacy, but invaded by the Northmen, and, because of internal division and dissension, finally overrun by the English, the contest for more than seven hundred years has been not so much for intellectual and industrial advancement as for individual liberty and national independence. During this conflict, at which mankind has marveled, Celtic contributions to civilization have indeed been memorable, but no people, however great, ever rose to their full stature amid the environments and exactions of tyranny.

Above all else they have done for the world, this struggle of Irishmen for freedom is the most beneficent and imperishable. Other peoples have fought nobly, other nations have written their deeds in deathless song and story, but it was reserved for the Irish to wage, for more than seven centuries, an unended battle for self-government, which is alike their affliction and their glory. So unyielding, so constant, so heroic, have they been that the prophecy of the oracle should be fulfilled: "They may be in want, they may be in rags, they may be naked, but not a link of the British chain will be left clanking to their limbs." Fighting in tears and under the despot heel, the issue of the combat may be against them, yet amid the ruins

they can proudly recall the past and contemplate its grandeur. What nation can boast a sweeter bard than Moore, or a greater revolutionary orator than O'Connell? What people can point to a more dauntless warrior than Brian Boru, a more masterful statesman than Parnell, or a nobler martyr than Emmet? What race can claim a loftier emblem than the shamrock, a grander cause than home rule, or a more devout apostle than St. Patrick?

Of Irish birth and extraction, affectionately attached to her traditions, proud of her immortal achievements, and yearning for her sovereignty and upbuilding, let us not despair of the future of Ireland. Let us rather feel with her sweetest poet that

> "The star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
> Its beams on the battle, is set;
> But enough of its glory remains on each sword
> To light us to victory yet."

THE DIVISION OF TEXAS

JOSEPH W. BAILEY

United States Senator from Texas

[Extract from a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January, 1906.]

Throughout this discussion we have heard many and varied comments upon the magnitude of Texas. Some Senators have expressed a friendly solicitude that we would some day avail ourselves of the privilege accorded to us by the resolutions under which we entered the Union and divide our State into five. Other Senators have seemed to think it a just ground of complaint that I consider it my duty to oppose the consolidation of the two Territories into one

State, without advocating a division for Texas. The same reasons that will satisfy my solicitous friends that their hope for the division of Texas can never be realized will also relieve me of a charge of inconsistency which has more than once been insinuated against me in the course of this debate.

Mr. President, if Texas had contained a population in 1845 sufficient to have justified her admission as five States, it is my opinion that she would have been so admitted then, because the all-absorbing slavery question, which happily no longer vexes us, but which completely dominated American politics at that time, would have led to that result. I will even go further than that; I will say that if Texas were now five States there would not be five men in either State who would seriously propose the consolidation into one. But, sir, Texas is not divided now, and under the providence of God she will not be divided until the end of time. Her position is exceptional, and excites in the minds of all her citizens a just and natural pride. She is now the greatest of all the States in area, and certain to become the greatest of all in population, wealth and influence; with such a primacy assured her she could not be expected to surrender it, even to obtain increased representation in this body.

But, Mr. President, while from her proud eminence to-day she looks upon a future as bright with promise as ever beckoned a people to follow where fate and fortune lead, it is not so much the promise of the future as it is the memory of the glorious past which appeals to her against division. She could partition her fertile valleys and broad prairies, she could apportion her thriving towns and growing cities, she could distribute her splendid population and wonderful resources, but she could not divide the fadeless glory of those days that are past and

gone. To which of her daughters, sir, could she assign, without irreparable injustice to all the others, the priceless inheritance of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto? To which could she bequeath the name of Houston, Austin, Fannin, Bowie, and Crockett? Sir, the fame of these men, and their less illustrious but not less worthy comrades, cannot be severed. Their names are written upon the tablets of her grateful memory, so that all time shall not efface them. The story of their mighty deeds, which rescued Texas from a condition of a despised and oppressed Mexican province and made her a free and independent republic, still rouses the blood of her men like the sound of a trumpet, and we would not forfeit the right to repeat it to our children for many additional seats in this august assembly.

The world has never seen a sublimer courage or a more unselfish patriotism than that which illuminates almost every page in the early history of Texas. Students may know more about other battlefields, but none is consecrated with the blood of braver men than those who fell at Goliad. Historians may not record it as one of the decisive battles of the world, but the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a greater influence upon the happiness of the human race than all the conflicts that established or subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world. Poets have not yet immortalized it with their enduring verse, but the Alamo is more resplendent with her heroic sacrifice than was Thermopylae itself, because while "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

Mr. President, if I might be permitted to borrow an apostrophe to liberty and union, pronounced by a distinguished Senator, I would say of Texas: "She is one and inseparable, now and forever."

LOUISIANA

THOMAS J. KERNAN

Of the New Orleans (La.) Bar

[Response to the toast, "The State of Louisiana," delivered at the reception given the officers of the U. S. S. *Louisiana,* at New Orleans, January, 1907.]

Louisiana! The soft, liquid music of that sweet name "steals o'er my spirit like a May day breaking" and throws around my soul a magic spell of love and loyalty that blends in one the love of mother, wife, and children. I count myself thrice happy that my first breath was drawn from Louisiana's balmy air, and thrice blessed that my head shall find at last its final resting-place upon her tender bosom. She was of foreign birth, and the mingled strains of France and Spain still course through her children's veins. So strong has been the impress of this alien parentage upon her laws, her customs, and her people that we are sometimes jocularly told that it is time Lousiana should cease to be a province of France and apply for admission into the union of American States.

We admit that Louisiana was the Republic's first foreign possession, but we claim for her now the place of a favorite daughter in Columbia's innermost family circle. If there was ever doubt of this, it has been dispelled by her selection as the name of the queen of the American navy that so grandly bears the proud name of *Louisiana* in these waters to-day.

To me there is no more entrancing chapter in the history of the world than that which records the titanic struggle between France and England for the mastery of this vast continent. It began almost with its first discovery, and ended only when Napoleon sold and Jefferson bought what France could no

longer hold and our Republic could no longer do without. Both peoples had bravely dared the blank mystery of Atlantic waters and had gallantly tempted the fascinating and alluring dangers of the lonely and enchanted forest. Both dreamt of wealth untold and of empire unbounded; and in their efforts to realize these dreams there was unfolded here a human drama of heroism and romance unmatched in history or in fiction.

How absorbingly interesting it is to watch that straggling and struggling line of hardy English pioneers that clung so long and so tenaciously to the barren and storm-swept shore of the Atlantic; and afterwards poured over the blue mountains of the Appalachian range to hew an empire out of the forest and to fill the great valley of the Mississippi with teeming life and stirring action!

How equally interesting it is to observe that other thin line, manned by gallant Frenchmen, that but scantily fringed the frozen shores of the St. Lawrence and the lakes and planted the fleur-de-lis of France at Quebec and Montreal; to note how soon so many of the sun-loving Latins forsook those uncongenial northern climes and found their way down the sullen Mississippi to the Mediterranean of the West, "where blooms perpetual summer"! Here in this climate, soft as a mother's smile, and on this soil, fruitful as God's love, they planted the French colony from which has grown the Louisiana of to-day—our own, our native land—the land of love and charm and beauty.

> "Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility."

Despite Louisiana's foreign origin and her alien laws, we, her people, are not aliens, and yield to none in patriotism or in loyalty to our common coun-

try. Although we may have had other flags in the past, Old Glory is our only flag to-day; and we behold in those silken folds and streaming splendor the blended glories of all the flags of all our great and gallant ancestors—the Royal George of England, the flower flag of France, the glittering green of Ireland, the orange and red of Spain, and, last and dearest, the Conquered Banner. Old Glory now stands for them all, and to its defense we of Louisiana do here, now and forever, pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Louisiana to-day again gladly welcomes and proudly honors her namesake, *Louisiana*. In her brave array of gallant officers and men she recognizes a devoted band of true Louisianians into whose brave and chivalrous keeping she commits her sacred name with the serene confidence that they will keep it ever bright and stainless, and that, when their gallant ship bears that loved name seaward down the Great River, the flags and the names of the Union and of Louisiana will ever have increase of fame and honor on all the seas she sails.

THE CITY OF SHREVEPORT

EDWARD H. RANDOLPH

Of the Shreveport (La.) Bar

[An address delivered upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the new City Hall of Shreveport, January 2, 1908.]

Fellow-citizens of Shreveport:

In the olden times all days of pleasure, all lucky days, were marked on the calendar with a white stone. To-day we mark as a lucky one in the calendar of Shreveport, because we place in position the

white stone which is the corner-stone of the new city hall. Henceforth let it be considered a lucky day, a day of pleasure, and of good omen. At the same time, as we are erecting this edifice for the service of the people and dedicate it to the uses of the city government, let us as citizens dedicate ourselves to the service of our city in all things that go to make up good citizenship and patriotic pride in Shreveport, so that, as the citizens of Rome proudly said, "Romanus sum," we can say with pride, "Shreveport is some."

On this occasion we should also keep in memory our forefathers who established the city in this place—beautiful for situation, at the confluence of Cross Bayou and Red River, high upon the hills, secure against the ravages of the waters, with ideal conditions for natural drainage and health, across the streams the teeming lowlands rich as the shores of Egypt's Nile, and to the south and east of us the undulating, salubrious uplands. The early founders, mooring their boats to these bold uplands, then the *Ultima Thule* of navigation, were guided by a divination that here was the place to found a city. It is not a vain piece of boasting for us to say that the spirit of these original founders has been with us, and is still with us, to make the city worthy of its noble natural advantages. Let it not be forgotten, though, that the growth and development and progress of the city has been from the beginning attended with constant toil and effort. The first navigators who dropped their anchors here were not lotus-eaters seeking ease and rest, but they and their descendants have been men of restless energy and brave hearts undaunted by reverses or failure.

And be it remembered that Shreveport has had many vicissitudes and depressions. She has been through wars and pestilence, failure and success, pe-

riods of buoyancy and periods of gloom, but she has never been cast down—the nearer she bends to the ground it is but to upgather herself, like the invincible wrestler Antæus, and with renewed strength from her contact with Mother Earth overthrows all difficulties and marches forward on her career. Therefore in the bright lexicon of youth, which fame has reserved for this young city, there is no such word as Fail!

For you must not forget that this is still a young city. Within the memory of men still living Shreveport was a struggling village lying like a fringe along the banks of the river. The spot where we now stand a small forest or a waste place separating the town proper from the mellifluous suburb of Mugginsville, beyond which stood, outside the town, an isolated store or two noted for deeds of outlawry. Within the same memories no railroad entered the city of Shreveport, and as the steamboat rounded the bend at Fort Humbug (where the new Cotton Belt bridge now spans the river), in all its bravery of grace and power heading for the wharf, meanwhile the strains of that most soul-stirring musical instrument, the calliope, perched on top of the boat sounding out its echoes for miles around, the whole population rushed to the riverside in welcome. Within the same memories there was no paid fire department, but when the dreadful note of the fire bell broke through the night everybody in town rushed out to witness and encourage the gallant and self-sacrificing efforts of the volunteer firemen. Within the same memories Silver Lake was in reality water so clear that as you gazed into it from the heights near Fort Humbug it was like a silver mirror. Within the same memories most of the lights were oil lamps fastened to posts at intervals from one to ten blocks, and the street car facilities were furnished

by a single track running from Spring street out Texas street to the corner of Jordan—the last car with great regularity passing out at nine o'clock.

In recalling these incidents it is almost inconceivable that within so brief a period the great transformation has taken place that has made our city a great trade center where over forty passenger trains move in and out each day, not to mention the countless freight cars; that has established its warehouses, compresses, stores, factories, banks, workshops, its miles of paved streets and sidewalks, typifying with their smoothness and strength the grace and solidity of the population; its means of quick communication, either bodily or mentally, its "sky-scrapers," its abundant supply of water, its matchless brilliancy of lighting the night, its thoroughly organized municipal government, its public buildings, its schoolhouses, its homes, and its numerous places of worship.

The period has been brief and our achievement has been great because we are in our youth. Do not forget that Shreveport is not yet seventy years old. Therefore let us enjoy our youth and nobly dare to do greater things than in the past, but let us not forget that youth has its perils and may go at too swift a pace. Is it not true that the faults we have and the mistakes we have made could be fairly laid to the hot blood of youth and headlong rush to material prosperity? If so, let us occasionally stop and consider and invite our souls, remembering that with success and prosperity of a town comes its responsibilities.

We are literally on a hill and our light cannot be hid. No city lives to itself any more than man can live to himself. Let us not weigh everything in the balance of trade, because we know that all these things are as dust unless they are put to

noble uses. Not once or twice only has Shreveport in her history set the standard for high citizenship—let her continue!

Indeed in this ceremony to-day there is the prophecy of a greater and a more substantial Shreveport. With the ending of the old year we are ringing out the old and ringing in the new. The old city hall building which occupied this site, with its mixed construction of brick and wood, its somewhat flimsy architecture, served its purpose, and let us be grateful to it; but as this building of stone and brick, the future home of the city government and the heart of our city, rises in its strength and majestic beauty standing four square to all the winds that blow, as it rises high in its beauty until it shall be first in the city to catch the rays of the morning sun and the last to redden under its kiss as it sinks below the horizon, so may our dear and much loved Shreveport stand secure and strong in its eminence, not only for material wealth, but for the character of its men and women.

EULOGY OF CHARLES SUMNER

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

Member of Congress from Mississippi, 1857-61, *and from* 1873-77; *United States Senator,* 1877-85; *appointed an Associated Justice of the Supreme Court in* 1888.

[Condensed from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1874.]

Strange as the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honor to his memory. Not because of the splendor

of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illumined the councils of the Government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn"; not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance in a single instance a matter of indifference, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, this creed seems to have been more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics

which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. Formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internecine struggle which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional

liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifice endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish, the North to strike the mementoes of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious man whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable conflict in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another!"

TRIBUTE TO LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

WARREN A. CANDLER

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Some time President of Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

[Extract from an address at the funeral of Justice Lamar, in Mulberry Street Church, Macon, Ga., January 27, 1893.]

From his youth up Judge Lamar was a man of courage. He had the courage of his convictions because he had convictions. All the traditions of his college life (and the village of Oxford is full of them) represent him as being, from the first, an honest seeker after truth and a fearless defender of it.

Very profound are the words of Jesus: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There is no freedom worthy of the name which is not freedom by the truth, and for him who seeks and finds and loves and holds the truth, there is neither fear nor bondage in this or any other world. For a public man living under a constitutional government by the people, there can be no worse fall nor dire disaster than the loss of faith in the feasibility of the truth. When he loses this faith he instantly becomes the unhappy victim of tormenting fears which paralyze his manhood and impel him to the adoption of all manner of unworthy and belittling expedients to maintain his place and power. Then follows incapacity to recognize the truth. His eye is no longer single. The light which was in him becomes darkness; and how great is that darkness! Fightings without and fears within subvert the heroic repose of lofty character, and the devices of the temporizer displace the methods of straightforward, manly independence.

Such was not Mr. Justice Lamar. His whole life

seemed to speak the sentiment of Emerson's words: "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character." This high faith simplified all questions which he was called to consider, disentangled all issues from the influence of personal interest and political expediency, and left him free to determine the line of his action by great principles of right, from which with him there was no appeal. This faith was the basis of his unfaltering courage in the discharge of public duty He believed in the power of the truth over the people, and with almost reckless self-abandon dared to follow the truth as it was given to him to see it. For this cause more than once he took positions and made public utterances which imperiled his popularity. When assailed, he took his appeal to the people, not with the methods of a skillful manager, but with the daring of an honest man moved by the impulses of conscious rectitude. And the people, when they heard him in defense of his action, approved him.

That he was ever animated by the spirit which I have described, none who knew him well, none who are familiar with his record, will question. I recall with great vividness his eloquent commendation of this faith to the young men of the country in the summer of 1890, when he delivered the annual address before the Alumni Association of Emory College. He alluded to his long experience in public life at the national capital, and to the prevalent opinion that other influences than those of right and truth oftentimes control there, and said substantially this: "After all is allowed that can be justly claimed concerning the influence of money and management upon the determination of national affairs, I have always observed that when great questions call for solution, and high interests are at stake, manhood and truth

and right outweigh all opposing forces. Devotion to principle is not yet a vain thing in the Republic; virtue is not obsolete in the councils of the nation." Such an utterance, from such a man, should rebuke the unmanly despair to which so many are so strongly tempted, and should quicken the courage of all the young men in our land. If the eloquent lips upon which rests the seal of silence to-day could speak to us, would they not again proclaim this high and simple creed of political faith: "Truth is better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. Truth is omnipotent and public justice certain"?

And now at last this stainless gentleman, this astute statesman, this incorruptible judge, this humble Christian, has gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Multiplied thousands in every walk of life and in every section of his country bless his name to-day with tearful benedictions. Mississippi, the State of his adoption, mourns for him as her Chevalier Bayard, the idol of her heart. Georgia, his native State, who in his long absence has never ceased to love him and to wish him back home, presses her dead son to her bosom with unutterable sorrow, disconsolate as Rachel refusing to be comforted. All the nation mourns this knightly man, who lived without fear and died without reproach. Men of all parties lament him as a patriot whose lofty devotion to the country knew no narrow sectional limits, and whose loyalty to truth was affected by no partisan bias. All men mourn him as a brave, brotherly soul by whose life the sum of human goodness was increased, and by whose death the stock of earthly virtue is visibly diminished.

Thank God that he has lived and labored among us! Thank God for the triumph he has won, and that at last, when he could do no more for his country

and his race, he was permitted to come home to die. Sweet be his sleep, in his sepulcher on the banks of the Ocmulgee singing sadly to the sea, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain!

LIFE LESSONS

GEORGE W. BAIN

Lyceum Lecturer, of Lexington, Ky.

[Extract from an address to the graduating class of the Peirce Business College, at Philadelphia, December 18, 1890.]

All the forces and elements of society are teachers, and the world is a tuition. The birth of an infant into this world is its matriculation into a university where it graduates in successive degrees, and in this great school of life, where we are continually influenced by what touches us, the important question is, How will you be influenced by what touches you? How will you touch others who may be fed by your fullness, starved by your emptiness, uplifted by your righteousness, or tainted by your sins? While your success in commercial life is a matter of great interest to you, it is also important that you prove yourselves to be Jonathans to your friends, Ruths to your kindred, Jacobs to your families, Gideons to your country, and true to God. You go out from here to-morrow to take hold of the throttle valve of commerce and help to build up the commercial glory of our country, but what will you do to help build up its moral grandeur? For, remember, the question is not whether we have country enough to home the world, soil rich enough to feed the world, and re-

sources enough to run the machinery of the world, but have we morals enough to save the Republic?

Among the first of moral qualities a young person needs, is industry. "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" has in it more sweet bread than all your luck. On this ancient law the greatest successes of the world have been based. On this, Abraham Lincoln stood splitting rails, and wedged himself to the highest office in the gift of the Republic; on this, Shakespeare stood weaving wool, and wove for himself a fame immortal; on this, James A. Garfield tramped a tow-path with no company but an honest mule, but that tow-path led on to the White House in Washington. Do not be lazy. I saw a man once who really looked so lazy it seemed to rest me to look at him. The man or woman who lives in this age of the world and lives in idleness should have been born in some other age. When ox-teams crept across the plains and stage-coaches went five miles an hour, idleness may have been in some kind of harmony with the age; but now, when a man takes breakfast one day in New York, dinner next day in Chicago, and supper the next day out on the plains, when telephone and telegraph send news faster than light flies, when cotton picked from the stalk one day is made into a suit of clothes the next, the idler is out of place. He is born too late and, as Dr. Talmadge says, "he will die too late." Carlyle says: "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading on each others' heels. Woe be to that man who stops to tie his shoe-strings." Some young men think because they are wealthy they can afford to be idle; but no man or woman able to work can be happy in idleness—the brightest, broadest-winged angel in heaven could not be happy in idleness. His wings were given him to soar eternity with, and he can only be happy as he does his appointed work.

Take care of your principles, and to do this start right and keep right. I heard of a traveler who said to a wayside farmer, "How far do you call it to Philadelphia?" The farmer replied, "About twenty-five thousand miles, the way you are going; if you turn and go the other way, it is fourteen miles." There is a wonderful difference in the ways of life. If you start right and keep right, no matter where you start from, you will end right. Go find me the poorest boy in this city; let him lay his hand on his heart and pledge me he will be industrious, honest, economical, and sober, and in twenty years hence you will find him honored and "well to do" in life. Boys, are any of you poor? Never mind poverty The rich men of to-day were poor boys thirty years ago. The great men come out of cabins, as a rule. Columbus was a weaver, Hally was a soapmaker, Homer was a beggar, and Franklin, whose name will live while lightning blazes on a cloud, came from the printer's desk. Fifteen years ago I rode horseback through Hardin and La Rue Counties, Kentucky. We call that the land of ticks and lizards. The soil is very poor, so poor that it will not raise black-eye peas unless you take them without the eyes. Riding along that day I came upon a spot of rank weeds where the soil had been made rich by the decay of an old cabin that once stood there. Out of that cabin years ago came a lean, lank white-headed boy. If ever a boy came from abject poverty that one did. When only seven years of age he would walk to Hodgenville with a basket of eggs to sell. The boys laughed at him. They said his clothes were like Joseph's, because so many colors. But he was industrious, honest, and sober. After a while he was old enough to leave home, so he went down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on a flatboat. Then he returned and crossing over into Indiana—he there split rails

awhile; then on to Illinois, where he practiced law; then on to the Presidential chair, and in his death he bore the shackles of four million slaves and linked his name with that of Liberty. I thank God we live in a land where a boy can go from a tow-path, a tan-yard, or a rail-cut to the presidency of a republic.

To those traits I have named, add thoroughness. We are told that the moss Mungo Park brought from the wilds of Africa was as perfect as that which inspired the song of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Go out on the mountain's crag where no foot has yet reached and get the wild flower that leans its pale cheek against the snow—you will find it perfect as the hundred-leaved rose of the garden plot. Take the telescope, find the most distant star, and you will find it as perfect as the star of the evening, and both singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine." God teaches us thoroughness in every flower that blooms, every bird that sings, and every star that shines. To all these helpful graces add the most helpful of all, faith in God and the immortality of the human soul. Mr. Ingersoll may criticize religion, but show me the genuine old Christian into whose mind thoughts have come, lifted all his life through the Bible, and I will show you a scene, not like the one he painted over the graves of his brother and friend, which reminded me of the poor bird, driven by the storm far out on the sea, trying to rest its weary wing on the crest of the wind-driven wave, but I will show you an Indian summer scene, with rosy clouds going down on the horizon shell-tinted with glories of the setting sun. Mr. Ingersoll may say, "You cannot follow your Christian man through the night of death and tell me his fate in the eternal morning." That may be true, but I can say this: "If there is another world he's in bliss. If not, he's made the best of this."

THE FLAG OF THE UNION FOREVER

FITZHUGH LEE

Formerly Governor of Virginia

[A speech delivered at a dinner of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, September 17, 1887.]

You have all heard of George Washington and his little hatchet. The other day I heard a story that was a little variation upon the original, and I am going to take up your time for a minute by repeating it to you. It was to this effect: Old Mr. Washington and Mrs. Washington, the parents of George, found on one occasion that their supply of soap had become exhausted and so they decided to make some family soap. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the family servant. After an hour or so the servant returned and reported to them that he could not make that soap. "Why not," he was asked, "haven't you got all the materials?" "Yes," he replied, "but there is something wrong." The old folks proceeded to investigate, and they found they had actually got the ashes of the little cherry tree George had cut down with his hatchet, and there was no *lye* in it.

Now, I assure you, there is no "lie" in what I say to you this afternoon, and that is, that I thank God for the sun of the Union which, once obscured, is now again in the full stage of its glory, and that its light is shining over Virginia as well as over the rest of the country. We have had our differences. I do not see, upon reading history, how they could well have been avoided, because they resulted from different constructions of the Constitution, which was the helm of the ship of the Republic. Virginia construed it one way. Pennsylvania construed it another, and they could not settle their differences; so

they went to war, and Pennsylvania, I think, probably got a little the best of it.

The sword, at any rate, settled the controversy. But that is behind us. We have now a great and glorious future in front of us, and it is Virginia's duty to do all that she can to promote the honor and glory of this country. We fought to the best of our ability for four years; and it would be a great mistake to assume that you could bring men from their cabins, from their plows, from their houses and from their families to make them fight as they fought in that contest unless they were fighting for a belief. Those men believed that they had the right construction of the Constitution, and that a State that voluntarily entered the Union could voluntarily withdraw from it. They did not fight for Confederate money—it was not worth ten cents a yard. They fought for what they thought was a proper construction of the Constitution. They were defeated. They acknowledged their defeat. They came back to their homes, and there they are going to stay. But if we are to continue prosperous, if this country, stretching from the Gulf to the Lakes and from ocean to ocean, is to be mindful of its own best interests, in the future we will have to make concessions and compliances, we will have to bear with each other and to respect each other's opinions. If all the people of different sections had been known to each other, or had been thrown together in business or social communication, the fact would have been recognized at the outset, as it is to-day, that there are just as good men in Maine as there are in Texas, and just as good men in Texas as there are in Maine. Human nature is everywhere the same; and when intestine strifes occur, we will doubtless be able by a conservative, pacific course to pass smoothly over the rugged, rocky edges, and the old Ship of State

will be brought into a safe, commodious, Constitutional harbor with the flag of the Union floating over her, and there it will remain.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

JOSEPH WHEELER

Brigadier-General of the United States Army and hero of two wars; popularly known as "Fighting Joe" Wheeler; some time member of Congress from Alabama.

[Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, New York City, January 19, 1898.]

History has many heroes whose martial renown has fired the world, whose daring and wonderful exploits have altered the boundaries of nations and changed the very face of the earth. To say nothing of the warriors of Biblical history and Homeric verse, as the ages march along every great nation leaves us the glorious memory of some unique character, such as Alexander, Hannibal, or Caesar. Even the wild hordes of northern Europe and the barbaric nations of the East had their grand military leaders whose names will ever live on history's pages, to be eclipsed only by that of Napoleon, the man of destiny, who, as a military genius, stands alone and unrivaled: "Grand, gloomy, peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his awful originality."

The medieval ages gave us noble examples of devotedness and chivalry; but it belonged to the American Republic, founded and defended by Freedom's sons, to give to the world the noblest type of warrior; men in whom martial renown went hand in hand with the noblest of virtues; men who united in their own

characters the highest military genius with the loftiest patriotism, the most daring courage with the gentlest courtesy, the most obstinate endurance with the utmost self-sacrifice, the genius of a Caesar with the courage and purity of a Bayard. Patriotism and love of liberty, expanding and thriving in the atmosphere of free America, added a refining touch to the martial enthusiasm of our forefathers and elevated the character of the American soldier to a standard never attained by fighting men of any other age or nation.

Volumes would never do justice to the valorous achievements of George Washington and his compeers, the boys of '76; of the heroes of 1812 and of 1848; of the men in blue who fought under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Farragut; of the men in gray who followed the lead of Johnston, Jackson, and Lee from 1861 to 1865; of the intrepid band that sailed with Dewey into Manila Bay, or of the small but heroic army of 1898 that fought at Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, and left the Stars and Stripes floating in triumph over the last stronghold of Spain in the New World.

But above the grand heroic names immortalized by historian and poet shines, with an undimmed luster all its own, the immortal name of Robert Edward Lee.

> "Ah, Muse! You dare not claim
> A nobler man than he—
> Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
> Nor blameless man hath purer name,
> Nor purer name hath grander fame,
> Nor fame another Lee."

The late Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, thus beautifully describes Lee's character: "He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier

without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, and modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!"

And among the foremost holding these sentiments to-day are the brave soldiers against whom you were once arrayed in battle, and they, together with seventy million Americans, know that in future perils to our country you and your children will be foremost in the battle-line of duty, proud of the privilege of defending the glory, honor, and prestige of our country, presenting under the folds of our national ensign an unbroken phalanx of united hearts—an impregnable bulwark of defense against any power that may arise against us.

FOR A LARGER NAVY

RICHARD P. HOBSON

Congressman from Alabama

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 11, 1908, in favor of authorizing the construction of four new battleships.]

Mr. Chairman, self-preservation is the first law of nature, whether it applies to a plant, to an animal, to a man, or a nation. Provision may be individual

or collective. Men in organized communities have provided collectively for self-defense. Collective provision is infinitely preferable to the individual provision, not only because it is far more effective, but also because it relieves individuals from the more or less injurious task of going armed. Arbitration is infinitely preferable to armaments. But, Mr. Chairman, there must always be adequate provision for self-defense of one kind or the other. No form of life on this earth is left to the benevolence of other life for its preservation. It is wrong, it is flying in the face of the Almighty who created us to ask it to be otherwise. Therefore it simply remains, in providing for national defense, to determine whether adequate collective provision is attainable or whether, as a nation, we must depend upon our own national provision.

My countrymen, do not let us be deceived. The question of self-preservation is too vital to be trifled with. Until long years after an international organization is created we must still rely upon ourselves. Until arbitration has been extended to all questions and has proven itself effective we must look to ourselves for national self-preservation. Upon what instrumentalities must we depend? Either armies or navies. Armies involve men in vast numbers, taking them from their work. Navies involve ships, leav- the men at work. Armies are in the midst of the people; navies are far away on the sea. Armies may tend to undermine the institutions of a country. No navy has ever usurped civil power or overturned a government since the world began. On the contrary, navies have been the cradle of liberty, protecting the citizens of a country in their peaceful pursuits and relieving them from the pursuit of arms.

For these reasons all nations of the earth have chosen naval power as far as conditions permitted.

Here in America the conditions for naval power are ideal. By controlling the waters that lead to our shores our nation could realize a perfect security and our citizens could continue in tranquillity to work out their glorious destiny.

In provision for a navy, I submit that there should not only be adequate power to win the war, if it must come, but adequate power to prevent the war, if possible, and this means, my countrymen, that in the waters in question there should be a substantial margin of superiority. When navies seem to be about equal, the aggressive power believes in its own, and it will take occasion to put it to a test.

The great European centers have been built inland. America's great centers have been built on her waterways. On her Atlantic coast line alone there are 15,800,000 of American citizens living within gunshot of the water, with seventeen billions six hundred millions of property. On the Gulf there are 1,900,000 people and eight hundred millions of property. On the Great Lakes there are 7,000,000 of people and seven billions two hundred millions of property. On the Mississippi River and its navigable tributaries there are eleven and a half millions of people and eight billions six hundred millions of property. We are the most exposed nation on earth—36,000,000 of our people and thirty-seven billions of our property now lying within gunshot of the water, more citizens exposed than there are citizens exposed in all Europe combined, more property exposed than there is property in all the rest of the world combined.

An expedition can leave Europe from any one of the great maritime powers with less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and in three weeks that expedition can capture Washington City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York without any possibility

of substantial resistance. Furthermore, before we could assemble an army capable of expelling them from one city they could have done what they pleased with all that property and embark practically without loss. The expedition would destroy our shipyards, our navy-yards, and arsenals, and leave us impotent. We would have to start all over and build a new navy. How long would it take us? Perhaps ten years. And at how much cost? Untold billions. Then we would have to create a stupendous transport service and a great army, turning our citizens from their peaceful pursuits to the profession of arms. Then we would have to go across the ocean, where no base could be found and where a great army would resist any attempt to land. Without a ready army, without bases in Europe, without a merchant marine, the United States could be raided without a chance for retaliation. We would win in the end, but at what a cost!

My countrymen, this should not be permitted to continue. As a simple matter of insurance, as a police proposition, America must have a navy capable of controlling the ocean in the Atlantic against any nation of Europe. I am not talking war, I am talking facts. We have 90,000,000 of people. I will take a second place to no man in appreciating their strength and their willingness, if necessary, to fight for liberty and for home and country, but the yellow man can fire as straight as the white man. The yellow man can live on one-tenth of what the white man can. We have felt free from danger from invasion from Europe, although we are not free from raids. We may be free from invasion from Europe, but, my countrymen, we are not free from invasion from Asia. The location of our Pacific coast places it, with the open ocean toward Asia, in a dangerous condition, with Japan in alliance with a great mari-

time power of Europe that would keep the ocean open. The unlimited myriads of Asia could descend upon our shores. We are within reasonable distance of the point where this nation may have to fight for its very existence.

There are those who are afraid that if we have a great navy we will abuse the power. But I ask any gentleman here, would your constituents have this nation play the part of a bully, simply because we had a big navy? Of course not. It is not so abroad. Abroad a czar, an emperor, a monarch, or an ambitious dynasty can have a nation's power turned to conquest and oppression. In America it would have to be the people, and they would not do it. In analyzing the power that there is in 90,000,000 of people, you know we have found out that they are the safest guardians of liberty. Do you not realize that those 90,000,000 of people, men who do not hate any other people in the world engaged in peaceful pursuits, are the one repository in this world with which you can trust great power?

I submit it to you, as long as nations have to have navies, then America, the peace nation, ought to have the biggest navy. You cannot escape this conclusion. But some say that this is the advocacy of force. It is nothing of the kind. I have lived in Europe, I have lived in Asia, I have seen enough of the reign of might and brute force around the world. The reign of might and brute force is the trouble with the suffering world. It is time some nation of peace and beneficence could have some influence in the great councils of the nations. This is the way in which is the shortest time to put an end to the reign of force in the world. Some say, "Oh, he is a young man who wants war; he has had a taste of war." Mr. Chairman, it cured me, that taste did. I see men before me who in the great war would get up before break-

fast and do more fighting than was done in the Spanish war altogether. You ask them if they do not believe me. I do not care how hot-blooded a man may be before he goes in. Let him go in and get a taste of war, and that will make of him a disciple of peace for the rest of his days. There has never been a greater slander on any men than to say that men of war want war.

I have gone tirelessly about the land night and day, just pleading for peace because I see the war clouds are gathering—clouds that would bring not only war between nations of the white race, but a great war between the races of the world, and I see America upon the apex in mid-ocean, the friend of all nations, kin to the other nations, the one great nation without territorial ambition, standing for the rights of men and for those just policies between nations that make peace, enduring peace, possible. I see America placed here to send the black clouds of war back below the horizon. It is not a dream, not a vision. You and I can make it possible. Let us begin now by authorizing four battleships in this appropriation bill.

THE NAVY IN PEACE AND WAR

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy

[Extract from a speech delivered at a dinner of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, December 22, 1898.]

The navy is that arm of the public defense the nature of whose duties is dual, in that they relate to both peace and war. In times of peace the Navy blazes the way across the trackless deep, maps out

and marks the dangers which lie in the routes of commerce, in order that the peaceful argosies of trade may pursue safe routes to the distant markets of the world, there to exchange the varied commodities of commerce. It penetrates the jungle and the tangle of the inter-tropical regions. It stands ready to starve to death or to die from exposure. It pushes its way into the icy fastnesses of the north or of the south, in order that it may discover new channels of trade. It carries the influences of your power and the beneficent advantages of your civilization to the secluded and hermit empires of the Eastern world, and brings them in touch with our Western civilization and its love of law for the sake of the law rather than for fear of the law's punishments. It stands guard upon the outer frontiers of civilization, in pestilential climates, performing duties that are beyond the public observation, but yet which have their happy influence in maintaining the reputation and character of our country and extending the civilizing agency of its commerce.

The bones of officers and men of the Navy lie in every country of the world, or along the highways of commerce; they mark the resting-places of martyrs to a sense of duty that is stronger than any fear of death. The Navy works and strives and serves, without any misgivings and without any complaints, only that it may be considered the chief and best guardian of the interests of this people, of the prestige of this nation, and of the glory and renown of its flag.

These are some of the duties of peace, which has its triumphs "no less renowned than war." But it is the martial side of the Navy that is the more attractive one to us. It is that side of its duty which presents to us its characters who have written their names and their fames in fire. No matter what may

be our ideas of civilization or how high our notions of peace, there is no one of us who has not felt his heart beat a little bit faster and his blood course a little bit more rapidly when reading of the daring and thrilling deeds of such men as John Paul Jones, or of Decatur, or of Stewart, or of Hull, or of Perry, or of MacDonald, or of Tatnall, or of Ingram, or of Cushing, or of Porter, or of Farragut.

The war so happily ended has added new names to the galaxy of naval worthies. New stars are in the firmament. The men of our Navy have proven that they are able to defend their title to the spurs they inherited.

THE HERO OF SANTIAGO

ISADOR RAYNER

United States Senator from Maryland

[The conclusion of his argument before the Schley Court of Inquiry, November 6, 1901.]

Such a trial as this has never, to my knowledge, taken place in the history of the world. It seemed to my mind that this case had hardly opened with the testimony of Captain Higginson, before it commenced to totter, and from day to day its visionary fabric has dissolved from view. When Captain Cook, their last witness, was put upon the stand, the entire structure collapsed, and now after the witnesses from our own ships and the gallant captain and crew of the *Oregon* and Admiral Schley have narrated their unvarnished tale, the whole tenement, with all of its compartments, from its foundation to its turret, has disintegrated and lies like a mass of blackened ruins.

It has taken three years to reveal the truth. There

is not a single word that has fallen from the tongue of a single witness, friend or foe, that casts the shadow of a reflection upon the honored name of the hero of Santiago. He has never claimed the glory of that day. Let it be known he has never claimed the glory of that day. No word to this effect has ever gone forth from him to the American people. The valiant Cook, the heroic Clark, the lamented Philip, the intrepid and undaunted Wainwright, and all the other captains, and every man at every gun, and every soul on board of every ship are equal participants with Admiral Schley in the honor wrought upon that immortal day. We cannot strike his figure down standing upon the bridge of the *Brooklyn*. Says the Boatswain Hill, "Every head was bowed but his as the Spanish shot and shell fell thick and fast," and sent the life blood streaming from young Ellis, this gallant martyr for his country's cause.

We cannot strike him down. "You may assassinate me, but you cannot intimidate me," said the Irish patriot Curran, as he turned upon his accusers and traducers. There he stands upon the bridge of the *Brooklyn,* his ship almost alone, receiving the entire fire of the Spanish foe, until the *Oregon,* as if upon the wings of lightning, sped into the thickness of this mortal carnage. "God bless the *Oregon!*" was the cheer that rang from deck to deck; and on they went, twin brothers in the chase, until the lee gun was fired from the *Cristobal Colon* and the despotic colors of Spain were swept from the face of her ancient possessions. "Well done; congratulate you on the victory," was the streamer that was sent from the halyard of the *Brooklyn,* and from that day to this no man has ever heard from Admiral Schley the slightest whisper or intimation that he has usurped the glory of that imperishable hour. The

thunders of the *Brooklyn,* as she trembled on the waves, have been discordant music to the ears of envious foes, but they have pierced with a ringing melody the ears of his countrymen and struck a responsive chord at the fireside of every American home. And what is more than all, which has been revealed in this case, as matchless as his courage, and as unsullied as his honor, is his beautiful character and the generous spirit that animates his soul and the forgiving heart that beats within his bosom.

No; we cannot strike him down. Erect he stands as the MacGregor when his step was on his native heather and his eye was on the peak of Ben Lomond. His country does not want to strike him down nor cast a blur upon the pure escutcheon of his honored name.

For three long years he has suffered, and now, thank God, he believes that the hour of his vindication has come. With composure, with resignation, with supreme and unfaltering fortitude, he awaits the judgment of this illustrious tribunal; and if that deliverance comes, he can from the high and exalted position that he occupies look down upon his traducers and maligners, and with exultant pride exclaim: "I care not for the venomous gossip of clubs and drawing-rooms and cliques and cabals, nor for the poisoned shafts of envy and of malice. I await, under the guidance of Divine Providence, the verdict of posterity."

FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

DAVID A. DE ARMOND

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, December 11, 1906.]

There has been a great deal of agitation in the country from time to time, and there is perhaps a

good deal now, over the proposed amendment of the Constitution in a good many important particulars. With some of this agitation and some of these movements I am in sympathy; with others I am not. A great many very good people, entitled to their views and entitled to a hearing upon them, are of the opinion that in a good many important particulars the Constitution ought to be amended. For instance, there are those who believe that it ought to be amended so as to provide for female suffrage. Others would have a marriage and divorce amendment. Some believe it should be amended with reference to the liquor traffic, or by way of prohibition of the liquor traffic. Many believe there ought to be a constitutional provision for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. There are those who are of the opinion that the President and Vice-President should also be chosen by a direct vote. Some believe the Presidential term ought to be six years instead of four years, and that the President ought to be ineligible for reëlection as his own successor. Some people, particularly in the latitude of Washington, believe it is vastly important to have the Presidential term begin later in the season, so that inauguration day may fall at a time when the weather is more agreeable and fit for a pageant than it is likely to be about the fourth day of March. A great many people believe that Congress ought to be convened shortly after the election, instead of thirteen months after the members of the House of Representatives are chosen. There are some who believe that provision ought to be made in the Constitution whereby the Government, under suitable regulations of law, might insure the lives of citizens of this great Republic. I am one of those who entertain that opinion. Life insurance by the Government could be made both safe and profitable;

and what a boon to the people to get insurance at what it is worth! There are people who believe that by an amendment to the Constitution greater power, better defined power, power that may be more easily exercised and more effectively employed, might be supplied for dealing with great trusts and other mighty corporate agencies of the land.

I need not take the time to enumerating the various matters concerning which amendments have been and are persistently urged and earnestly desired. I mention some of them merely as preliminary to the consideration of whether or not it might be advisable for the people of this country, by action of their various State legislatures, to call upon Congress to make provision for a constitutional convention, in which all the plans and schemes of amendment might be presented. Such a convention surely would be composed, in part at least, of the ablest men in the land. It would be a very great body of American statesmen and citizens. I believe the very fact of the assembling of such a convention—I believe, indeed, the preliminary discussions leading up to it or designed to bring it about—would be productive of much good in legislation in Congress and in the several State legislatures.

Now, I am not one of those who believe that the old Constitution is worn out, or that the ingenuity and statesmanship and patriotism of to-day would be likely to supply something which in its fundamental principles would be any improvement upon, or even as good as, that old instrument; but I am one of those who do believe that a constitution made more than a hundred years ago, when conditions were vastly different, when corporations were in their infancy, when our population was sparse, when wealth was not concentrated, when great agencies in government were not employed as they are employed

now, before the day of the telegraph and telephone and the many triumphs of electricity, before many of the mighty inventions of to-day and yesterday were dreamed of; that a constitution made then may lack something now. I believe the makers did not embody in that instrument of matchless worth, our Constitution, all that might be or is now sufficient or desirable for present needs or to equip the people to meet the rapidly growing needs of the future of a great country. I believe a convention of American citizens, assembled for the purpose of considering various propositions to amend that Constitution, would be likely to submit some wholesome and timely amendments, perhaps a good many, but some, at least, which would meet the approval of the American people; and, by their sovereign will, be made part of the Constitution.

But, as to the main proposition. Here we have a Constitution, one of the greatest and best ever brought into being by human brains; we have a Constitution framed in the infancy of the Republic, framed in the primitive days, before the great railroad had an existence, before great electric motors and telegraph and telephone were known; before the modern agencies called "trusts" had a being or were dreamed of; before the appearance of the millionaire as a common every-day citizen; before the near approach of the billionaire; before the aggregation of hundreds and thousands of millions of dollars under single control; and it seems to me that in our progress, in the history of our nation and of the world, we certainly have reached a time when it might be wise to assemble a convention to consider whether or not amendments could with profit be proposed to the great conservator of our liberties; and if they should be proposed, for the people deliberately, after their own manner, in their own

fashion, to consider whether or not the Constitution should be amended.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

EATON J. BOWERS

Congressman from Mississippi

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 8, 1904.]

Let me say to the gentleman from Massachusetts that it is evident that we have at least two theories as to how the negro should be dealt with. One may be termed his idea of the development by higher education, social equality, and the like, while the other may be dominated the Southern idea of absolute segregation of the two races, the fitting the negro only for that sphere and station which, based upon an experience born of more than a century's knowledge of him as a slave and nearly forty years' experience with him as a freedman, we believe he can acceptably and worthily fill, with absolute denial of social intercourse and with every restriction on his participation in political affairs or government that is permissible under the Federal Constitution.

Let us see, in the light of statistics, which idea has borne the best results. In Massachusetts the ratio of criminals among the negroes in 1890 was 7.271 per thousand; in Mississippi, 1.425 per thousand. In other words, the negro in Mississippi is six times better than the negro in Massachusetts, notwithstanding the Massachusetts negro is vastly superior in education to his more moral and prosperous brother in Mississippi The Massachusetts negro, under his theory, is six times as criminal as his brother in Mississippi, who is the product of ours.

In New York the negro criminals are 10 per thousand. In Alabama they are 3.089 per thousand. In Pennsylvania the ratio is 6.859 per thousand. In Louisiana it is 2.214 per thousand. In Connecticut it is 5.446 per thousand, while in South Carolina it is 1.54 per thousand. In Illinois it is 7.926 per thousand, while in North Carolina it is 2.893 per thousand. In Kansas it is 6.115 per thousand, while in Virginia it is 2.546 per thousand; and before I leave this subject I desire to call attention to the fact that the figures which I have cited show that the percentage of white as well as black criminals is less in the South than in the North, and that in Mississippi it is lower than in any other State given.

The six Southern States selected have been chosen because of the fact that their recent constitutions have limited the right of suffrage. The Northern States are those that possess any considerable negro population.

Now, from all these facts the deduction which comes to my mind conclusively and irresistibly is that, while you feed the negro upon the abstraction of equal social and political rights, you deny him the substantial right to earn his bread in the station and in the avocations for which he is by nature and training fitted.

You deny him the bread of existence and tender him the stone of participation in political affairs. He asks for fish in the shape of the right to labor and pursue happiness, you give him instead the serpent of racial equality and intercourse. On the other hand, we deny him that intercourse with the white race which can have but one result—viz., an irreconciliable and never-ending conflict between the races—but we open to him, freely and without restriction, every avenue of labor and every oppor-

tunity to improve his condition by honest and legitimate toil.

If the past is any indication of the future, then so surely as the night follows the day our theory is right and yours wrong. More than a decade of negro denomination and misrule has taught us in that severest but most valuable of schools—experience—that he is not fitted for government, and should therefore, so far as possible within the constitutional limits, be eliminated as a political factor, and, speaking for myself, I thank God that the constitutional convention of Mississippi "swept the circle of expedients, within the field of permissible action under the limitations of the Federal Constitution, to obstruct the exercise of the franchise by the negro race."

That we have not exceeded the limits of "permissible action within the Constitution" the highest tribunal in this land has declared, and the peace and prosperity that we have enjoyed since the adoption of that constitution, the increased tranquillity and contentment abiding with both races, the influx of capital, and the rapid development which follows the settlement of any vexed question which threatens to disturb the peace and internal quietude of a State, have all been ours.

The restriction of suffrage in Mississippi was the wisest statesmanship ever exhibited in that proud Commonwealth, and its results have been more beneficent and far-reaching than even that great statesman, Senator George, to whom more than to any other one man is due this great reform, with his far-seeing eye predicted. We have disfranchised not only the ignorant and vicious black, but the ignorant and vicious white as well, and the electorate in Mississippi is now confined to those, and to those alone, who are qualified by intelligence and character for

the proper and patriotic exercise of this great franchise.

I cannot believe, Mr. Chairman, that the mass of the people in the North look at this matter as the gentlemen from Massachusetts and Kansas do. I believe that there has been for a long time a great and growing sentiment—a sentiment gaining daily in volume and force—that the South is grappling with this question in an intelligent and patriotic way; that by reason of our intimate knowledge of the negro race and its characteristics we are better qualified to solve it than our brethren of the North; and I furthermore believe that the overwhelming disposition of the North now is to let the South solve this question alone, without any interference from those who are less familiar with the conditions and embarrassments than we are. I would not for the world do anything which would retard or in the least disturb this wholesome sentiment.

I have entered into this discussion with some reluctance, but without fear. I have been reluctant not because of any want of confidence in my position, but because of an indefinable dread that by some imprudent word I might retard the growth of the sentiment and the idea to which I have just alluded, and which I believe to be absolutely indispensable to the correct and proper solution of the question. I have attempted to speak with temperance and prudence. Following the example of the gentleman from Massachusetts, I have repressed much that I feel. I know that I have spoken the truth.

AGAINST THE ENLISTMENT OF NEGRO SOLDIERS

JAMES L. SLAYDEN

Congressman from Texas

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 8, 1907.]

Mr. Chairman, at the beginning of the present session I submitted a bill to amend the military laws so that after July 1, 1907, there would be no negro regiments in the Army of the United States.

For a long time I have looked upon it as a desirable military reform. Recent events of a startling and deplorable nature have convinced me that it is urgent. It cannot be delayed, I apprehend, without risking a collision between white citizens and negro troops. There is reason to fear that occasional assassination and riot may be succeeded by disasters that will measure up to the standard of battle. Firmly believing that, as I did, I regarded it as a duty to try to prevent such a condition by amending the law. A series of violent outbreaks on the part of negro soldiers, culminating in a murderous assault on the unoffending citizens of Brownsville, decided me to offer the bill without further delay. The bill was not offered for buncombe. I proposed it because I am absolutely convinced that it is a measure of reform which must ultimately commend itself to the judgment of the American Congress. I very much regret to say, however, that there does not appear to be any immediate prospect of success. Like many good legislative suggestions, it will probably have to die the death many times before the mind and conscience of a majority can be awakened. The lack of active sympathy for my measure among such of my Republican colleagues as I have spoken to about it

makes me realize that I am not apt to have an opportunity to discuss the bill as pending before the House, and so, Mr. Chairman, I shall avail myself of this occasion to speak of it.

In the history of the negro troops of the United States one finds many chapters that tell of violent breaches of discipline, of riotous and mutinous conduct, of murder and race hostility. All these are to be found in the cold, formal, official reports filed in the Department of War. These reports are not written with any consideration of the great politico-social question on which they have an important bearing, but it takes no very alert student to find the race question running all through them. As a rule, official reports are lacking in vitality, but these, when they touch even remotely the great hopeless and insoluble question—and if any question about the affairs of men is hopeless and insoluble this is—that confronts a large section of the country, throb and vibrate with human interest.

In declaring their unfitness to be American soldiers I have in view only the circumstances of their service. I do not impeach their physical courage. That is a virtue that belongs to nearly all men, and if there is any difference between savage and civilized man in this respect, it possibly lies with the savage, who is undeterred from rash ventures by thought of the consequences.

But courage is only one of the qualities required in a good soldier. There should be between him and the people whose uniform he wears perfect sympathy and a common aspiration. This sympathy, this aspiration, does not exist between the blacks and whites, and in the very nature of things can never exist. It is prevented by basic and unalterable differences.

It is not my duty, nor is this the time or place, to explain, justify, or condemn the feeling. I

merely assert as a fact that mutual race antipathy does exist, that its existence has been recognized by students of the question who have considered it on a plane far above partisan politics, and that it is folly to ignore it in our legislation. If we persist in the folly, we will surely end in disaster.

This deep-seated and ineradicable race hostility, which grows daily more acute, is not peculiar to the United States. Although dormant when apart, it is unfailingly developed everywhere by contact and competition. It has written tragic chapters into the history of Asia, Africa, and Europe. The Moors were as unwelcome to the people of the Spanish Peninsula as the Chinese and Japanese are to our fellow-citizens on the Pacific coast, and it will not do to dismiss the Pacific coast race question by saying that the objection to Asiatic immigration in California is only from the hoodlum element. It runs through all classes of society.

A few days ago I read in the Washington *Herald* a statement made by a retired officer of the British army who, although he spoke guardedly, as becomes a visitor to the country, did not conceal his surprise at the fact that black soldiers are kept in our Army for service in times of peace. He said that Great Britain, even under the stress of war and in the face of repeated disasters, did not employ them against the Boers in South Africa. He assigned as a reason for the British policy the admitted prejudice, mutually entertained, of the races. I mention this, Mr. Chairman, to show that the people of the United States are not peculiar in this respect. I say the people of the United States, instead of the people of the South, because of comparatively recent events which show that this prejudice does not stop at Mason and Dixon's line. Lynchings are a disgrace, I admit, and they should be made impossible by the

enactment of such intelligent laws and by such prompt and rigid enforcement of them that no man's thoughts would ever turn in that direction for the punishment of crime. But they are not peculiar to the South. They are only more frequent there because of multiplied instances of crime of a frightful sort. Even Springfield, Ohio, if the press and that entertaining essayist, Ray Stannard Baker, tell the truth, has on occasions resorted to lynching. And strangely enough the mob spirit was largely directed by race prejudice. The lynching of a negro criminal at Springfield in March, 1904, was followed by a very carnival of crime directed at the black inhabitants of that city. Not only was there evidence of prejudice against the particular criminals, but it seemed to have been directed against the whole negro race. They were hunted out of their homes and their property destroyed by fire. Danville, Illinois, was also the scene of a manifestation of race prejudice, which the writer says is growing with the growth of the negro population. It would not be difficult to multiply these illustrations of the fact that the race prejudice which exists in the South, and which we admit, is also to be found in the North, but usually denied. The newspapers give us overwhelming evidence of it every day.

As I have already said, I fear that we have not yet reached the stage where we will legislate on this matter intelligently and for conditions as we find them. But we will reach it by and by.

After a few incidents like those at Fort Meade, San Carlos, El Paso, and Brownsville, Congress will be really aroused to a discharge of its duty in this matter. Repeat the Brownsville affair with a change of locus—let it occur in Michigan, New York, or Illinois—and a new light will be seen. Until then we will be as patient as possible, having faith that

finally the sympathy of the whole country will be given to that section which has been so tried in the school of disaster, a section which stands face to face with the perplexities and dangers of the most difficult question any people on earth were ever called on to meet and solve. When all the States comprehended this question, which now they barely apprehend, they will help us of the South to make it certain that the homes of white men in a white man's country will be protected by white men only.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT

ALLEN CAPERTON BRAXTON

Of the Richmond (Va.) Bar

[Extract from a speech in response to the toast, "George Washington," delivered at a banquet of the New York Southern Society, February 21, 1903.]

After grim-visaged war had closed his crimson testament, but not yet smoothed his wrinkled front, while the tempestuous waves of public passion were still tossing the ship of state about, in a moment of infatuation and thoughtless folly, in an evil hour, by the combined agencies of fraud and force, the Fifteenth Amendment was added to our Federal Constitution, thus carrying us as far beyond right and reason, in one direction, as slavery had taken us in the other.

No white man believes in the Fifteenth Amendment, save as a theory to be applied to some other man's case. The loudest advocates of its application to the South stood aghast when they met it face to face in the City of Washington, in the State of California, and in our new insular possessions. It is wrong in principle, it is impossible of enforcement

where the inferior race is numerous, it is demoralizing to the negro, it is corrupting to the white man; to abandon that ignorant and helpless race to their own devices and control would be the greatest cruelty; to set them up as rulers over the race that produced Washington and Lee would be a crime against nature and a sin against God!

It is said that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of mankind," and, as surely as the eternal principles of right and reason are destined ultimately to prevail, just so sure am I that the stupendous folly of the Fifteenth Amendment, long since condemned by Abraham Lincoln himself, will yet be rectified by the great voice of the American people!

No sooner had the Fifteenth Amendment been proclaimed than the negroes banded themselves together in a solid impenetrable mass; and, true to the instincts of their race, voluntarily submitted themselves to a political bondage as complete as that from which, without any effort of their own, they had recently been liberated. This black phalanx, officered by the worst elements in the community and manned by their blind, unreasoning and thoughtless followers, whom they herded to and from the polls "like dumb, driven cattle," soon became a menace to the very civilization of the country. The necessary and inevitable consequence of this hopeless consolidation of the negro vote was the creation, in the South, of a white man's party and a black man's party, which single issue, of white or black rule, was so immediate, so absolutely vital, so utterly overwhelming in its consequences, that it simply obliterated all others.

Thus it was that the persistent refusal of the negroes to *accept* political freedom forced the whites to *abandon* it and to blindly follow the white man's

party regardless of any and all political heresies by which, for the time, it might be dominated.

In obtaining recruits among Southern white men, what inducement could any political party offer that was comparable to sympathy and support in their struggle against the black peril at their doors! It was as if a man facing in deadly encounter some terrible and ferocious animal, should be offered by one friend a tip on the stock market and by another a weapon with which to defend himself. Could he hesitate which offer to accept? Would he insist that the man offering him the gun should first satisfy him that his views on finance were sound? Such was the condition of the Southern people, and such was the reason why the "Solid South" was solid.

When God in his wrath saw fit to banish us into the wilderness with the Fifteenth Amendment, he still in his mercy left a difficult, narrow but safe path by which we might, after much striving and tribulation, even yet achieve salvation and regain the Promised Land. Mr. Chairman, the Southern people have struck that trail! They have reached Mount Pisgah, and are now with rejoicing and gratitude to God gazing once more into the happy land of Canaan!

One by one the Southern States, compelled at last to relinquish the principle of free manhood suffrage so dear to them (but which they, like the citizens of Washington, gladly exchange for immunity from negro domination), have availed themselves of the expedients which have been found and authoritatively declared to be permissible under the Fifteenth Amendment, and placed such restrictions upon suffrage, irrespective of race or color, that the vast sea of ignorant, venal, and vicious negroes is now safely and perpetually shut out.

We have legislated as far as we could against the

negro's defects and bad qualities rather than against his color or his race. The details of the methods adopted vary with the several States; but in substance the remedy is everywhere the same, and consists in requiring something more of a voter than merely twenty-one years of innocuous existence.

The negro vote has not been entirely eliminated in the South, but, by permitting only those to vote who can be entrusted with the ballot without too great peril to the State, that vote has been reduced far below the danger point; and thus one-third of the fairest and richest domain of this great nation has been saved from the threatened possibility of becoming, like another Hayti, the permanent home of anarchy and barbarism.

The present condition having been brought about by our new suffrage laws, peace and good-will between the races are rapidly increasing, and the white men of the South may now divide, and are dividing, upon the live economic issues of the day. The great body of the hitherto deluded and much exploited negroes are now beginning to see who are their real friends; they are realizing that the interests of their white neighbors and their own are identical, and that, after all, the white man's government is far best for both races.

THE SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM

WILLIAM H. FLEMING

Of the Augusta (Ga.) Bar

[Extract from an address delivered before the Alumni Society of the State University of Georgia, Athens, June 19, 1906.]

In seeking a solution of any difficult problem the first step should be to eliminate the impossible

schemes proposed, and then concentrate on some line of operation that is at least possible. We often hear the epigrammatic dictum that there are but three possible solutions of our race problem: deportation, assimilation, or annihilation. When we bring our sober senses to bear, all three of these so-called possibilities appear to be practical impossibilities. Not one of the three presents a working hypothesis. Physical facts alone prevent deportation. Physical facts, stressed by an ineradicable race pride, bar the way against assimilation. Physical facts backed by our religion, our civilization, our very selves, forbid annihilation. We cannot imitate Herod.

This much seems clear beyond doubt, that the whites are going to stay in this Southland for all time, and so are the negroes going to stay here, in greater or less proportions, for generations to come. If, then, both races are to remain together, the plainly sensible thing for statesmen of this day to do is to devise the best *modus vivendi* or working plan by which the greatest good can be accomplished for ourselves and our posterity. We of this day are not expected to overload ourselves with the burden of settling all the problems of all future ages. If we take good care of the next few centuries, we may well be content to leave some matters to be attended to by our remote posterity—aided, of course, by Providence.

Over against that trinity of impossibilities—deportation, assimilation, or annihilation—let us offer the simple plan of justice.

The first and absolutely essential factor in any working hypothesis at the South so far as human ken can now foresee, is white supremacy—supremacy arising from present natural superiority, but based always on justice to the negro.

Those whose stock in trade is "hating the nigger"

may easily gain some temporary advantage for themselves in our white primaries, where it requires no courage either physical or moral to strike those who have no power to strike back—not even with a paper ballot. But these men will achieve nothing permanent for the good of the State or of the nation by stirring up race passion and prejudice. Injustice and persecution will not solve any of the problems of the ages. God did not so ordain His universe.

Justly proud of our race, we refuse to amalgamate with the negro. Nevertheless, the negro is a human being, under the Fatherhood of God, and consequently within the Brotherhood of Man—for those two relations are inseparably joined together. All soul-possessing creatures must be sons of God and joint heirs of immortality.

Moreover, the negro is an American citizen, and is protected as such by guarantees of the Constitution that are as irrepealable almost as the Bill of Rights itself. Nor if such a thing as repealing these guarantees were possible, would it be wise for the South. Suppose we admit the oft reiterated proposition that no two races so distinct as the Caucasian and the negro can live together on terms of perfect equality; yet it is equally true that without some access to the ballot, present or prospective, some participation in the government, no inferior race in an elective republic could long protect itself against reduction to slavery in many of its substantial forms —and God knows the South wants no more of that curse.

We have long passed the crisis of the disease brought on by the existence of slavery in the blood of the republic. Let us now build up the body politic in health and strength, and guard it against ever again being inoculated with a poison even remotely resembling that deadly virus. Sporadic cases

of peonage have already developed in several States and have been suppressed. Let us provide against every appearance of contagion.

One of the most serious difficulties about the solution of our problem is to be found in getting the dominant whites of the South to draw a proper discrimination between a laudable pride in our race and an unworthy prejudice against the negro race. Prejudice of any sort is hostile to that sound judgment which the Creator gave us for our guide. Race prejudice presents this disturbing element in one of its most unreasoning forms. In violence it ranks next to religious fanaticism. The one is based on a supposed duty to God; the other on a supposed duty to one's race-blood. The deeper this sense of duty, the more hardened the mind against every appeal to reason. In persecuting the early Christians, Paul thought he was doing his duty to God. The men who hanged the witches in New England thought they were doing their duty.

In calmly considering now the situation that confronted our statesmen of the ante-bellum period, that which most astounds us is their apparent failure to foresee what would have been the inevitable consequence of an indefinite continuance of slavery in its effect on race purity and on relative race numbers. The ratio of increase of the negroes was far in excess of the whites. The great laboring middle class, which forms the backbone of every nation's pluck and power, was fast migrating westward, and the remaining population was rapidly crystallizing into an upper class of white slave holders and a lower class of negro slaves—the latter outmultiplying their masters in numbers. Another one hundred years of slavery would in all probability have doomed the South to absolute negro domination by mere weight of numbers whenever emancipation should come—

and come it was sure to do at some time in the evolution of the elemental forces that were at work.

When a subject people in the hard school of experience gradually assert themselves and evolve from within the physical, mental, and spiritual forces that achieve their freedom, as did the Anglo-Saxons from under the yoke of their Norman conquerors, they come forth by natural growth prepared for the duties and responsibilities of self-government. But the negro as a race had undergone no such process of evolution. His transportation from Africa to America and his transition from slavery to freedom were both the result of external impositions and not of internal development. The power came from without, not from within. He did not win his freedom. It was bestowed upon him. Granting that he is only a backward member of the great human family, which, as most evolutionists and Christians believe, is moving steadily on toward the distant goal of millennial perfection, yet we cannot fail to see that the negro race was suddenly projected forward into a stage of civilization many generations in advance of its own natural development.

It it any wonder, then, that the negro as a race should not be altogether fitted to the laws and customs and political institutions of those among whom his lot was cast?

We do not know what shifting phases this vexing race problem may assume, but we may rest in the conviction that its ultimate solution must be reached by proceeding along the lines of honesty and justice. Let us not in cowardice or in want of faith needlessly sacrifice our higher ideals of private and public life. Race differences may necessitate social distinctions. But race differences cannot repeal the moral law. The foundation of the moral law is justice. Let us solve the negro problem by giving the negro

justice and applying to him the recognized principles of the moral law.

This does not require social equality. It does not require that we should surrender into his inexperienced and incompetent hands the reins of political government. But it does require that we recognize his fundamental rights as a man, and that we judge each individual according to his own qualifications and not according to the lower average characteristics of his race. Political rights cannot justly be withheld from those American citizens of an inferior or backward race who raise themselves up to the standard of citizenship which the superior race applies to its own members.

It is true that the right of suffrage is not one of those inalienable rights of man, like life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as enumerated in the Declaration of Independence; but the right of exemption from discrimination in the exercise of suffrage on account of race is one of the guaranteed constitutional rights of all American citizens.

We of the South are an integral part of this great country. We should stand ready to make every sacrifice demanded by honor and permitted by wisdom to remove the last vestige of an excuse for the perpetuation of that spirit of sectionalism which excludes us from the full participation in governmental honors to which our brain and character entitle us.

We cannot afford to sacrifice our ideals of justice, of law, and of religion for the purpose of preventing the negro from elevating himself. If we wish to preserve the wide gap between our race and his in the onward progress of civilization, let us do it by lifting ourselves up, not by holding him down. If, as some predict, the negro in the distant future must fail and fall by the wayside in the strenuous march of the nations, let him fall by his own in-

feriority, and not by our tyranny. Give him a fair chance to work out what is in him.

If the negroes as a race are to be disfranchised regardless of the personal qualifications of meritorious individual members of that race, consider for a moment some of the changes we must make in many of the fundamental doctrines lying at the base of our government. The revised version of our political Bible would have to read something like this: "No taxation without representation—except as to negroes;" "equal rights to all—except as to negroes;" "all men are created equal—except as to negroes."

Some modern critics seriously suggest that we should amend that paragraph of the Declaration of Independence which asserts the equal rights of men, so as to adjust it more accurately to historical and scientific facts. But that epoch-making document needs no alteration upon the subject of human rights when interpreted as it was intended to be interpreted by the man who drafted it. Mark you, Mr. Jefferson did not write: "All men are born free," as the quotation is sometimes given. That looser language is found in the constitution of Massachusetts, not in the Declaration of Independence. Such an assertion would have been disproved by the historical fact of slavery then existing. What Mr. Jefferson wrote was, "All men are created equal." That is to say, not equal in exterior circumstances, nor in physical or mental attributes, but equal in the sight of God and just human law, in their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Americans want no recantation of that declaration. It is the political corollary of the Christian doctrine of the justice and the Fatherhood of God. Let it stand as it was penned by Jefferson, an ennobling, even though unattainable, ideal demanded by the

spiritual nature of man—one of those ideals that have done more to lift up humanity and to build up civilization than all the gold from all the mines of all the world.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH

EZEKIEL S. CANDLER

Congressman from Mississippi

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 25, 1907.]

It is a source of gratification and pleasure to us in the South that the agriculturist is coming to his own once more. I am glad to see him taking an interest in his own affairs and fixing, to a certain extent at least, the price of the product that he toils to produce, and not leaving it to Wall Street or to the stock gamblers, the cotton gamblers, the wheat gamblers, and to the gamblers in "futures" to fix the price of his product and say he shall take that, without any regard to its actual and intrinsic value.

It is a source of gratification that they are standing together, saying to the people of this country and saying to the people of foreign countries that we purpose to fix the price of our products, and if you want them at that price you can buy them if you have the money, and if you do not want them we are able to take care of them and able to keep them; we will build warehouses in which to protect our products from the storms and weather and preserve them for future sale. I hope they will continue to stand shoulder to shoulder, man to man, for their own protection and their own welfare. Before they took this position we sold the cotton crop of 1900 for $387,000,000. Now, with the farmers standing together, we sold it last year for $667,000,000.

By reason of this action on their part, fixing the price of their own product and not leaving it to the grain gamblers and the cotton gamblers and gamblers in futures to say what it shall be, they raised the price of that product nearly $300,000,000 and brought prosperity to that section of the country, and in that way brought prosperity to every section of the country, because the prosperity of one section is the prosperity of them all.

What has done more to sustain the gold standard than any other one thing is the cotton crop, which is exported to foreigners and brings gold to our country. Last year more than a million dollars of cotton each day, Sundays and holidays included, was exported to foreign countries and sold for gold. To be entirely accurate, last year $401,000,000 worth of cotton was exported and sold and brought that amount of gold to the United States in exchange for that product, which was produced in the Southland.

Cotton is the great leveler in commercial and international exchange; and when I say that I speak advisedly, because that which can control the markets of the world as to money must, to a certain extent, control the destinies of the country and become a great leveler in the transactions between those countries.

I want to tell you that it is a fact that the cotton production in the last five years has amounted to more in dollars and cents than the total world's production of gold and silver both combined. Listen! In the last five years the total value of the world's gold and silver production was $2,578,852,000. The total value of our cotton crop in the last five years was $2,974,000,000. Therefore, the total production of cotton in five years has amounted to more than the total value of the world's production

of both gold and silver combined. That being true, then cotton is the great leveler in international trade. We say that cotton is king. Some people say, "No; iron is king." It is said that Mr. Carnegie made the remark that iron is king, and Mrs. Carnegie promptly replied, "If iron is king, then coal is queen." We say that the cotton crop is the king of the commerce of the world, and we do not admit anything to the contrary; but admitting for the sake of argument that iron is king, we stand in just as advantageous a position in reference to that great product as we do in reference to the cotton.

We find by investigation that there are in the Southland to-day 62,500 square miles of coal, while in England and Germany combined there are only 12,000 square miles and a little over. So within the borders of the Southland we have not only more coal land than both Germany and England combined, but more than all Europe put together. So, if iron is king and coal is queen, how does the country stand that possesses unquestionably that which is king, namely, King Cotton, and then possesses a majority of the iron lands of this country and a majority of the coal lands of this country? Having the two kings and the queen in the Southland, we ask nothing of anybody else.

One other thing, and then I shall be done. The one other great product in this country is timber. And do you know that to-day more than half of the standing timber in the United States is south of Mason and Dixon's line? So when we have the cotton, when we have the iron, when we have the coal, and when we have the timber, all within that section of the country, no wonder that prosperity has perched upon our banners; no wonder that we are happy and rejoicing.

Forty-five years ago those of the South who were

old enough to be away from home were engaged in the conflict that was then in progress. When those men returned to their homes they found devastation and destruction on every hand; but standing brave, courageous, and noble as they were, asking no favors and no concessions, the only thing that they ever have asked and the only thing that we ask now is that we shall be permitted to work out our own salvation under the shining canopy of God Almighty's heaven, trusting to Him for guidance, protection, support, and comfort; looking to Him for the sunshine and the showers, for those things that will bring from the earth the production which will yield happiness, peace, and joy to our people. To-day we are coming back to our own. We are reaching the point where we can take care of our own affairs without asking anything from anybody anywhere. Only a few years ago we had to go to Wall Street or to some commercial center, to some great banking institution, to obtain the money with which to transact our business; but last year the people of the South were able to market their own cotton without asking favor from any source, without asking a loan from anywhere; and this prosperity that has come over the Southland has permeated all this country of ours.

William D. Kelley said years ago that the prosperity of the South was the prosperity of every section of the country; and that is absolutely true. He looked forward to this day and saw with prophetic eye that the time would come back again when the Southland would blossom like the rose and when joy and happiness would be round about. That time has come. It will continue, and there is a greater time ahead of us for our people, if they will care for the heritage given to them and not waste it or fritter it away. We have stood upon the chivalry of our manhood and the purity of our womanhood, and

upon that foundation we have builded a superstructure that has towered heavenward and shines in the very presence of God above.

AN APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE

JOSHUA W. CALDWELL

Of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Bar

[Condensed from a speech delivered at a convention of the Appalachian National Park Association, at Ashville, N. C., October 25, 1902.]

It is my deliberate judgment that an Appalachian forest reserve is a matter of more importance to the people of the South than any other thing that has received their attention since the days of the Civil War and Reconstruction. Upon the result of this undertaking depends in a large measure the industrial future of the fairest part of the South. If there be some who think that I exaggerate, I invite them to an impartial investigation for themselves. It will be found that my words are not stronger than those of the competent and disinterested experts in forestry and hydrography whom the Federal authorities have sent to investigate the subject, and that they are fully justified by the facts that have been officially recorded.

What is this Southern Appalachian region, this "chief physiographic feature of the eastern half of the continent"? It is the mountain country of the Virginias, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. It embraces the lovely regions fitly called "the Land of the Sky" and the "Sapphire Country." I may be pardoned for adding that it also includes east Tennessee and the city of Knoxville. No man has seen more beautiful

things than those southern mountains. How well do Ruskin's beautiful words and imagery fit them: "Cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of streams and stones, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars." One glory of these mountains is their waters, for "no clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the land which giveth rain from heaven." Another glory is their forests, with their trees "rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges."

It is the waters and the rivers that we would save, for their beauty and for all the benefits which they bestow upon men. One may hesitate to plead for mere beauty in an age so utilitarian, and yet apart from all other considerations it seems to me a desecration, a crime which cannot be extenuated, to rob these mountains of their glorious woods, to dry up the springs, to convert the streams into dribbling rivulets, save when they are made raging torrents by the rains that fall on the stripped rocks. Those mountains are the homes of the trees, they are not fit for plowmen. It is folly, as well as a crime, to destroy the trees. The mountains are nature's reservoirs of pure water for the uses of man. They are not to remain untouched, but to be treated wisely, with consideration, and with unfailing care.

We do not ask that the woodman shall be excluded from these forests, only that he shall cull in moderation and with judgment. The untold wealth of these ancient woods was meant for man, but to be used, not abused. A scientific writer says of the forests: "Perhaps no other natural agent has done

so much for the human race and has been so recklessly used and so little understood."

We have reached the point in America where vandalism in our forests must be checked. Fortunately we have seen the evils that the ruthless lumberman may do before his invasion of our Southern forest has become irresistible, but the wanton destruction that he has wrought elsewhere now drives him to us. Of the woods of the Appalachian Mountain region perhaps one-fourth have disappeared, the remainder having been saved by prompt action of Congress. Let us not charge all the harm that has been done to the strange lumberman. The natives are by no means without fault. Thousands of old sedge fields scattered through the South attest the incapacity and the improvidence of our small farmers. They were murdered by perpetual crops of corn.

In the mountains the belief still prevails that the chief end of man and of the earth is to raise corn without ceasing. The heavy feeding corn quickly devours the soil of the little valleys, and the farmer begins to clear the hills. The steep slope is laid bare and a bull tongue plow, steer impelled, makes straggling incisions three inches deep among the rocks and stumps. The virgin soil yields fair returns. The fall and winter rains wash away the soil that has been loosened; the next year the bull tongue scratches three inches deeper, and in the fall another three inches of soil is washed away. As the soil departs the crops decrease, and in five or six years the soil is all gone and the plowman must climb higher. At last he reaches the limit of his land or of the steer's capacity to climb, he has killed the trees, his farm has been washed away, and he goes west in search of new lands to destroy. Upon the barren waste he has made there is nothing to hold the rains that fall; the water gathers and rushes into the val-

ley, the streams are swollen and floods are upon the lowlands.

The scientist tells us that in the streams rising in the Appalachian region there are more than one million horsepower yet undeveloped, and I venture to say that their estimate is by far too low. Heretofore the forest, the bed of leaves, and the poorest soil have gathered the water, held it in reserve, and thus insured the equable flow of the stream. With the forests, the leaf beds, and the soil gone, the entire rainfall rushes at once into the lowlands; there are repeated floods in winter and spring, and when the dry season comes the reduced springs cannot supply the streams.

Let us understand that no wasteful or even unprofitable investment is asked of the government. Experience in other countries proves that forest reserves can, in a little while, be made not only self-supporting, but productive of revenue, and we may thus rely, safely, upon the powerful argument of profit; not the large but intangible profit of having the land and the water power, and the glorious woods, but money profit actually paid into the treasury. Meanwhile the lumberman may go on with his work, not without restrictions, but without any unreasonable hindrance, so that the lumberman of the next generation and of all other generations thereafter may reap in these same forests, which, properly used, are inexhaustible. Some of the species of the noble trees of this region are, even now, almost extinct. The stumps of the black walnut are mined and sold at fabulous prices and the cherry is going the way of the walnut.

Once more, I say, it is a public duty to save our forests, the ancient and steadfast protectors of our mountains and our waters, and upon us who live among the mountains or under their shadows the ob-

ligation is the strongest. The duty that rests upon us is clear and imperative, and as we shall be faithful or unfaithful, we will merit and will have the gratitude or the condemnation of posterity.

TRIBUTE TO CALVIN HENDERSON WILEY

JAMES Y. JOYNER

Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina

[Extract from an address delivered at the unveiling of the monument to Calvin H. Wiley, at Winston, N. C., September 9, 1904.]

Little can the living do for the dead. In vain for them do the living speak their words of praise and love. In vain for them do the living prepare their pomp and pageantry and rear their monuments of brass and stone. Monuments, mausoleums, and statues to the truly great perpetuate the memory of noble deeds, teach the living by great example, and incite them to better lives by the record of the virtues of the dead. In thus honoring the memory of the noble dead the living honor most themselves.

Only a record of service deserves to be written on enduring stone or lasting brass. All other records should be and are "in water writ." If unselfish and lasting service be the true test of greatness and worth, then few that have lived in our generation have so richly deserved at our hands the tribute of a monument as Calvin Henderson Wiley. His signal service to his people, the service that entitles him to a place in their hearts forever, is the service in organizing and bringing to efficiency the public school system of the State.

Surely the hour had struck in North Carolina when

a great leader was needed to organize and direct a great system of public schools for all the children of the State. "The people perished for lack of knowledge." About one-third of the adult white population of the State were unable to read and write. Where was the leader for this great work?

I believe in the inspiration and the divine call of great men to their great work. "Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone." If ever man was inspired and called of God to a work, Calvin H. Wiley seems to me to have been inspired and called to his.

Yonder in the classic, cultured old town of Oxford is a young lawyer of fine promise and fine culture, a graduate with high honor of the university of his State, a man of rare literary taste and attainment, author already of several books of more than average merit and popularity. In the midst of the most congenial social and literary surroundings, life to him was indeed sweet, and all the skies of his future were aglow with the roseate promise of professional and literary fame. Ambition wooed him to follow where she pointed the way. But another voice is heard, a still, small voice. Things have been going badly yonder at the dear old home in Guilford. Financial reverses have come, the old father has been compelled to surrender a large part of the ancestral lands, and now even the roof that shelters father and mother and the two young sisters is endangered by debt. His loved ones need him, the voice of duty calls; the young man hears and obeys, for he indeed is of that heroic mold "who reverenced his conscience as his king." Without a murmur, without a moment's hesitation, he turns away from the literary visions that lure him on,

leaves his delightful social and intellectual surroundings, returns to the seclusion of the country home of his boyhood, and quietly takes up the burden of life and of family support on the little remnant of the wasted farm. As if to make the struggle harder and the sacrifice greater, his political party, the Whig, was just coming into power in the nation, and he was seeking, with some prospect of success, an appointment to a foreign consulship, which would have given him means and leisure for the pursuit of his cherished literary work. He lays this ambition and prospect on duty's altar too. Of such stuff was this man made.

Little knows man what is best to do. "Lead, Kindly Light." Ever at his peril man disobeys the voice of duty, which is the voice of God. There is something tragic, though, in the sacrifice of a cherished plan and a fond ambition, even at duty's call. There is something heroic, too. We can understand now what he could not then, how in this sacrifice was a blessing for men and for him too, and how through it he should be led to a grander mission and a nobler fame.

Thus was Calvin H. Wiley called from the work that he had chosen for himself to the work that God had chosen for him. Thus was the great leader found for the great educational work that the hour called for.

From the hour of his return to the old farm in Guilford, a new life, a new career, lay before him, a life of long, unselfish service, first to his kindred and then to his beloved native State. He returned to Guilford in 1849; in 1850 he was elected to the General Assembly. In the legislature of 1850-'51 he introduced and advocated in a speech of great power and eloquence his bill "To provide for the appointment of a superintendent of common schools

and for other purposes." This was the beginning of his public career and of his great service to the public schools. The speech in support of his bill showed a careful and thorough study of the common schools of this State, a clear comprehension of their defects and of the remedies for those, and a surprising knowledge of the successful school systems of other States. His bill received a large vote, but failed to pass. Dr. Wiley was also a member of the General Assembly of 1852-'53, and through his influence a bill for the appointment of a State superintendent was introduced by Mr. Cherry, of Bertie. This bill was passed, and stands as chapter 18 in the public acts of 1852. So great had been Dr. Wiley's activity in advancing the interests of the schools that, without the slightest solicitation on his part, he was elected in December, 1852, by a Democratic legislature, by a large majority State superintendent of common schools, though he was a Whig in politics and a lawyer by profession. He entered upon his duties January 1, 1853.

He never lost his interest in the public schools. With pen and voice he labored for the advancement of the people's schools to the day of his death. His last service to the cause was that rendered in the establishment of the admirable system of graded schools here in your own city. Who can forget the zeal and enthusiasm with which he labored for their establishment, the solicitude with which he watched over them, and the wisdom with which, as chairman of the first board of trustees, he guided them in their early days. There was the tender touch of a father's love for a child in his devotion to these schools. It is peculiarly fitting that those to whom his last service to education was rendered should be the first to do tardy justice to his memory by the erection of this beautiful monument. It is peculiarly

fitting that this monument should be erected by the thousand small offerings of the children of these schools. It is peculiarly fitting that the monument should stand beside that monument of brick and mortar yonder erected mainly through his efforts as a last service of an old man to a cause for which his life was spent.

Of the beautiful private character of the man I need not speak to those among whom he lived so long and to whom were daily revealed his gentleness, sweetness, courage, friendliness, geniality, cheerfulness, earnestness, and enthusiasm for every good work.

Archibald D. Murphey, "Father of the Common Schools," Bartlett Yancey, "Creator of the Literary Fund," Calvin Henderson Wiley, "Organizer and Maker of the Public School System." Measured by length of service and by the practical and far-reaching results of his work, shall we not say that the greatest of these is Calvin Henderson Wiley?

For his service he deserves the honor that you pay to his memory to-day. For this he shall receive the undying gratitude of generations yet unborn as they shall learn from history's shining page the everlasting debt they owe.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

Formerly Editor of the Atlanta Constitution; generally recognized as the leading Southern orator of the past generation.

[Condensed from his last public address, delivered before the Bay State Club, Boston, December, 1889.]

It is the pride, I believe, of the South, with her simple faith and her homogeneous people, that we

elevate there the citizen above the party, and the citizen above everything. We teach a man that his best guide at last is his own conscience, that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, that his own right arm and his own stout heart are his best dependence; that he should rely on his State for nothing that he can do for himself, and on his government for nothing that his State can do for him; but that he should stand upright and self-respecting, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building at last his altars above his own hearthstone and shrining his own liberty in his own heart. That is a sentiment that I might have been afraid to avow last night. And yet it is mighty good Democratic doctrine, too.

I went to Washington the other day and I stood on the Capitol hill and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury and the judges and the President and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there; and I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty.

A few days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great trees and encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest; the fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden and the resonant clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. Outside there

stood my good friend, the master—a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops—master of his land and master of himself. There was the old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as he started to enter his home the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment. And as we approached the door the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their rest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing of an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home.

While I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded; forgotten were its treasuries and its majesty; and I said: "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

My friends, that is the Democracy of the South; that is the Democratic doctrine we preach; a doctrine, sir, that is writ above our hearthstones. We

aim to make our homes, poor as they are, self-respecting and independent. We try to make them temples of refinement, in which our daughters may learn that woman's best charm and strength are her gentleness and her grace, and temples of liberty in which our sons may learn that no power can justify and no treasure repay for the surrender of the slightest right of a free individual American citizen.

You want to know about the South. I just want to say that we have had a hard time down there. I attended a funeral once in Pickens county in my State. A funeral is not usually a cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles from here, find the material for one or two cheerful funerals. Still, this funeral was peculiarly sad. It was a poor "one gallus" fellow, whose breeches struck him under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry—they cut through solid marble to make his grave—and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground. There they put him away and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati, leaving him nothing to carry into the next world with him to

remind him of the country in which he lived and for which he fought for four years, but the chilled blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Now we have improved on that. We have got the biggest marble cutting establishment on earth within a hundred yards of the grave. We have got a half-dozen woolen mills right around it, and iron mines, and iron furnaces, and iron factories. We are coming to meet you. We are going to take a noble revenge, as my friend, Mr. Carnegie, said last night, by invading every inch of your territory with iron, as you invaded ours twenty-nine years ago.

Now, I want to say one word about the reception we had here. It has been a constant revelation of hospitality and kindness and brotherhood from the whole people of this city to myself and my friends. It has touched us beyond measure.

I was struck with one thing last night. Every speaker that arose expressed his confidence in the future and lasting glory of this Republic. There may be men, and there are, who insist on getting up fratricidal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life, and their pestilent tongues have ceased, the great clock of this Republic will strike the slow-moving tranquil hours, and the watchman from the street will cry, "All is well with the Republic; all is well."

We bring to you, from hearts that yearn for your confidence and for your love, the message of fellowship from our homes. This message comes from consecrated ground. The fields in which I played as a boy were the battlefields of this Republic, hallowed to you with the blood of your soldiers who died in victory, and doubly sacred to us with the blood of ours

who died undaunted in defeat. All around my home are set the hills of Kennesaw, all around the mountains and hills down which the gray flag fluttered to defeat, and through which American soldiers from either side charged like demigods; and I do not think I could bring you a false message from those old hills and those sacred fields—witnesses twenty years ago in their red desolation of the deathless valor of American arms and the quenchless bravery of American hearts, and in their white peace and tranquillity to-day of the imperishable union of the States and the indestructible brotherhood of the American people.

It is likely that I will not again see Bostonians assembled together. I therefore want to take this occasion to thank you, and my excellent friends of last night and those friends who accompanied us this morning, for all that you have done for us since we have been in your city, and to say that whenever any of you come South just speak your name, and remember that Boston or Massachusetts is the watchword, and we will meet you at the gates.

"The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head so late hath been;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yestere'en;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But forget thee will I ne'er, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me."

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH: PAST AND PRESENT

CHARLES B. GALLOWAY

Methodist Bishop of Mississippi

[Extract from a speech delivered at the dedication of Mississippi's new Capitol, June 3, 1903.]

The final test of Southern character was not displayed in laying the broad foundations of a new civilization; not in the solemn but tumultuous councils out of which was evolved our great system of government; not in the historic halls of state where Titans struggled for mastery over national principles and policies; not in the splendid valor of her sons in the storm and red rain of terrific battle; not in the military genius of her peerless captains, pronounced by critics to be the greatest marshals of modern times; but in their serene fortitude, and unyielding heroism, and unconquerable spirit, after the storm of battle had ceased and they were left only "the scarred and charred remains of fire and tempest." Surpassing the splendor of their courage in battle was the grandeur of their fortitude in defeat. The sublimest hour in the Southern soldier's life was the time of his pathetic home-coming. I have seen the painting representing the returned Confederate soldier, which in my judgment is not true to the facts of history. He stands, in tattered garments, amid the ruins of his home, the gate fallen from its hinges, weeds covering the door-step, leaning upon his old musket, with a downcast look and a broken heart. As a matter of fact, he only waited long enough to greet the faithful wife whom he had not seen for four stormy years, and kiss the dear children who had grown out of his recognition, and then with grim determination put his hand to the stern task of re-

constructing his once beautiful home and rebuilding his shattered fortunes on other and broader foundations. Men of principle never falter though they fail. They felt the bitterness of defeat, but not the horrors of despair. How those brave men, the sons of affluence, addressed themselves to the grinding conditions of sudden and humiliating poverty can never be described by mortal tongue or pen.

And those pitiless years of reconstruction! Worse than the calamities of war were "the desolating furies of peace." No proud people ever suffered such indignities, or endured such humiliation and degradation. More heartless than the robber bands that infested Germany after the Thirty Years' War were the hordes of plunderers, and vultures who fed and fattened upon the disarmed and defenseless South. Their ferocious greed knew no satiety, and their shameless rapacity sought to strip us to the skin. As Judge Jere Black, with characteristic vividness and vigor, has said: "Their felonious fingers were made long enough to reach into the pockets of posterity. They coined the industry of future generations into cash and snatched the inheritance from children whose fathers are unborn. A conflagration, sweeping over the State from one end to the other, and destroying every building and every article of personal property, would have been a visitation of mercy in comparison to the curse of such a government."

But no brave people ever endured oppression and poverty with such calm dignity and splendid self-restraint. And by dint of their own unconquerable spirit and tireless toil, they saw their beautiful land rise from the ashes into affluence. The South no longer "speaks with pathos or sings the miserere." She has risen from poverty and smiles at defeat. Out of the fire and tempest and baptism of blood our State has come undaunted in spirit and with un-

faltering faith in the future. It is said that the green grass peacefully waving over the field of Waterloo the summer after the famous battle suggested to Lord Byron, in his "Childe Harold," to exclaim:

"How this red rain has made the harvest grow."

So every battle-plain that was once furrowed with shot and shell and wet with the blood of brothers now waves with the abundant harvest of a new and larger life. The refluent wave has set in. After a long and bitter night the morning dawns. "It is day-break everywhere."

When William McKinley, himself a gallant soldier, in the magnanimity of his great soul, and voicing the sentiment of a reunited nation, proposed that the government should garland and protect the graves of our Confederate dead, the angel of a new apocalypse swept through our American heavens and sang again the song of the Judean hills, "Peace on earth, good will to men." This nation is more united in heart and hope to-day than ever in its history. The honor of our flag is as dear to the sons of the South as the North, and wrapped in its glorious folds they have been laid to sleep in the same heroic grave. I cannot forget that we were

"One people in our early prime,
One in our stormy youth,
Drinking one stream of human thought,
One spring of heavenly truth,"

and I trust that we may forever fight the battles of our God and country under a common flag, on which there is a star that answers to the proud name of Mississippi.

And from such a wide national outlook there will come immediate and permanent blessing to these

Southern States. There is profound political philosophy in the utterance of a distinguished Mississippi statesman, that "the one great need of the South is a great national aspiration nationally recognized." Let the wide sweep of our horizon take in the whole nation. Our domestic troubles may find easier solution in the broadening of our sympathies and enlarging the field of our political activities. Passion and provincialism vanish in a perspective.

Upon the statue of Benjamin H. Hill in the capitol at Atlanta, Georgia, a statue erected to that great senator, the echoes of whose strangely musical voice yet thrills the heart of Southern patriotism like the notes of a bugle, are these words, spoken by himself: "Who saves his country, saves all things, and all things saved will bless him. Who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying, curse him."

That sentiment I would engrave upon the heart of every young Mississippian, and make it the inspiration of every patriotic service. One as much betrays his country by disregarding her needs as in deserting her colors. Patriotic activity in public affairs is the present and imperial demand upon every American citizen. And the humblest service, if courageously and conscientiously performed, will be of infinitely more value to the state than the dignified dawdling of some petted lounger in conspicuous place.

I have seen it stated that along the line of the great Siberian railway men are stationed at certain short distances, each furnished with a green flag by day and a green lantern at night. By the waving of these the engineers are assured of a clear and safe track, and confidently fly over the steel rails with the speed of the wind. They are never out of sight of a waving flag or a swinging light. Theirs is a mod-

est and monotonous, but a most momentous service. Oh, if I can do no more for the land of my love,—the land which gave me birth and in whose generous bosom I hope to sleep at last,—let me wave a flag in the daytime or swing a light in the darkness, for the safe and swift passing of her car of triumphal progress down the track of centuries.

My earnest prayer for my native State is, that Mississippi may ever rank among the greatest, strongest, purest, and most prosperous Commonwealths in this mighty nation. And for the nation I have a vision "simple in its majesty, sublime in its beauty," best described in the eloquent words of our incomparable Lucius Q. C. Lamar, "It is that of one grand, mighty, indivisible Republic upon this continent, throwing its loving arms around all sections, omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression; cursing none, blessing all."

PROHIBITION IN NORTH CAROLINA

JETER C. PRITCHARD

United States Circuit Court Judge, Fourth District of North Carolina

[The concluding part of an address delivered at Wilmington, N. C., March 14, 1908, in opening the State prohibition campaign.]

The prohibition sentiment is gaining ground rapidly in every section of this country, and especially in the South. There are only thirteen counties in Kentucky where whiskey is sold; every barroom in the State of Georgia has gone out of business, and after next Christmas there will be no more barrooms in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. There are only four cities and two towns in the State of Tennessee where the sale of whiskey is licensed. In

the State of Florida there are only fourteen counties where the sale of whiskey is permitted, and in our own State we have prohibition in a large majority of the counties, and if we do our duty on the twenty-sixth day of May next there will not be a saloon left.

We are informed by those who are opposed to prohibition that prohibition will not prohibit. It might with equal propriety be insisted that the law which prohibits murder does not prohibit, as well as all the other laws which undertake to regulate human conduct. While these laws do not absolutely prohibit the commission of crime, they do minimize the commission of crime, and if it were not for such laws anarchy would reign supreme within our borders. It is not contended that by the adoption of the prohibition law in North Carolina we will be able at present to completely close out the blind tigers and altogether prevent the drinking of whiskey, but that the adoption of such a law will remove the temptation of the barroom from our young men, as well as the grown-up men of the State who are inclined to indulge in the use of intoxicating spirits, cannot be denied.

We are told by some that if we adopt prohibition it would deprive them of their personal liberty in that respect. Americans are a liberty-loving people, but those who are patriotic never desire to exercise this right when to do so would be to the detriment of their fellow-man. We enjoy liberty to the utmost in North Carolina. We have liberty of free speech; liberty of the press; we can go into the courts and invoke their aid in the enforcement of our rights; we are at liberty to belong to any church or to join any political party; or to engage in any legitimate business without interference on the part of anyone. In a word, we have the right to do anything that is

calculated to improve our condition or to advance the welfare of our citizens, but when we are asked to license certain individuals to engage in the business of destroying our young people morally and physically; to wreck our homes and demoralize communities and thereby render it impossible to advance the cause of religion and education, then the good people of our State should in no uncertain tone notify those who crave this particular kind of liberty that in the future North Carolina will never authorize any individual to engage in a business which can only result in disgrace and harm to the human race.

Among other things, there is involved in this controversy the question as to whether the people of North Carolina prefer the barroom to schoolhouses, churches, and other institutions intended for the moral and intellectual development of our people. We are now afforded an opportunity to decide whether we will choose the barroom, with all its evil tendencies, in preference to the other class of institutions I have mentioned. The responsibility for the result of the approaching election will rest with the voters of the State, and our destiny in this respect is trembling in the balance, but I have great confidence in the courage and manhood of our people, and I feel confident that we will have an exhibition of patriotism on the day of election which will prove an inspiration for all time to come for those who believe in those things that are calculated to promote the best interests of the American people.

Whiskey drinking is the greatest evil that confronts the human race at this time. It stains the character, it is the advance agent of poverty and distress, it impairs the intellect, it humiliates kindred, it alienates friends, and eradicates pride. First it exhilarates, then exalts, then banishes responsibility;

but when the reaction comes the pendulum swings just as far the other way.

It has been truly said that "the debauch is a remorseless creditor and exacts with pitiless extortion the utmost farthing. There is no escape from the debt, and it can only be discharged in cash and by prompt payment, the only legal tender—regret, remorse, and shame.

"That is the experience of every drunkard, even of the genius, the one man who has anything that is a stagger of an excuse for overindulging in the flowing bowl. The world is getting more impatient in this behalf daily. The evil is growing less and less, and a time will come, sooner than expected, when to work a man must not impair his mental and physical energies nor bankrupt his moral character by drink.

"A drunken officer on the field of battle is not more out of place than a drunken engineer on a railway locomotive. A drunken cashier of a bank is as much out of place as a drunken doctor in the sick-room. A drunken lawyer in a courthouse is not more out of place than a drunken statesman in the legislative hall."

While we are considering prohibition as a State issue, it is nevertheless a national issue, and the day is not far distant when it will assume such proportions as to compel Congress to give us absolute and unconditional prohibition on every inch of American soil. Our efforts in North Carolina, like those of the other States, are but the beginning of the end, and this great movement, inaugurated as it is by the good men and women of this country, will grow in importance until our national legislators will be compelled to turn aside from the consideration of the tariff, the money question, and all the other important questions with which they have been dealing and take up this

question which, in my humble judgment, more vitally affects the welfare of the home and the fireside than any other question now before the American people.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY

Formerly Governor of Kentucky

[Condensed from a speech delivered at the dedication of the Kentucky Monument in the Chickamauga National Park, May 7, 1899. The monument bears the following inscription, taken from a message by Colonel Bradley, while Governor: "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag."]

Standing to-day within the shadow of Missionary Ridge, whose crest and sides but little more than a third of a century ago were lighted with glistening bayonets and the fires which flashed from musketry and cannon; of Lookout Mountain, where contending armies mingled the colors of their uniforms with those of the clouds that hung about them; surrounded by hills and valleys across which swept armed legions to victory or defeat; within sight of the spot hallowed by the blood of Croxton and Helm—a rush of glorious memories comes over us, causing each heart to throb more rapidly and each bosom to expand with patriotic emotion. Here and there are beautiful monuments erected by the various States in honor of their gallant sons, and to-day Kentucky comes, with gentle and loving hand, to unveil a tribute to her noble brave, placing upon the graves of the dead a wreath of immortelles, and crowning alike with laurels the brows of all who survived that terrible conflict.

Every land has its traditions, poetry, and song. In each some monument, with mute eloquence, proclaims: "Stop, traveler, thou treadest on a hero." History, indeed, is but the epitome of patriotism, and the whole earth its monument.

But to be enabled, as our people, to point to numerous battlefields, where opposing armies of embittered enemies met in the shock of battle which startled the world, and in a third of a century thereafter, to behold the remnants of those armies and their descendants congregating upon this historic spot in one common brotherhood, under one flag, each striving to do it most honor, this is without a parallel in the annals of time, and its like will never be seen again. This is the grandest of all monuments: a monument composed of love of country and complete reconciliation, whose base is as broad as our national domain, and from whose summit angels of love and peace soar heavenward with each rising sun.

Many monuments have been erected upon battlefields of this Republic, but it has remained for Kentucky to be the first of all the States with tender and motherly devotion to erect a blended monument to all her sons; a monument that carries with it and upon it complete reconciliation of all contending passions.

This shaft is dedicated, not alone to those who died on this and surrounding fields, but to the gallant survivors who, when the frowning clouds of war were dispelled by the bright sunshine of peace, returned to their homes to repair broken fortunes, and are to-day numbered among the best and most distinguished citizens of the Commonwealth.

Kentucky has evinced no partiality in this evidence of loving remembrance. It carries with it no heartburning, no jealousy, no invidious distinction. It is not an emblem of honor to the victor and reproach

to the vanquished—but an equal tribute to the worth of all. In future, the descendants of chivalrous Confederates may proudly gaze upon it, realizing that the State has honored their ancestors, and that, although their cause was lost, their heroism is revered and their memories perpetuated. And the sons of the brave men who fought on the other side may look upon it with equal pride, feeling that it fitly commemorates the gallant deeds of their illustrious ancestors who preserved the nation from destruction. May it endure forever, standing guard over victor and vanquished, with the statue that surmounts it, in one hand holding the torch of liberty shedding abroad its benign rays; in the other grasping the sword, emblematical of the strength of one people, ready and anxious at all times to uphold the integrity of one country, and to drive, wounded and bleeding, from its shores any insolent foe that shall ever dare invade them.

The heroism of Buckner, Breckenridge, Helm, Preston, and Lewis is the inheritance of every man who wore the blue. The gallantry of Rousseau, Crittenden, Whittaker, Croxton, and Price the inheritance of every man who wore the gray. They were all Americans, each, from his standpoint, contending for what he believed to be right; and now that we are one people in mind and heart, their common glory is our common heritage.

A famous poem represents an imaginary midnight review of Napoleon's army. The skeleton of a drummer boy arises from the grave and with bony fingers beats a long, loud reveille. At the sound the legions of the dead Emperor come from their graves, from every quarter where they fell. From Paris, from Toulon, from Rivoli, from Lodi, from Hohenlinden, from Wagram, from Austerlitz, from the cloud-capped summits of the Alps, from the shadows

of the Pyramids, from the snows of Moscow, from Waterloo—they gather in one vast array, with Ney, McDonald, Massena, Duroc, Kleber, Murat, Soult, and other marshals in command. Forming, they silently pass in melancholy procession before the Emperor, and are dispersed with France as the password and St. Helena as the challenge.

Imagine the resurrection of the two great armies of the Civil War. We see them arising from Gettysburg, from the Wilderness, from Shiloh, from Missionary Ridge, from Stone River, from Chickamauga—yea, from an hundred fields—and passing, with their great commanders, in review before our martyred President. In their faces there is no disappointment, no sorrow, no anguish, but they beam with light and hope and joy. With them there is no St. Helena, no exile, and they are dispersed with Union as the challenge and Reconciliation as the password.

The monument dedicated to-day may, in the rush of years, crumble and fall into dust, but around the summits of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, like gathering mists, shall remain forever the memories of these historic fields, and in every heart shall be a monument of love, and strength, and patriotism, which will perpetuate, through all coming time, the glories of that great conflict.

Looking into the future, may not the fond hope be indulged that in the end our country may, in all things, be deliberate, just, and wise; that our flag may wave in triumph, feared by tyrants, in every land and on every sea; that beneath its folds shall gather the oppressed of every clime, and the slave struggling beneath the rod of oppression feel his chains grow lighter, his heart leap with joy, and hail its colors as a deliverance; that nations which have been bitten by the serpent of rapacity and conquest

shall look upon its folds and be healed, as those who, with faith, looked upon the brazen serpent that was lifted up in the wilderness. God grant that ours shall be the victory of enlightenment and liberty, the triumph of right over might, of justice over injustice, of humanity over cruelty and oppression, until empires shall have passed away and the nations of earth become one.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND CIVIL WAR

JOSEPH A. M'CULLOUGH

Of the Greenville (S. C.) Bar

[Extract from a speech on "South Carolina's Contribution to the Civilization of the Past," delivered at the annual dinner of the South Carolina Society, New York City, March 18, 1907.]

In reading just the other day a very interesting serial now running in the *Atlantic Monthly,* "The Spirit of the Old West Point," Morris Shaff says: "As early as 1851 South Carolina and Mississippi, in their provincial egotism, had threatened secession." One would infer from this that South Carolina and Mississippi originated the doctrine. Mr. Shaff does not call attention to the fact that in taking this step South Carolina only put into practice the precepts of Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, and others equally as illustrious, and but followed the example of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, which States as early at 1814 held secession conventions and elected delegates to a General Conference which met in Hartford, and which convention also had representatives from the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. He does not mention the fact that she but followed the later example of Massachusetts, which,

in 1845, when Texas was seeking for admission into the Union, declared that if the measure were successful it would tend to drive the Northern States into a dissolution of the Union. He does not tell us that after South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and others recognized her right so to do.

This was the argument: Great Britain had declared each colony by name a sovereign and independent State; that sovereignty was not relinquished by either the articles of confederation or the Constitution, but, on the contrary, was carefully preserved, both by the manner of their ratification and in express language. Those clauses of the Constitution which gave to the Federal Court jurisdiction in all "cases" arising under the Constitution and the laws of the United States, as clearly shown by Calhoun, applied only to a technical case in which there was a plaintiff on one side and a defendant on the other. A sovereign State could not be sued and, therefore, said clause could have no application to it. If a government or a single department of government could interpret finally its own powers or take without hindrance what power it pleased, it may as well originally have been invested with all power without the mockery of verbal limitations. If the Federal Government, in its entirety, had no authority to judge of the extent of its own powers, how could a single department of that government have such authority? If the court itself could not be constrained by its own precedents, how could it be expected that a sovereign State could be so constrained? If the States were sovereign originally and never parted with that sovereignty, then it necessarily followed that the sovereign was the judge of its own powers, compacts, and agreements. No man is a rebel or traitor who

fights in defense of his sovereign; that man alone is a rebel and a traitor who refuses so to fight.

Moved by these arguments, the South considered the army of the North an invasion; and she therefore fought not in defense of slavery, but in defense of her homes and her firesides. It was for this reason that Timrod did not cry in vain:

"Hold up the glories of thy dead,
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle bed—
Carolina.

"Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied,
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died.
Carolina.

"Cry till thy summons heard at last,
Shall sound like Marion's bugle blast,
Re-echoed from a haunted past,
Carolina."

New York had double the military population of South Carolina, while New Hampshire was slightly greater, yet from this small State the South Carolinians who shouldered arms outnumbered the New Hampshire men more than two to one and exceeded New York's quota by more than 29,000. In South Carolina thirty-seven out of every forty-two were able to enlist and fight, and they did so. Time forbids that I should recount the acts of heroism which characterized her sons in that memorable struggle.

"Countless eyes have conned their story,
Countless hearts grown brave thereby,
Let us thank the God of glory,
We had such to die."

At the battle of First Manassas General Bee, who was on Jackson's right, rode up to him and with de-

spairing bitterness exclaimed, "General, they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, calm and curt, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtasked command, exclaimed to them: "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians. Let us determine to die here and we will conquer. Follow me." At this trumpet call a few score of his men re-formed their ranks. Placing himself at their head, he charged the dense mass of the enemy and in a moment fell dead with his face to the foe. From that time Jackson's was known as the "stone wall brigade," a name henceforward immortal and belonging to all ages, and well may it cling to them, for it was born amid the throes of a death struggle and was baptized in the blood of one of the bravest and truest of men.

In the first years of the last century a memorable battle was fought upon the plains of the Danube. A determined charge upon the Austrian center won the day for France. That charge was due very largely to the heroism and example of a private soldier, who there fell. Afterwards, upon the annual parade of his battalion, when the name of Latour Duvergne was first called, the oldest sergeant stepped slowly to the front, and, with head uncovered, answered, "Died upon the field of battle." In the Valhalla beyond the grave, where the spirits of warriors are assembled, when upon the roll of heroes the name of Barnard Bee is reached, it is reserved for the immortal shade of Jackson to step forward and answer, "Died fighting by my side in defense of his country's rights."

Then there is the brave and courtly Butler, the intrepid Gary, and that "noblest Roman of them all," Wade Hampton, whose last words but breathed the

spirit of his life, "My people, white and black, God bless them all!"

I am not here to discuss the race problem, but I am here to say that if there be such a problem peculiar to the South alone, which I very much doubt, then it can only be solved in the spirit of this prayer, and I believe this spirit is general throughout the South. It cannot be solved by legislation—that method was proven a failure by the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. People cannot be prepared in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—for the discharge of the high and responsible duties of citizenship by the magic of law. Neither can it be solved by force and violence. Mob law is no cure for brutality, but only aggravates it by brutalizing those who participate in it.

Patience, education, religion—the application of these will solve all problems and cure all the evils of society in the fullness of time, and the South is keeping pace with any other section of this Union in these acquirements and accomplishments.

The South recognizes that the result of the war was in accordance with the Divine Will, and that God is more wise in his purposes than man is in the formation of his compacts and agreements. Nations are unconsciously impelled towards the accomplishment of purposes of which they little dreamed, and this too often in spite of constitutional provisions and what are conceived to be fundamental principles of government. Take the Louisiana Purchase and the acquisition of the Philippine Islands as examples.

To-day no people are more loyal to the Stars and Stripes than are we of South Carolina.

It happened at the Field Hospital of Guasimas. Richard Harding Davis is authority for the incident. A half dozen Americans lay there wounded. A con-

tinual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with arms bared and hands dripping and clothes literally saturated with blood, were preparing the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces. Suddenly a voice started softly:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,"—

Other voices took it up:

"Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride——"

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by moans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude, the pluckiest, the most heartfelt song that human voices ever sang. There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It could not be heard until the others had finished with the line: "Let freedom ring"; then halting, struggling, faint, it repeated slowly:

"Land—of—the pilgrim's pride—
Let—freedom——"

The last word was a woeful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers, but with this difference—he died in defense of that flag his father fought.

THE THIRD HOUSE

FREDERICK W. LEHMAN

Of the St. Louis (Mo.) Bar

[Extract from a Commencement address at the Missouri State University, June 6, 1906.]

The deterioration of public morals since the War is not due to the degeneracy of the people, but to the intrusion of the lobby, and all it represents, as an aggressive force into public affairs. It is this which prevents our government of the people and for the people from being in full sense a government by the people, and, to the extent of its malign efficiency, marks the difference in our private and public standards of integrity.

The function of government is essentially restrictive. "Thou shalt not" is the ordinary commandment of the law. Opposition to the public will, therefore, means usually rather to prevent than to procure, and to delay is for the time equivalent to success. The various special interests which have to gain or lose by legislation are coming continually into closer alliance. Public utility companies are being amalagamated; the large shippers and the carriers feel dependent upon one another; life insurance companies are investors in different enterprises; the same men are shareholders in many companies, and thus is created an extensive community of interests, which gives to each in its dealings with the lawmakers the full power of all.

The members of the lobby representing these interests do not work in the open, nor by the methods of public discussion. They attend upon the legislature when it convenes, and continue with it to its close. They influence its organization to the minutest detail. The humblest clerk of the humblest committee is not

beyond their providence and care. They side with the majority, but have a strong leaning to the minority, for they know that the minority may become the majority. They are clever, capable, and unscrupulous; of sociable disposition and engaging manners. They have a keen insight into the vices and foibles of men; have misread history enough to believe with Walpole, that "all men have their price," and are learned enough in the law to fully understand the constitutional guarantee against self-incrimination. They establish pleasant social relations with legislators, but in their utmost cordiality are coldly calculating results. They bestow favors with a free hand, but with a day of reckoning ever in mind. They traffic in the most intimate confidences, and will exploit the weaknesses they discover, either by pandering to them or by exposing them. Skilled in the mendacity of hint and insinuation, they speed the work of debauching their victims by constant disparagement of the men who are above their reach. If at last the subtler modes of corruption fail, they resort to the gross venality of bribery. Of course such men are not of good character, but to be efficient they must be of fair reputation.

The essential truth of these statements is admitted, and the methods described, saving that of direct bribery, are justified by those who employ them.

Andrew Hamilton, chief lobbyist of the great life insurance companies, has published an elaborate defense of his course. From one company alone he had received for lobby purposes an average of a hundred thousand dollars a year for the past seven years.

Why would not publicity serve every purpose of the companies? Mr. Hamilton speaks of their business as constituting "the most extensive commercial interests in the world." He might have added what was more to the purpose of the question he was con-

sidering, that it was the most popular business in this country. More of our people are directly interested in it than in any other one business. There are more policyholders than farmers in the United States. The majority of our men who have any regard for those dependent upon them make some provision for them in the shape of life insurance. The aggregate of indemnity covered by the policies in force in our various companies amounts to twenty billions of dollars, and the policies number twenty-one millions. The companies are mere trustees of the assured. No burden can be laid upon them, no injustice can be done them, which does not either increase the burden of the policyholders or impair the provision they have made for their families. It is impossible to conceive of a deliberate popular purpose to injure a business of this character. The business itself having thus the marked approval of the public, nothing more was needed to commend the companies themselves to the public than honesty and publicity in management. And yet it is asserted that for years they have been threatened with oppressive and ruinous legislation, and that twenty millions of policyholders elect men to make laws that would, in their effect, destroy the provision they have made for their families, not without great sacrifice and self-denial. The voting power of the country is in the hands of the men who really own the insurance business, and who would suffer most from its destruction. But instead of informing these men that their interests were threatened, and appealing to them publicly to act in defense of themselves, this confidential secret service was organized in every State of the Union, and their ways were dark because their deeds were evil. Publicity came in spite of the efforts to prevent it, because the corruption within had grown to proportions past concealment, and now, with the truth laid bare, we see what

a libel upon the intelligence and integrity of the people was this confidential secret service. Now, and for the first time in years in company management and in legislation, is the business recognized for its noble utility, and the company relegated to its place as a mere agency for its proper conduct.

Another interest conspicuous in the lobby—standing indeed at its head—is the railroad; and I venture to say that it has as little real need of the lobby as the life insurance company. Here again the business is a popular one, whether the companies that conduct it are so or not. The life of our railroad system is seventy-six years. It has grown during that time from nothing to three hundred thousand miles of track, with a capitalization above fifteen billions of dollars. The welfare and progress of the country are dependent upon the development and extension of its means of transportation, and this fact has always been recognized by our people. Aid in every form, land grants, taxes, municipal bonds, popular subscriptions, has been freely given for the construction of the roads, and the legislation concerning the companies has been marked by the utmost liberality. The powers and privileges conferred were ample for every purpose. For forty years there was no restrictive State legislation as to freight rates, and for fifty-seven years there was no Congressional regulation, which was tantamount to a declaration that transportation between the States should be free of governmental control. And yet the railroad company has, and for years has had, its lobbyists working to prevent what is called adverse and ruinous legislation. Instead of appealing to the public intelligence against laws which, if bad, would harm the people more than the companies, sinister influences were resorted to, and the public will was thwarted, while the public opinion was not changed.

In the ranks of the lobby the railroad representative is easily the first, because of a peculiar gift he possesses—the pass. Our people travel much. They travel much on pleasure, and more on business, and here is one who, whenever they set out, comes along with his train and graciously proffers a seat. It is a mere kindness, a courtesy, if you please, as if your neighbor with his wagon overtook you while walking, and offered you a seat by his side. There is no bargaining about it, nothing stipulated for in return, and nothing expected, except a reciprocation of the courtesy, which, as it cannot be in kind, must be in something else. There is a timeliness about it all that is suggestive. The wagon never fails to be on the road when a convention or legislative body is assembling, and there need be no walking delegates in our politics. The use of the pass, somewhat restricted at first, has grown until every man believed to be of any significance in public affairs may have one for the taking. In this State, in every State of the Union, are men enjoying great prominence and possessing great power, simply because they have passes to distribute. They are not students of economic questions, they are not men of public spirit, they are without achievement in any calling, they have no charm of eloquence—they have simply the gift of the pass. Assassination, it is said, never changed the course of history; bribery never did so, and neither has the pass done so; but they have each and all of them greatly hindered and retarded progress, and made more difficult the work of reform; and of the three, if they be three, the pass has been the most potent.

What basis is there for the charge of popular prejudice against the railroad companies? It did not exist in the beginning. For the greater portion of their existence they were left free to order their own

affairs. Our people are not moved by abstractions. They do not assert the power of control for the mere sake of asserting it. They believed there were grievances which demanded redress, that the liberty allowed was being grossly abused. The public character of the companies was asserted when the power of eminent domain and the taxing power of the State were invoked, and it was denied when the use of the transportation facilities was demanded for all upon equal terms. Special and discriminating rates were given to individuals and to localities, one man or one community was favored at the expense of another, and this was continued for so long that, when at last it was challenged, it was insisted upon by the companies as a rightful exercise of their powers. To maintain these evils, an evil system of controlling public action was employed, and the advocate of the railroads was called into service, not upon the hustings to influence the opinions of the people, but in the legislative lobbies to determine the votes of their representatives.

The result of experiment amply justifies governmental supervision and regulation of every business in which men are constrained by the methods of modern life to have part, and into which they cannot make scrutiny for themselves, but must deal upon faith. Liberty, where others are involved, must be regulated by law. As well talk of humanity reverting to the savagery of the Stone Age as going back in government to the simple ways of the early Republic. The old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" must be answered more emphatically than ever in the affirmative.

Patriotism is a universal duty, and upon none does it rest with more serious obligation than upon the scholar. "The whole art of politics," said Jefferson, "consists in being honest." Not that honesty

of itself will discover the solution of every political and economical problem, but honesty does measure the full duty of man, and when the problems of life are addressed with a single purpose to find their right solution, the task is more than half accomplished. But this honesty must be active, and not passive. It must engage in the work of citizenship, and not stand aloof. The day of romance in our history may be gone, but life has not lost its worth. Its demands will be even more exacting and more exalting, it will require ever more the sacrifice that makes no spectacle, the well-doing that wins no applause. This nation has withstood the shock of foreign war, and the greater shock of bloody dissension among its own people. It need not fear either the invasion or the immigration of Goth or Hun or Vandal. There is for it a Yellow Peril, but its menace is not from the Orient. Its dangers come from its own people, and with them are all the hopes of its deliverance.

THE MAGNA CHARTA

URIAH M. ROSE

Of the Little Rock (Ark.) Bar; formerly President of the American Bar Association

[The concluding part of an address before the Pennsylvania State Bar Association, June 25, 1901.]

Of all the triumphs of light over darkness the Magna Charta stands conspicuous. In this heterogenous world few are the great triumphs that are not stained with blood, and that do not bring in their train some kind of disappointment or disaster. But the revolution inaugurated by the Magna Charta was the greatest and the most peaceful that has ever been known. No revolutionary tribunal was estab-

lished in Westminster Hall, no guillotine erected at Charing Cross. The Tower was not destroyed by a howling mob, intent on murder, to fix the date of an anniversary for national rejoicing. The school for kings endowed at Runnymede has been perpetuated; it represents the law, and is only terrible for the enemies of liberty.

Strange thoughts come to one that looks at the ancient Charter in the British Museum. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Jack Cade these words:

> "Is not this a lamentable thing,
> That of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment;
> That parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?"

So this parchment on which the Great Charter is written is the skin of an innocent lamb that once bleated in the English fields, which being scribbled o'er with words of magical import, written in a language long since dead, while it brought the heads of Laud and Strafford and Charles to the block, has given life and hope to the oppressed, has opened the prison door for the persecuted and the friendless, and shall do so again for all generations, world without end. What a strange potency in this little sheet of parchment. A breath of wind might blow it away. But the head of the church on earth had invoked the wrath of heaven upon it, kings had renounced it, physical fire had charred it, and in the irony of fate a pair of tailor's shears had threatened it; and yet here it remains, powerful and indestructible as ever, announcing its deathless and indelible message, speaking from eternity to eternity. This little sheet of shriveled parchment has revolutionized the history of the world. Without it the growth of England and the political existence of America would never have been.

If we confine our attention to England alone how

great has been the change! Standing to-day on the battlements of the Norman keep at Windsor one sees unrolled before him a rural landscape of wide extent, whose quiet beauty is not surpassed the whole world over. The castle, gray with age, is the most imposing relic of the feudal time; the home of the English sovereigns for eight hundred years. Its massive bastions and towers produce an impression of strength, reminding us that here for ages the principle of monarchy has symbolized itself in enduring stone. But the prison beneath, where Lady Bramber and her son were starved to death, where a Scottish king and many others pined in captivity in the ages gone by, is tenantless; and all around on the open lawns the green grass, the unfolding flowers, the waving trees, the clinging vines, the absence of military signs and emblems, declare that if this is the home of royalty, it is the home of a royalty that is no longer an object of dread and terror, but a royalty which, however high, is peacefully sheltered under the wing of the law. As the eye wanders where the gleaming river cleaves its emerald banks, two villages are seen near together, some miles away. These are the villages of Egham and Staines. Between Staines and Windsor the silver current of the river is seen to divide so as to enclose a small island, a gem set in its rim of shining waters. On the island a cottage from which a column of white smoke curls upward in the sunshine above a clump of trees. Well may the eye rest on that vision with a sense of pride and rapture, for there the greatest victory of all time was won; and a glory hovers over that field that never shone even on Marathon, for that island is Magna Charta Island, and the valley is the valley of Runnymede. Peaceful as it seems to-day, it was there that the embattled barons marshaled their hosts and held King John at bay.

The long series of councils held at Runnymede, known now only by vague tradition, were closed when the barons dispersed. They had builded better than they knew; and humanity had been baptized into a higher life. Kings and priests might say what they pleased about the great Charter; but, being once sealed, it entered on an independent existence of its own. The mighty words once spoken could never be recalled. Henceforth the Charter was a part of man's inalienable inheritance. Generations would come and go, but the work of the barons was like the Bass Rock, around which the northern seas may rage and break in vain. The indispensable doctrine of personal liberty came into the world, like Minerva, full armed from the brain of Jupiter. The very phrases of the Great Charter remain our watchwords yet. It is not only in England and its vast possessions, and in America, that its stimulating influence has been felt—other nations have kindled their torches at this great beacon light. It has built up many things of priceless value, and has destroyed many things that needed to be destroyed. It was the clarion blast that announced, though afar off, the decay and death of the feudal system, the coming of a new order of things, when the shackles should fall from serf and retainer, when the people should appear on the scene of action and take charge of the helm of state; and when the proudest claim of baron or king should be subordinate to the majesty of the law. It foretold the day when liberty should be the birthright of every child that is born, and when every man and woman should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. It inaugurated freedom of speech and that reign of free institutions which, transplanted to all parts of the globe, have proved to be equally well suited to every zone and to every climate.

No one can sum up the debt we owe to the Magna Charta, the one great product of the Middle Ages. We look back with feelings of aversion and pity to that dark and troubled period; to its insane crusades, to its fanatical intolerance, to its pedantic and barren literature, to its scholastic disputes, to its cruelty, rapine, and bloodshed. But the genius that presides over human destiny never sleeps; and it was precisely in that most sterile and unpromising age that the groundwork was laid for all that is valuable in modern civilization. As an unborn forest sleeps unconsciously in an acorn's cup, all the creations and all the potentialities of that civilization lay enfolded in the guaranty of personal liberty and of the supremacy of the law that was secured at Runnymede. The various bills and petitions of right, and the Habeas Corpus Act, while they have given new sanctions to liberty, are but echoes of the Great Charter; and our Declaration of Independence is but the Magna Charta writ large, and expanded to meet the wants of a new generation of freemen, fighting the battle of life beneath other skies.

"Worth all the classics!" Yes, the classics that have survived, and the classics that have perished. Dear as might be to us the lost books of Livy, whose pictured page is torn just where its highest interest begins, or some song of Homer, which, now lost in space, shall charm the ear and bewitch the human heart no more, we could not exchange for them a single word of those uncouth but grand old sentences, which, having taken the wings of the morning, have incorporated themselves with almost every system of laws in Christendom, and which still ring out in our American constitutions with a sound like that of the trampling of armed men marching confidently up to battle; words which for ages have stayed the hand of tyranny, and which have extended their protection

over the infant sleeping in its cradle, over the lonely, the desolate, the sorrowful, and the oppressed. Uttered by unwilling lips, and believed by the wretch from whom it was extorted that it had scarcely an hour to live, the Magna Charta marks an epoch in the annals of mankind. It began a revolution that has never gone backward for a single moment, and was the precursor of that civilization the dawn of which our eyes have looked upon with joy and pride and whose full meridian splendor can be foreseen by God alone.

EULOGY OF WILLIAM B. BATE

EDWARD W. CARMACK

United States Senator from Tennessee

[Condensed from a memorial address on the life, character, and public services of Hon. William R. Bate, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee, delivered in the United States Senate, January 17, 1907.]

Mr. President:

It is with a feeling of peculiar tenderness and reverence that I approach the sad duty of this occasion. I was born within a mile of General Bate's homestead, lived among his friends and neighbors, listened with rapt attention to stories of camp and conflict as they fell from the lips of the heroic veterans who were his followers and comrades in battle, and from my early boyhood was deeply imbued with the spirit of personal devotion to him that prevailed among the people of his native county. In later years circumstances brought us much together, and I became his personal friend and supporter in all his political contests. My personal knowledge of the man revealed inborn qualities which strengthened my love

for him and held it to the last; and the affectionate relations that have existed and do exist between our families are among the most precious blessings of life.

Mr. President, if in youth one could be permitted to shape the end of his life he could not wish for it a happier termination than that which closed the mortal career of William B. Bate. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors, he closed a life crowned with domestic peace and happiness, the esteem and confidence of his people, and that conscientiousness of duty faithfully done which more than all things else gives sweetness to life and takes bitterness from death. By the sternest code of honor he lived a life of rectitude. It is no exaggeration to say that neither to the right nor to the left, under whatever temptation, throughout a long life, full of action, full of excitement, full of strivings and honorable ambitions, did he ever swerve by the breadth of a hair from the path of honor. In addition to all this, and higher and better than all this, the Christian's faith and hope were his; so that his peaceful death, met with a calm and quiet resignation, was a fitting close to such a life, a happy realization of the prophet's prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He died as one who knew that the gates of death were but the portals of immortal life.

William B. Bate was born in the old blue-grass county of Sumner, a county still famed for the sterling character of its citizenship and the generous hospitality of its people. The world cannot produce a nobler type of men and women than may there be found. They are worthy of the ancestry from whom they sprang. General Bate was the son of a Revolutionary soldier and came from the old pioneer stock who in the early history of the State invaded this region with ax and rifle to hew through the pri-

meval forests a pathway for civilization. They were men of heroic heart and simple faith. A faith in God that knew no doubts or questionings gave them the fortitude to dare the terrors of the wilderness. On the frontiers of civilization, struggling with wild beasts and with yet wilder men, they acquired the fundamental qualities that go to make the manners and the character of a gentleman—respect for one's self and for others. General Bate was born near Old Bledsoe's Lick and within sight of the old fort where the early settlers found protection while yet the white man had to make good his title to the land against his savage foe. Here he spent the years of his boyhood until—a fatherless lad—he determined to go forth alone to match himself against the world. He early developed a taste for politics, and as a member of the legislature and Presidential elector on the Breckinridge-Lane ticket he began his political career, a career which had already given promise of greatness when interrupted by the outbreak of the War of Secession.

In politics he lived and died a Democrat—not simply in the sense that he supported the nominees of his party, but because he was a thorough believer in its great fundamental principles. Like the late Isham G. Harris, he clung with tenacity to his party's earliest creed and felt a sense of resentment for every deviation from the Jeffersonian principle of a strict construction of the Constitution.

In his service here he was faithful, industrious, diligent, a close student of the business of the Senate, having a clear understanding of the questions of the day, and when he chose to do so he presented his views with great ability, learning, and power. A speech on the tariff question in the early years of his service showed him to be a profound student of national taxation, and his speech upon what, in our

part of the country, was usually denominated the "force bill," was liberally quoted from one end of the land to the other.

But above all other qualities, he bore among his associates here a reputation for honor and integrity that was without a stain. No suspicion of an unworthy motive was ever imputed to any act of his. No man here or elsewhere ever felt one moment's doubt as to the absolute rectitude of his intentions.

It is a fact significant of the happy passing of old issues, of old passions and prejudices, that among the most devoted friends he had in this Chamber were those who wore the blue when he wore the gray, who fought under the Stars and Stripes when he fought under the Stars and Bars; with whom he contended for life and death in the awful shock of battle. There are no truer friends than those who have been honorable foes, and the handclasp that is made above the grave of kindred dead is never broken. Even as he loved and honored those who fought by his side, he loved and honored those who confronted them. And while old associations, the memory of common sorrows and of common sufferings, bound him as with hooks of steel to his comrades in arms, the story of that great war was to him a lesson of American prowess and American valor, which, united under a common flag, could withstand the world in arms. The Confederacy had no braver knight than William B. Bate when war was flagrant in the land; the Union had no truer friend since the war clouds were lifted and the waiting sunlight came down to bless the land which is the common hope, as it is the common heritage, of us all.

Mr. President, it is true that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." William B. Bate was one of those who came back from the war, surveyed the scene of red ruin and blank desolation that

overspread his country, and then with heart resolute and undismayed faced the awful problems of that awful time. All the heroism displayed through four blazing years of war paled into insignificance by the side of that story of patience, constancy, and fortitude which enabled a weaponless and uncaptained army of disfranchised citizens to win victory even from defeat.

In private life General Bate was simple, plain, devoid of artifice or ostentation. Unusually blessed in his domestic relations, he found his happiest hours around the family hearthstone and in the company of congenial friends; but in all the walks of life the same high courage and noble qualities which won him honor and fame in field, in forum, and in Senate were his. And when he came to meet the inevitable hour these qualities rose supreme, and he blenched not when he stood face to face with the king of terrors. Over him the grave could win no victory and for him death had no sting. As in the ardor of his youthful prime he had faced death without a tremor, with all the courage of a soldier, so at the last he met death with all the fortitude of a Christian. At peace with his fellow-man, with his conscience, and his God, "he gave his honors to the world again, his blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

Of the Baltimore (Md.) Bar; Attorney-General of the United States

[The introduction and conclusion of an oration delivered on "John Marshall Day," February 4, 1901, before the Maryland State Bar Association, at Baltimore, Md.]

For all time Marshall is our great Chief Justice: as such he lives to-day in American jurisprudence;

his words yet inspire, his mind yet molds our judgments, our laws, the very thoughts of our people. He is so completely *the* Chief Justice, not only of our national history, but of our daily national life, that to think of him otherwise than as Chief Justice calls for a conscious effort. We half assume that for us, at least, his life began one hundred years ago when, at the age of forty-six, he was installed as the first magistrate of our first court. But the forty-six years he had then lived made up a life so busy, so useful, and so honorable that had it ended a century since he were yet one among those few men of whom all Americans may be reasonably proud, to whom all Americans may be justly grateful. In youth a faithful and gallant soldier, in early and mature manhood a citizen called again and again to arduous public service; he was also, when chosen for his great office, one of the most eminent and the most honored lawyers of his time.

His success at the bar was not the fruit of any marked advantages in legal education: so far as is known, a single course of lectures at William and Mary College, delivered by Mr. Wythe, afterwards Chancellor, supplemented by such meager opportunities for private study as were afforded by a few months' intermission in his military career, sufficed to qualify him for a license to practice. Indeed, although one so well fitted as Horace Binney to speak on the subject has said of him, "His learning was great and his faculty of applying it of the very first order," there can be little doubt that the second part of this description is far more accurate than the first, and that his truly wonderful skill in making use of what he knew led those who heard him to believe, often against his own disclaimer, that he knew far more than his well filled life had ever left him time to learn. Justice Story, his colleague for nearly a

quarter of a century, thus admirably depicts his character and acquirements:

"That he possessed an uncommon share of juridical learning would naturally be presumed from his large experience and inexhaustible diligence. Yet it is due to truth as well as to his memory to declare that his juridical learning was not equal to that of many of the great masters in the profession, living or dead, at home or abroad. He yielded at once to their superiority of knowledge, as well in the modern as in the ancient law . . . The original bias, as well as the choice, of his mind was to general principles and comprehensive views, rather than to technical or recondite learning. He loved to expatiate upon the theory of equity; to gather up the expansive doctrines of commercial jurisprudence; and to give a rational cast even to the most subtle dogmas of the common law . . . It was a matter of surprise to see how easily he grasped the leading principles of a case, and cleared it of all its accidental encumbrances; how readily he evolved the true points of the controversy, even when it was manifest that he never before had caught even a glimpse of the learning upon which it depended. He seized, as it were by intuition, the very spirit of juridical doctrines, though cased up in the armor of centuries; and he discussed authorities as if the very minds of the judges themselves stood disembodied before him."

No one, in fact, can have read intelligently Marshall's opinions without noting how sparingly he refers to authorities in support of his views: in the vast majority of instances he speaks of adjudged cases only to distinguish them from that before the Court. A single decision, at most two or three, always, however, strictly apposite, will be occasionally cited, but any one of the many modern opinions,

dealing with questions of incalculably less importance and less difficulty, contains more citations than the aggregate of all he delivered during thirty-five years.

Marshall's professional career was repeatedly sacrificed to the public interest. In these days we smile when told that an office has sought the man who fills it, smile somewhat sadly, somewhat bitterly; why, we know too well; but in his life we see this done, not once, but often, not in semblance, but in grave and painful truth. A man of very moderate fortune, with many just and heavy calls upon his means, he frequently interrupted his lucrative practice, sometimes altogether, sometimes in great part, to serve his fellow-countrymen in exigencies which, to his mind, left no choice, always to strengthen his claims to their gratitude, but always to leave him, in worldly goods, a poorer man. He refused public service whenever his conscience tolerated the refusal: he declined to be Attorney General, Minister to France, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; he announced more than once his permanent retirement from public life and his purpose to devote himself thereafter to the practice of his profession. In the words of Binney: "Office, power and public honors he never sought. They sought him, and never found him prepared to welcome them, except as a sense of duty commanded." But the same "sense of duty" which had once bidden him draw his sword in his country's cause forbade him to stand aloof whenever he was called too clearly for his modesty to question the call, to serve her in peace as he had served her in war; and this was too often for his personal interest and his professional prosperity. Marshall was a great lawyer, who had been greater had the people's just sense of his merits allowed him to be a lawyer only.

He was Secretary of State when, in the autumn

of 1800, Chief Justice Ellsworth resigned his office. President Adams sought Marshall's advice as to a fit successor and, at his suggestion, requested the former Chief Justice, John Jay, to resume his seat; when Mr. Jay declined, Marshall recommended the choice of Mr. Justice Patterson, but the President preferred another. In his own words, he had in mind for the office "a gentleman in full vigor of middle life, in the full habits of business, and whose reading of the science of the law is fresh in his mind." On January 31, 1801, he wrote to the then Secretary of War, desiring him "to execute the office of Secretary of State so far as to affix the seal of the United States to the enclosed commission to the present Secretary of State, John Marshall, of Virginia, to be Chief Justice of the United States."

Of all the men in high office who listen to-day to his eulogies, how many, I ask you, will have life, will have even being, in the thoughts of their countrymen sixty-six, or even six, years after their earthly lives have closed? Which one of those now powerful and prominent in the land can hope, with reason, to be more than a swiftly fading memory, more than a name men have already half forgotten a single year after his epitaph has been graven on his tomb? In the vast whirring, crashing bustle of modern industrial civilization, flitting shapes of transitory dignity hurry by us from one abyss of oblivion to another, and are gone ere we well know that they are. Who will think a century's, nay, a generation's space hence, of our country's rulers of to-day? How many among her rulers in the days of my own childhood, even of my early manhood, can be recalled, save by an effort of memory, now? Yet from this chaos of forgotten mediocrity a few names, a few lives, stand forth, gaining, instead of losing, in distinctness and stature as the years roll by, growing

into their true and lasting greatness as time sweeps into his rubbish heap all the false and transient eminence of petty men beside them. And the figure of the great Chief Justice, of the man who made our Constitution the living bulwark of our orderly freedom, who taught our courts their full mission and our people to trust in our courts; who, in himself, left us a model for all judges and an object of reverence for all men, that figure will endure a breathing, speaking guide to the thoughts and acts and lives of Americans while America is yet great and yet worthy of her greatness, while the justice of her courts is yet the justice of righteousness.

THE LAST STAND OF LEE'S VETERANS

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[Extract from a lecture on Robert E. Lee, first delivered at Yale University, and thereafter on various occasions.]

Convinced that in the field the army of Lee is unconquerable, General Grant swiftly transfers his army to the south of the James. He intends to surprise Petersburg and compel the evacuation of Richmond. But Lee's penetration is not at fault. The slumbers of the people of the Confederate capital are disturbed by the tramp of marching thousands. It is the tireless quickstep of Lee's fighters hastening at top speed to find their foe. In all the history of human strife, never was march more fateful. The steam flotilla and the pontoon bridges of General Grant have given his army a start of many hours. He is now south of the James. Petersburg, gateway to the Confeder-

ate capitol, is almost within his grasp. Lee's army is north of the river many miles away. The most untutored of all those desperate men knows the danger to their cause, as well as Lee himself. No sound in those fierce ranks, save the clank of accouterments, the tread of rushing thousands, and the stern commands of their officers. With set and rigid faces, parched throats, and untiring muscles, onward, ever onward, press those terrible men in gray. Not in vain now, the wind and training of years of furious fighting, hard marching, and slender rations. Not in vain through their great hearts stream the hero blood, flowing down from far distant sires who rolled back from German forests the fierce legions of Varus, from Saxons who had hurled from the trenches at Hastings the mailclad warriors of the Conqueror, from Crusaders who had "swarmed up the breach at Ascalon," from yoemanry who had cloven down the chivalry of France at Agincourt and Poitiers, from ragged Continentals who had won American independence. And when the first blush of dawn breaks on Petersburg, the last stronghold of the Confederacy, and the charging columns of Grant rush to the attack, up rises from the trenches the rebel yell, out breaks the riven battle flags, down come the rifles with steady aim, and forth blaze the withering volleys which tell the Army of the Potomac that the men of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor have again arrived on time.

As predicted by General Lee, the siege of Petersburg is but a question of days. Held by a mistaken policy immovably in his lines, his unequaled powers as a strategist are now of no avail. His enemy finds him at will. His bright sword, whose lightning play for so long has parried every thrust, and again and again has flashed over the guard, and disabled his

foe, now held fast as if on an anvil, may be shattered by the hammer of Grant. His is soon a phantom army. The lean and hungry faces seem to belong to shadows without bodies. The winter falls, their uniform is a rude patchwork of rags. On those rare occasions when there are cattle to kill, the green hides are eagerly seized and fashioned into rough buskins to protect bare and bleeding feet from the stony and frozen ground. Often their ration is a little parched corn, sometimes corn on the cob. Jocular to the last, "Les Miserables," they call themselves, appropriating, with pronunciation which would have startled the author, the title of Victor Hugo's famous novel, which, reprinted in Richmond on wrapping paper, affords some of them solace through those awful days.

"Day and night, for months," writes one of Lee's biographers, "an incessant fire without one break rained down upon them all known means of destruction. Their constancy during those dismal days of winter never failed. Night came, they lay down in their trenches where cold and the enemy's shells left them no repose. Snow, hail, wind, rain, cannon fire, starvation, they had to bear all without a ray of hope."

Their lines stretch from below Richmond, on the north side of the James, to Hatchers Run far to the south of Petersburg. In front of them, supplied with every comfort and every munition of war, is a mighty army. In many places the Federal and Confederate lines are not a dozen yards apart. Finally, with thirty-three thousand men, Lee is holding forty miles of trenches, and every night his men unroll their thin blankets and unloose their shoestrings, with deep forbodings of what the morrow may bring. Officers and men know that the end is at hand, but their desperate courage never falters,

and when at last the powerful army of Sheridan is detached to assail his right flank, and Lee is compelled to withdraw the infantry from his line to meet this movement, in the absence of defenders Grant as if on parade marches over the Confederate lines, Richmond falls, and after a brief interval of heroic unavailing strife the Army of Northern Virginia is annihilated. The fearless remnant of his worn and wasted veterans, surrounded at Appomattox by ten times their number, without a word of unkindness from their brave foemen, whom they had so often defeated, so long held at bay, with all the honors of war, surrender their battle-riven standards.

Then came that ever to be remembered scene, when his loving veterans gather at the side of their General, press his hands, touch his clothing, and caress his horse. In simple manly words he said, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more." And then came the last order to the Army of Northern Virginia, read through tears which wash the grime of battle from the veterans' faces: not tears of anger or humiliation, but tears of sympathy for him, of exultation and pride for the martial honor, even to the humblest private, his leadership had won; honor preserved to them with arms in their hands, by the terms of the surrender, the proudest heritage to the latest times of that hero strain. Aye, more, a heritage of valor and potency now and forever at the command of our reunited land, which the powers of earth may well heed in all the contingencies threatening to our welfare the future may have in store.

And then came that sad autumnal day so many years ago, yet so near to us who wore the gray, as standing with wife and loved ones to invoke on his frugal table the blessing of the Master he loved and

served, he sank to rise no more. Oh, what then did foe and friend say of Lee? Much was said, but all was said by one, in the words of the Arthurian legend:

"Ah, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest. Thou wert head of all Christian knights, and now, I dare say, thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield . . . and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."